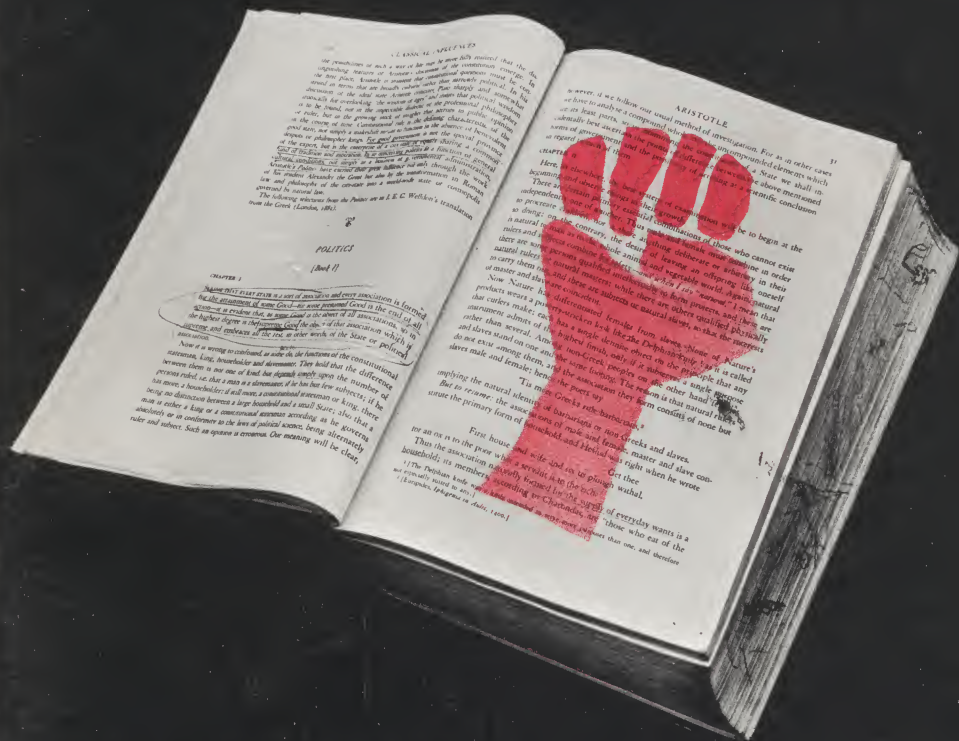


Columbia College Today

SUMMER 1970



CC UNDER SIEGE



Remember the Soph-Frosh Rush?

Well, it's gone.

So are nickel beers, and very low faculty salaries;
fraternity hazing, and feeble scholarship funds.

College today is a different world.

And, many claim, a better world—
for the students, the faculty, the nation.

One of the things that made it possible is
the loyalty and generosity of Columbia alumni.

The College needed your help and you gave it.

The College continues to need your help.

So do the faculty and the undergraduates.

More than ever.

**Columbia College
Annual Fund**

Within the Family

For one who returns to Columbia after a nine-year absence there is, to put it mildly, a considerable cultural shock to absorb. Just about all that one finds familiar are the buildings and a handful of faces in the Dean's Office and among the faculty. The most profound change, of course, is in the nature of the students: assertive, skeptical, and concerned instead of passive, deferential, and complacent.

Those nine years span not one but several generation gaps. In 1961, when I graduated, radical political activity was non-existent. For that matter, few undergraduates were involved in any kind of political activity at all. There was little apparent reason to be. Vietnam was a squib in the back pages of the major newspapers. The draft wasn't a middle class problem (and—with relatively few exceptions—who but the sons of the middle class attended Columbia College?). When a single long-haired freshman appeared in the entering class of 1964, a College administrator only half-jokingly advised a group of student leaders to sneak up on him and give him a haircut. When University officials disclosed plans to expand southward, my friends and I thought the idea was grand. Few of us considered that this meant the displacement of hundreds of families, many of them black or Spanish. Those who did accepted as God-given Columbia's right to pre-empt its surroundings for institutional use.

It wasn't until 1962 and 1963 that politics came to mean, for many students, something more than jockeying for a pinky ring or the chairmanship of a King's Crown Activity. Those were the years of the freedom rides and the sit-ins, when the young

believed—with an optimism which in retrospect seems naive—that they could transform society by storming, nonviolently, a few bastions of recalcitrance. The Kennedys still reigned in Washington, and the federal government was looked upon as an ally in the fight for justice.

Then came the Johnson years, when the war thrust itself upon the consciousness of every thinking American, and vital domestic programs, so rich in early promise, were curtailed. Involved students were becoming angry and impatient, but they remained optimistic. Their optimism, however, was no longer based upon faith in the willingness of government to serve as an instrument for meaningful reform. Rather, it came increasingly to rest upon a belief in the efficacy of revolution as a means of destroying the system and replacing it with a better one.

The '68 uprising was a watershed. Students today seem to fall into one of four categories. Some cling to a revolutionary creed. Others have given up in despair both on revolution and the system, and have turned inwards, sometimes to drugs. Still others continue to believe in the system as a vehicle for change, or are willing, in desperation, to give it one more chance. And there remain a handful who simply go along mindlessly with whatever they are told to do. But there are fewer of these than in the past.

The growing assertiveness of undergraduates has had an impact upon the curriculum. Students who are skeptical of authority chafe at requirements. Students who are disenchanted with the West see no reason to study courses which emphasize the Western tradition. The faculty is groping for a program which will excite these students without compromising academic standards.

A handful are silly enough to suppose they can bring on the Millennium by smashing windows or shouting obscenities at deans. Most, however, are not only more politically involved than their predecessors were a decade ago, but more politically sophisticated and aware. True, many are so political that they have little use for disinterested scholarship, especially the study of the past. But this is largely because there is an atmosphere of crisis, on campus and throughout society, which did not prevail during the 'fifties. Their anger and cynicism reflect adversely not upon them, but upon the decision-makers who have sacrificed the young, the black, and the poor, the cities and the schools, to a military obsession. The principal hope of this country lies in such students as these, and not in politicians who make political capital out of denouncing them.

M.B.M.

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of 2,700 men in
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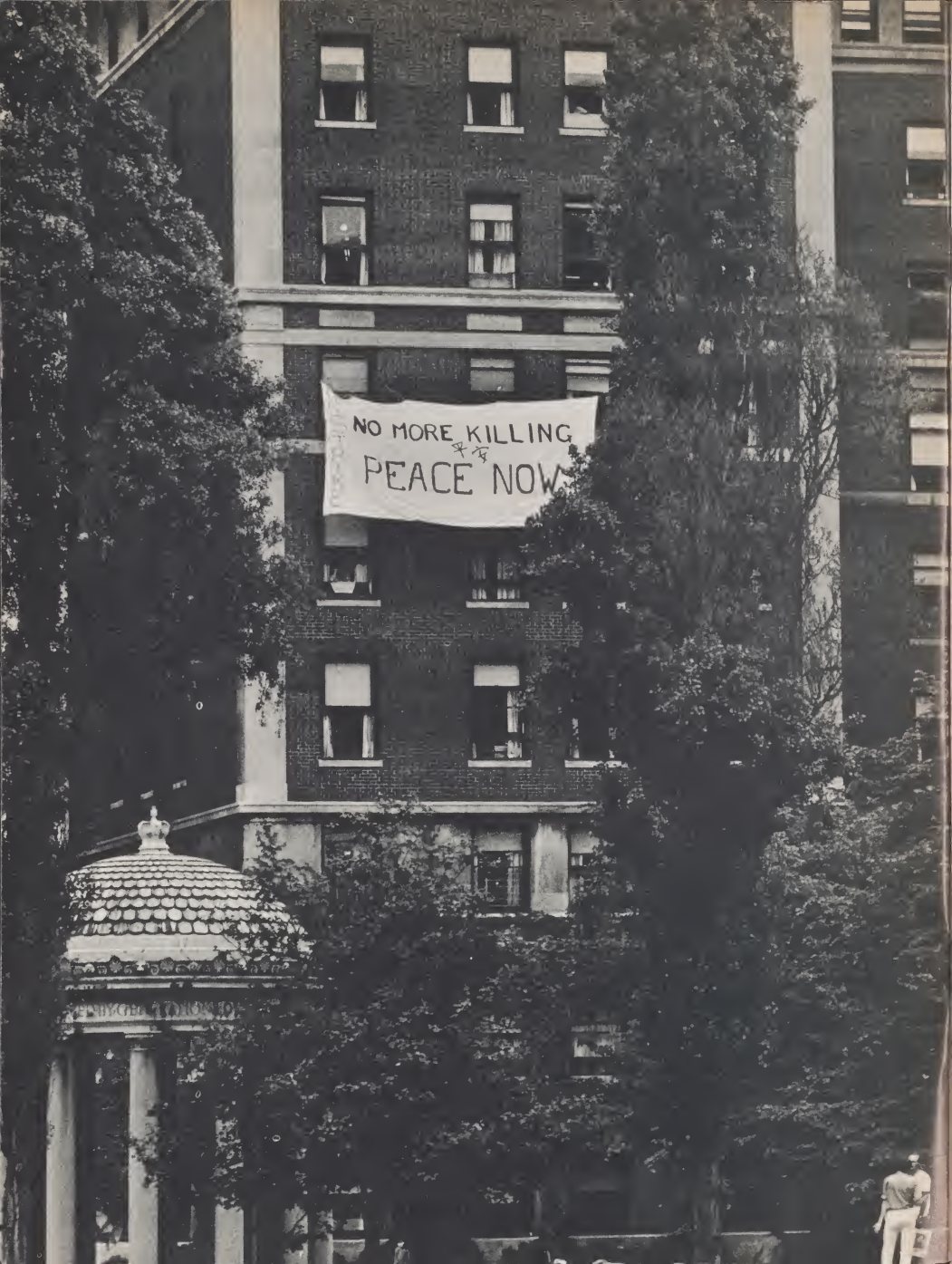
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COVER PHOTO BY SID SATTLER



NO MORE KILLING
☺
PEACE NOW

TALE OF TWO WEEKS

On January 14, 1970, a little-noticed article on an inside page of the *New York Times* proclaimed that the days of mass campus disturbances appeared to be over. Headlined "Student Disorder Found Past Crest," the story catalogued the reasons for the decline in disruptive activity, among them the fact that environmental pollution had replaced Vietnam as the favorite target of militant protesters.

The piece was premature. On April 30, Richard Nixon told the nation that he was sending American troops into Cambodia. With that announcement, the President achieved overnight what S.D.S. rhetoric had failed all year to accomplish: the disruption of normal University functions and the mobilization of large segments of the Columbia community—students, faculty and administration—in a massive effort to end the war.

The fateful speech was made on a Thursday. Over the weekend, University President Andrew Cordier met with students and faculty members to plan a response. As a result of their deliberations, a huge rally took place on Low Plaza at noon the following Monday. The University remained officially open, but all who wished were excused from classes to hear Dr. Cordier and other speakers denounce the latest extension of the fighting and call for military disengagement from Indochina.

Even as Dr. Cordier spoke, the rumor of the Kent State slayings drifted through the crowd. By nightfall the news was confirmed, although the exact toll remained uncertain. That evening, University Senate in an emergency session voted overwhelmingly to condemn the Cambodian invasion and recommend the suspension of classes for two days as an expression of "shock and grief." "The Senate understands," the resolution continued, that there would be some whose consciences would lead them to stay away from classes even after the two-day period had ended. Kent State was not mentioned; its full impact would not be felt until the following day.

Others were active also. Student groups from different University schools formed a Strike Coordinating Committee, to organize strike activities and work for the implementation of the "three national demands": immediate withdrawal of troops from Southeast Asia; an end to repression at home, including a halt to persecution of the Black Panthers; and the cessation of University cooperation with the war effort. Representatives from S.D.S., D4M, and the Third World Coalition sat on the steering committee

to create, at least for the time being, the semblance of a united front. More moderate students from the College and Barnard founded Action for Peace, the principal purpose of which was to drum up support for the Hatfield-McGovern Amendment to the Military Procurement Authorization Bill. The amendment would cut off all funds for military operations in Indochina after December 1970, unless Congress declares war. Working out of the offices of the Community Service Council in Ferris Booth Hall, but relying entirely on private funds, volunteers flooded the city with petitions favoring the measure. On Tuesday, their first full day of operation, they collected an estimated 35,000 signatures. Both organizations maintained contacts with peace groups on other campuses, as the protest movement swelled into a nationwide strike which, by the end of the week, would cripple some 300 colleges and universities.

Meanwhile, students thronged Wollman Auditorium to demand the closing of the University, and an *ad hoc* faculty group voted 29-4 for an all-week strike.

As chance would have it, radical attorney William Kunstler had accepted earlier in the year an invitation to speak at McMillin Theater Tuesday evening. Now, with the strike in its first day, an overflow audience packed the Theater to hear him. When the crowd proved too big to fit into McMillin, latecomers were directed to Ferris Booth, where the proceedings were broadcast over loudspeakers. After students from Kent State and the Third World Coalition addressed the gathering, Mr. Kunstler brought his listeners to their feet with a moving appeal to all present to shed their differences and work together for "a national cessation of all activities," including commencements. As he spoke, nearly 100 members of the Third World Coalition were peacefully occupying the East Asian Institute on the fifth floor of Kent Hall. The Institute, they charged, was largely responsible for the exploitation of non-white peoples around the world.

When the meeting ended, some 2,000 men and women marched up Amsterdam Avenue to City College, where a group of students had seized several buildings. Chanting "Avenge Kent State!" and "1-2-3-4, Free the Panthers, Stop the War!" the demonstrators swarmed over the occupied portion of the campus in a display of support for the rebels. They returned to Columbia, however, after receiving a report (which proved false) that police had taken advantage of their absence to clear out Kent Hall.

At this point the united front began to crack. Militants from S.D.S. and D4M tried to storm Low Library as a gesture of solidarity with the students in Kent, and actually smashed the main door of the building in their attempt to enter. They were deterred, however, by the protests of the majority of demonstrators, who chanted "Don't do it!" and "Save Our Strike!" A few moderates dragged the radicals forcibly from the entrances. (Later, the University lodged charges against four of the militants who allegedly inflicted damage on the administration building. The combined charges, which involve felonies, carry a maximum penalty of five years in prison, and represent the severest measures ever taken against Columbia dissidents.) An impromptu meeting followed in Wollman Auditorium. There,

an S.D.S. spokesman defended the actions of his group, and attempted to distinguish them from "trashing," or the indiscriminate destruction of property. He was followed, however, by a speaker from the Third World Coalition, who drew cheers from the audience by denouncing the white radicals and declaring that the Third Worlders wanted "mass support, not mob support."

On Wednesday, the second day of the strike, the College faculty voted by a slim margin to allow all students the option of receiving a grade of "Pass," "Incomplete," or "Absent" instead of a letter grade. Students who had satisfactorily completed their course work could elect to take a "Pass," while others would be assigned an INC or an ABS. The measure went beyond resolutions

adopted earlier in the week by University Senate and the College Committee on Instruction, both of which recommended that the Pass-Fail option be restricted to seniors. Also, a number of faculty members, many of them with tenure, met under the chairmanship of English professor Frederick Dupee to declare their support of the three national demands. The group, which called itself the Columbia Faculty Peace Action Committee, announced its intention to establish a permanent "academic lobby" in Washington to work for passage of antiwar legislation. Later in the day, the Third World Coalition abandoned Kent Hall and held a meeting in Wollman Auditorium, at which plans were made to picket buildings for the remainder of the week. Elsewhere, militants trooped over to the West

Thomas Jefferson thought that 20 years was a long enough interval between revolutions. "Jeff lives," on the walls of the Journalism building, refers to one of the Kent State victims.



BONNIE FREER

Students throng Low Plaza to hear President Cordier and other speakers on the first day of the strike.



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

Side Highway and halted rush hour traffic for twenty minutes. Violence erupted briefly when they returned to campus, as police and protesters clashed outside the gates at 116th Street and Broadway. Several students were mauled by the officers, and eight were arrested. One policeman suffered a broken nose in the melee, while four demonstrators were treated for cuts and bruises.

During the two days that classes were cancelled, striking students were joined intermittently by campus workers, many of whom remained away from their jobs to participate in the moratorium and protest the University's refusal to grant them time off with full pay. The University insisted that any work stoppages be charged against vacations.

Classes were scheduled to re-

open Thursday, and President Cordier reminded teachers that they were expected to be in their classrooms or make "suitable alternate arrangements." But the strike leaders willed differently. On Thursday morning, students in red armbands milled around the entrances to buildings, physically barring those who wished to enter, while painted slogans and symbols—principally the red clenched fist—appeared along the walls. The strike was widely effective, not only in the College but elsewhere on the Morning-side campus. Radicals were joined on the picket lines by more moderate students who had never before taken part in a demonstration. "Issues change, people change" explained one of them, who not long ago had regarded militant protesters with scorn. Even the football team, traditionally the

bastion of cleancut conservatism, voted overwhelmingly to skip the lone Spring practice session allowed under Ivy League rules to express its support for the three national demands. Other teams cancelled athletic events.

On Friday, after College and University administrators attended a memorial service in St. Paul's Chapel for the Kent State Four, the College Faculty met in an informal session and voted, 89-25, to call upon President Cordier to cancel all College classes and examinations for the remainder of the academic year. The resolution asked that the action be taken to protest the extension of the war and the Kent State killings. It was carried only after a spirited and at times emotional debate, during which one speaker who opposed the measure was heckled from the floor until

UNANIMITY: Carman Hall freshmen get together to drape banner across the top two stories of Columbia's newest dormitory.



SID SATTER

THOUGHTS AND DEEDS: The sign seems to exhort the Thinker to abandon his meditations for social action. He was one of the few in evidence on campus who did not.



BONNIE FREER

he finally sat down. Many who voted in the minority professed themselves horrified by the invasion and the shootings, but objected to committing the College as an institution on a question of national policy. After the vote was taken, Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde announced that a formal meeting could be convened to consider the question if enough faculty members requested one. Nearly forty did, and a new meeting was scheduled for the following Tuesday. It was anticipated—prematurely, as it turned out—that the faculty at that time would ratify officially the action taken at the ad hoc gathering.

Militant picketing went on, precipitating some angry exchanges between the strikers and those shut out of offices and libraries. Most buildings remained effectively closed, but a

number of teachers met their classes at their homes and on the lawns.

Action for Peace, buoyed by contributions from sympathetic faculty members and administrators, continued to gain momentum, as an estimated 700 volunteers engaged in a variety of activities. Some made television appearances, while others prepared to go to Washington to lobby with key Congressmen. A speakers' committee arranged to supply lecturers for local high schools, civic groups, and street rallies, and members dispatched "Middle America" packages, containing Hatfield-McGovern petitions with covering instructions, to friends on distant campuses. But the organization continued to devote most of its energies to working for the nomination of anti-war candidates in forthcoming pri-

maries and collecting signatures for the petition in the metropolitan area. A busload of students journeyed to Connecticut to campaign for the Rev. Joseph Duffy, who was trying to unseat incumbent Senator Thomas Dodd. Others remained in New York to assist youthful House aspirant Peter Eikenberry in his uphill battle with veteran Congressman John Rooney. Basketball player Bob Gailus '71, who hails from Pennsylvania, called a meeting of his fellow-Pennsylvanians to plan ways of helping Norval Reese, now bidding for the Senate. Meanwhile, the petition drive gathered signatures at a rate of 30,000 a day, as volunteers solicited passers-by in the financial district, in front of movie theaters, and at Lincoln Center, where they appeared in evening dress. Even as they worked busily for passage of

Blockade runner, excluded by picketers, passes papers through the bars of the window to the Dean's Office in Hamilton Hall. A skeleton force of teachers and administrators slipped into the building at 8 a.m., before the strikers were up and about.



BONNIE FRER

(Top) Chanting students march up Amsterdam Avenue to City College following speech by attorney William Kunstler. (Bottom) Pickets surround the entrance to Kent Hall, home of the Journalism School. Journalism was one of several buildings closed by strikers.



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

the Hatfield-McGovern Amendment, leaders of the group looked ahead to expanded activities over the summer, when they hope students will join the campaign staffs of peace candidates in their home districts. "We don't want this thing to end in three days or three weeks," explained a spokesman. The organization is still desperate for money; the spokesman estimated that it was spending a thousand dollars a day and taking in only 700 dollars a day in contributions. Checks can be mailed to Action for Peace, 311 Ferris Booth Hall.

Over the weekend, protesters from Columbia joined 100,000 other demonstrators at a mass protest meeting in Washington. Dean Hovde attended the rally, together with about fifteen other faculty members and administrators. The group, which trav-

elled to Washington in chartered busses, carried a banner reading "Columbia Students, Faculty and Deans For Peace." Several professors remained in Washington over the weekend to lobby with different Congressmen.

The following Monday, May 11, about 1200 students and teachers gathered for a noon convocation on Low Plaza, to hear President Cordier and other speakers, and "vote" on a resolution offered by English professor Robert Bone, of Teachers' College. The resolution, which was drawn up by representatives from the Strike Coordinating Committee and Faculty Peace Action and endorsed by President Cordier, supported the three national demands and announced that University facilities would be utilized in coming months "for effective anti-

war activity." In a thinly-veiled slap at obstructive picketers, the resolution concluded: "We choose these priorities freely, and will respect the right of others to disagree."

The motion was put to the crowd for a voice vote about midway through the meeting. But successive mass rallies had reached the point of diminishing returns, and the audience, which was disappointingly small, responded with only a few faint ayes. Meanwhile, hecklers from S.D.S. and the Third World Coalition had gathered around the platform and were drowning out the speakers by chanting what the *New York Times* calls a barnyard epithet. At one point, the Third Worlders rushed the platform and attempted to seize the microphones. This resulted in several scuffles with student marshals, in

(Top) The curious gape at a hole in the side of Alma Mater, blown apart by a homemade bomb in the early hours of Thursday, May 14. The damage has been repaired. (Bottom) Peace signs hang from the ceiling of the Community Service Council office, headquarters of Action for Peace.

Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde glances through a radical newspaper during a quiet moment at the May 15 Washington peace rally.



BONNIE FREER



BONNIE FREER



RICHARD HOWARD

which members of the Coalition were seconded in spite of themselves by SDSers.

On Tuesday morning, the College faculty met to consider in a formal session the proposal which it had enacted the preceding Friday. To the surprise of many, it virtually reversed itself. Although it endorsed the University Senate resolution condemning the Cambodian invasion, it declined to affirm the motion which had sought cancellation of classes and exams in protest against the war and the Kent State killings. Instead, it resolved that the passions engendered by these two events had made it "unrealistic to carry on classes as usual"—an empty gesture, since the semester was all but over—and made no mention of final exams. Moreover, it adopted, 63-49,

an amendment offered by Associate Professor of Sociology Allan A. Silver which called upon the administration and University Senate "to condemn physical interposition and violence preventing access to offices, classrooms, and libraries, and to take action to end these practices." After the amendment had carried, several professors expressed concern that it might be construed as an invitation to summon police.

Observers attributed the volte-face partly to the fact that instructors were not permitted to vote at the formal meeting, as they had done on Friday, and partly to a "backlash" among the faculty against violent protest activities, triggered by several incidents in which professors were allegedly jostled or even struck. More-

over, the composition of the picketers had gradually altered, from a cross-section of the student body—including many moderates—to what Dean Hovde described at the start of the session as a hard core of extremists. Whether through fear of reprisals, or a growing realization of their isolation from the majority of students, the pickets vanished the following day. Classes ended officially on Thursday, and the campus—or rather, those individuals who had opted for letter grades—girded for exams.

On Friday, University Senate voted by a 57-18 margin to recommend that classes be recessed for ten days between October 24 and November 2 to permit students and faculty members to engage in political activity. The proposal, which was initiated

Speaker's platform on Low Library steps provides a makeshift bulletin board for assorted strike notices.



BONNIE FREER

WAR AGAINST RACISM: Students established headquarters in Philosophy Hall lobby to work on the second national demand: an end to repression at home. They were ejected by security police late one evening in a little-publicized incident.



BONNIE FREER

by two students and co-sponsored by Dean Hovde and several tenured professors, will be acted upon by the Trustees later this month. Princeton, Stanford, Johns Hopkins and Cornell have already declared similar recesses.

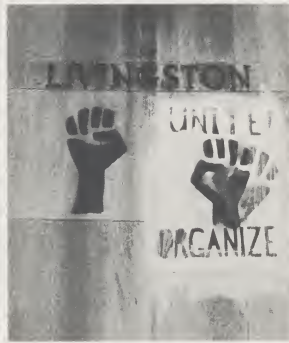
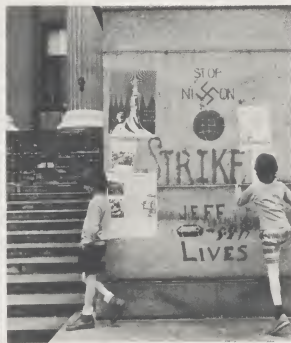
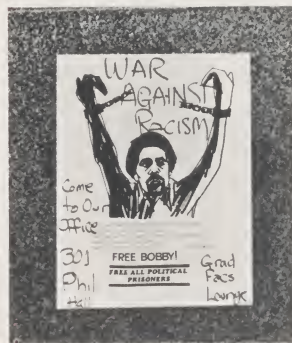
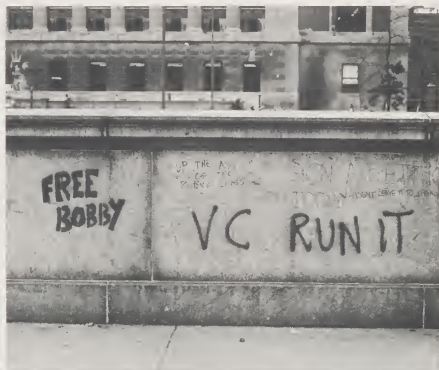
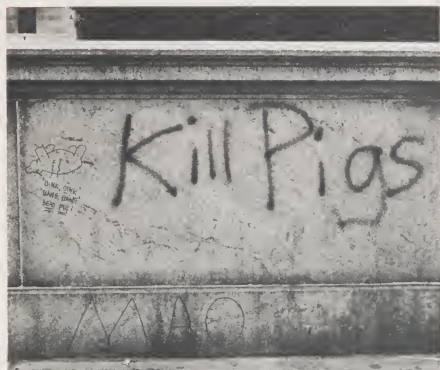
Commencement Day, June 2, dawned like many Commencement Days of the past. Rows of seats had been set out for graduates and their guests, the walls had been scrubbed clean of slogans, and blue bunting hung from the buildings which, only a few days earlier, had displayed on their exteriors the clenched fist and other symbols of the strike.

But there were differences. Trustee M. Moran Weston '30, delivering the invocation, quoted from a song of Bob Dylan's and proclaimed, "In these extraordinary times, no-one

dares to conduct business as usual, least of all here." And when outgoing President Cordier rose to read his final Commencement address, in which he declared that "we have never had a better generation of youth," about 300 students, many of them bearing picket signs, walked out of the assemblage and headed for St. Paul's Chapel, where a "counter-commencement" was held. There, joined by some 500 parents and guests, they heard Paul Starr '70, former editor-in-chief of *Spectator*, remind them that Thomas Jefferson had advocated a revolution every 20 years, and John F. Kennedy had warned that those who make peaceful change impossible make violent change inevitable. Columbia, Starr said, is not a bene-

volent institution, but one which is deeply involved in many of the evils—war research, anti-unionism—of the society to which it belongs. He was followed by Boston University professor Howard Zinn, who maintained that the United States has always been a racist and imperialist country. "We haven't strayed from the kindly humane path," he argued. "When the nation is at its most normal it exhibits all that is wrong with western civilization."

Others held forth briefly. Then, as a speaker recited the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, the seniors walked forth from St. Paul's into the troubled world of which Columbia is, in so many ways, a microcosm.



photos by BONNIE FREER



Around the Quads

PROGRESS REPORT

It has been an embattled year for University Senate, launched with high hopes as the most important reform to come out of the '68 rebellion. Spurred on by student members, Senate often found itself taking stands on national as well as strictly academic issues, including some which were directly or indirectly related to the principal causes of the strike of two years ago.

Thus, at the start of the spring semester, Senate sought to lay to rest once and for all the spectre of defense-related research. Its resolution, adopted on January 16, prohibits the University from entering into any research or teaching contracts which permit an outside party to censor publications or dictate course content, or determine, on the basis of political or religious affiliation, race, color, or sex,

who may participate in the project. Moreover, the University was forbidden to conclude agreements which would require it to handle or transmit classified materials, involve itself in the processing of security clearances, or control access to information "in accordance with any security regulation." The measure sets up machinery for recognizing exceptions, and does not apply to members of the University community who sign contracts as individuals.

One of the Senate's more spectacular episodes revolved around the jailing of 21 leaders of the Black Panther Party, held on conspiracy charges in \$100,000 bond. Because New York District Attorney Frank Hogan '24 is a Columbia trustee, and because Columbia has frequently been accused of indifference to blacks who were dislocated because of its expansion program (this was, of course, another

factor in the '68 rebellion), campus radicals argued that it was up to the University to provide bail. On February 27, 150 protesters marched into a Senate meeting just after it began, chanting slogans and scrawling signs on the blackboard. In a hasty and confused voice vote, the Senate adopted a motion to adjourn. Some senators were on their feet and headed for the door as they called out their ayes. Shortly afterward, the Senate Executive Committee decided to transfer Senate meetings off campus to the Men's Faculty Club, and to institute a system of admission tickets, issued in advance on a first-come, first-served basis to spectators who produced University identification.

The Panther issue returned to haunt the Senate just two weeks later. Faris Bouhafa '70, a College senator with a flair for flamboyant rhetoric, offered a resolution criticizing the

\$100,000 bail figure as a violation of Constitutional and statutory guarantees, and calling upon the administration to "commit itself to devising a method by which the University might aid in raising money toward the Black Panther bail fund." Proponents emphasized that nothing in the language suggested that Columbia should appropriate any cash itself. In the emotional debate which followed, opponents of the motion rose, one after another, to protest that they too believed, as individuals, that the Panthers were victims of police lawlessness, or that bail was too high. Several expressed willingness to contribute out of their private pockets to a legal defense fund. But in spite of widespread sympathy for the imprisoned militants, most senators shied away from recommending that the University act in its institutional capacity. By a 47-27 margin, they opted instead for a milder proposal, put forward as an amendment by chemistry professor Julian Miller. The Miller motion accused the government of several specific acts of repression, including the imposition of excessive bail in the case of the Panthers. It declined, how-

ever, to call upon the administration to do anything except "vigilantly to protect freedom of expression within the University." It further urged government officials "to reverse an ominous trend in national affairs."

There was a dramatic moment during the meeting, when word was passed among the delegates that several hundred demonstrators had seized Uris Hall in a display of support for the Panthers. An even more dramatic scene followed its adjournment, immediately after the Miller amendment was carried. As President Andrew Cordier gavelled angrily for silence, and other senators shouted "sit down" or "shut up," Bouhafa raced to the east window, jerked open the shades, and gestured toward Harlem. "Well, you didn't want to make a moral judgment," he shouted, referring to the Senate's refusal to call for political action. "Well, gentlemen, there is your moral judgment!" With these words, which were almost drowned out by catcalls from other delegates, he stalked out of the room.

Subsequently, a faculty senator submitted a resolution, obviously aimed at Bouhafa, holding that elec-

tion to the Senate "does not bestow upon any member the privilege to be a boor and a bore—undisciplined, ungracious, and unkind." Before Senate could act, Bouhafa himself resigned, denouncing the organization as "a magnificent hoax." (In his peroration following the adoption of the Miller statement, he had referred to the Senate as "this damn body.") Bouhafa blamed his resignation on a University decision to try him before a tribunal for allegedly disrupting a class conducted by economics professor Harold Barger. He did not, he said, want the outcome to be influenced by his status as student senator.

Later in the spring, Senate sought to add Columbia's name to the growing list of schools which were voting their General Motors stock in support of Ralph Nader's "Project for Corporate Responsibility," which sought to reduce environmental pollution caused by G.M. products. (This was shortly after an extensive *Spectator* campaign had resulted in the publication, for the first time, of Columbia's investment portfolio.) In an unprecedented action, however, the trustees rejected the Senate resolution. In-

IN STALEY CONCLAVE MET: Dr. Andrew Cordier presides at a meeting of University Senate. Prof. Wm. Theodore de Bary, chairman of the Senate Executive Committee, is seated at his left.



DAVID FINCK

stead, they voted their stock with management—the customary policy of institutional investors—on two issues raised in the Senate's proposal and abstained on a third. The purpose of the abstention, they said, was to "put General Motors on notice that it should seek to continue to expand its efforts" in auto safety and cleaning up the air. And when President Richard Nixon sent troops into Cambodia, Senate took the lead in denouncing the invasion, calling for a two-day suspension of classes, and recommending the establishment of a pass-fail option for seniors. (The College faculty later extended this option to all undergraduates.)

Bouhafa's showmanship commanded headlines, but ultimately Senate must be judged on its conduct of daily business, much of it routine and unspectacular. Reaction so far is varied and often tentative. According to *The New York Times* of May 24, Senate has succeeded in shifting the battleground of liberals and radicals—the only two major contending forces at Morningside—from the campus to the legislative halls. The Senate, it said, has worked as a "safety valve" which has "often averted violent confrontation," and there was "overwhelming belief that it should continue and be strengthened." *Spectator* was less charitable. Charging in a feature article last March that the legislature is "dominated by conservative senior faculty members," the campus daily declared that "most undergraduates appear to have lost confidence in University Senate as an effective governing body." The writer reported particular disillusionment with the committees, which are supposed to hammer out reports to serve as a basis for future Senate action. "Many," he complained, "have not yet embarked on the substantive long-range planning which is their principal function." However, the Senate's defenders, of whom there seem to be more than the article suggests, warn against what one called "premature judgments based upon inadequate information."

It is early in the game for definitive judgments. The only verdict which can be pronounced at the present time is, as the Scottish jurors say, "Not proved."



Students march toward the Business School after hearing Abby Hoffman, Jean Genet, and other speakers on Friday, March 13. Several hundred occupied the building briefly.

ON THE LEFT

S.D.S. attempted during the past year to make up in militancy what it lacked in numbers. Although it drew large and sympathetic crowds to its major rallies, its regular meetings were sparsely attended, and the events of last May—the period of the student strike—underscored its isolation from the mainstream of even leftist campus politics.

The failure of S.D.S. to attract a mass following was attributed by most observers to two developments. One was the split last summer in the ranks of the old S.D.S. organization, when many of its leaders, including some of the moving spirits of the '68 Columbia strike, broke away to form the Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM), also known as the Weathermen. The other SDSers, who are closely identified with the Progressive Labor Party (P.L.P.), included the present members of the Columbia chapter. For a time, both factions claimed to be the only legitimate S.D.S., although by now the label is firmly associated with the element of which P.L.P. is a part. The differences between the two are both ideological and tactical. Ideologically, P.L.P. calls itself Marxist-Leninist. It believes in building a revolutionary alliance of students and workers, and

criticizes the Black Panthers for their willingness to work with bourgeois elements in the black community. RYM, on the other hand, condemns the workers as beneficiaries of imperialism, and places its hopes principally in the nation's high school students. P.L.P. operates in the open. Though willing to employ revolutionary violence, it rejects isolated acts of terrorism and vandalism. The Weathermen have gone underground, and are generally believed to be responsible for at least some of the recent bombings which have swept New York City.

A second major development, affecting upperclassmen, was the reforms initiated by the administration in the wake of the '68 strike. These impressed different students in diametrically opposite ways, but with approximately the same end result. Some believed that Columbia was attempting in good faith to institute meaningful changes involving broader participation in University government. In their eyes, the '68 revolution had been largely successful, and radical politics were no longer necessary. Others, who had likewise placed great hopes in the spring rebellion of two years ago, dismissed devices such as University Senate as hollow shams. Many of them also turned away from radical political activity, not because it had accom-

plished its purpose, but because it had proved futile.

In addition, drugs, which are generally associated in the public's mind with radicalism, are more often an alternative to it. They are, in fact, the ultimate expression of introversion and non-involvement. There are indications that a drug culture is slowly replacing the radical culture, especially among younger students, some of whom have been "into" drugs since high school.

In spite of these problems, S.D.S. has refused to give up the ghost. Its principal issue throughout most of the year revolved around the death, some 13 months ago, of black custodial worker Charles Johnson. Mr. Johnson was killed on the job when he stuck his head through the broken window of a Hartley Hall elevator door as the elevator was descending. S.D.S. claimed that the window had been broken for five days, and that Johnson's death was attributable to the University's negligence in failing to make timely repairs. The University maintained that the window was smashed only two or three hours before the accident.

Columbia continued to pay Mr. Johnson's salary to his widow and five children, pending final disposition of the case by the Workmen's Compensation Board. This, originally, was \$87 a week, but was later raised to \$100.40, in keeping with a salary increase awarded to Mr. Johnson's co-workers about a month after his death. S.D.S. charged that the amount was inadequate, in view of the fact that the dead man had held two jobs. Moreover, the radicals claimed, the checks arrived irregularly, or else contained clerical mistakes which made it impossible for the family to cash them. Instead, they called upon Columbia to pay the widow \$10,000 a year. That, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is the minimum amount which a family with five children needs in order to live decently in New York City. Officials argue, however, that Columbia cannot undertake unilaterally to reshape the labor market in which it operates. "It would be nice if we could pay everyone \$10,000," observed one dryly. "Trouble is, there'd be no money for anything else."

The Workmen's Compensation

Board finally issued a ruling early this spring. Its award included a lump sum payment of \$3,591 to cover the period when the case was before the agency. Columbia will assert no claim for reimbursement of the moneys which it paid to the family during that time, although, according to a spokesman, it would be legally entitled to do so. The University will continue to send the deceased worker's paycheck to his widow until July 10, 1970, when periodic weekly payments—in the amount of \$61.93—will begin to come in from the Board.

Last October the radicals marched on Dodge Hall to confront University officials in order to press their demands for greater compensation. A second demonstration took place in the same building a month later. By this time S.D.S. had new demands, growing out of the dismissal of Benjamin Castro, a Spanish dishwasher, for "incompatibility" (his command of English was said to be insufficient). According to S.D.S., however, he was fired because of his union activities. The demonstrators stood in the hallway of Dodge and began chanting. When the chanting increased in volume, Proctor Wil-

D4Mers make like Indians on the warpath. Maxi-coated young lady with a notebook is covering the tribal rites for Spectator.



DAVID FINCK



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR

THE MORNING AFTER: *Hamilton Hall* bears the scars of a night of "trashing."

"SEATTLE . . . BOOM!" *Abby Hoffman*, his locks shorn during his prison stay, gives the weather report and preaches better living through chemistry.



SID SATTLER

liam Kahn stepped forward and declared the demonstration illegal under the Interim Rules. Some brief scuffling erupted, involving Chief of Security Adam DiNisco, Safety Director Warren Munroe, and several students. As a result, five of the demonstrators were ordered to appear before a University Tribunal. In addition, criminal charges were lodged against two of them: Andrew Kaslow '72 and Ed Goldman '71, both of whom were accused of harassment, or simple assault. A third demonstrator, Michael Golash, a non-student, was also charged. Kaslow and Goldman were ultimately acquitted, but Golash was convicted. His five-day sentence is currently being appealed.

The tribunal hearing, on December 11, was recessed when a tribunal member objected to a huge banner which the defendants had draped across the wall, urging the largely sympathetic audience to support striking General Electric workers. A second hearing was set for January, with spectators excluded. The accused, however, refused to appear at closed proceedings, and were placed under indefinite suspension.

Now, in addition to compensation for the Johnsons and reinstatement for Castro, S.D.S. clamored persistently for an open tribunal for the five students. In February, a mass meeting was held in Harkness Auditorium, at which the mother of the deceased custodial worker was the featured speaker. Over 300 attended. Several days later, on February 19, demonstrators packed the lobby of Hamilton Hall to confront Dean of the College Carl Hovde. Dean Hovde, to the surprise of many, stepped from his office and read a prepared statement, explaining and defending the University's actions. While he read, and during the question period which followed, he was interrupted repeatedly by insults and laughter. (An S.D.S. member later defended this technique as one of "de-mystification." "Before you can get students to stand up to authority figures," he argued, "you have to show that they're human, and that the sky won't fall in if you talk to them the same way you could talk to anyone else." The most effective way to accomplish this, he suggested, is with ridicule.)

Meanwhile, one of the five—Kas-

low—broke away from the others and submitted to a closed tribunal. At the last moment, his hearing was opened to the public, but attendance was sparse, and the sophomore was placed under censure for two semesters. This meant that any new offense would result in his expulsion. The others, however, held out for an open trial, and at length their tenacity was rewarded. Their tribunal, which had ordered a closed hearing after the banner incident in December, relented. On Friday, March 6, 150 vociferously partisan spectators packed a room in the Mathematics building to listen to the University present its charges. Both the audience and the defendants subjected prosecution witnesses to sustained heckling, while tribunal chairman Ralph Allemanno '70 declined to intervene. The four were acquitted on all counts for lack of evidence. Later, Kaslow appealed his conviction because of the conflicting results, and won a reduction in sentence from censure to probation, which is a milder form of warning.

One reaction to the proceedings—and to a similarly noisy hearing for black students the following day—came two weeks later, when the Joint Committee on Disciplinary Affairs, which supervises all tribunals, limited the number of spectators at future trials to 25. Professor of Italian John Nelson, a member of the J.C.D.A., resigned from that body, complaining in an open letter that various tribunals had been subjected to repeated "out-rages."

For the next month or so, the spotlight shifted from S.D.S. to another, more strident group: the December Fourth Movement, or D4M, named for the day that Chicago policemen shot to death Black Panther leader Fred Hampton. D4M, whose principal revolutionary tactic is "trashing"—that is, hurling rocks, paint, stink-bombs and other objects through windows and against buildings, preferably at night—mounted a drive to compel the University to provide bail for jailed Panthers in New York City. Columbia's responsibility to do so, it was argued, proceeded from two circumstances: the University's allegedly racist practices, especially in pursuing its expansion program at the expense of ethnic minorities in the neighborhood; and

the fact that New York District Attorney Frank Hogan '24, who sits on the Board of Trustees, has been instrumental in the prosecution of the black militants. D4M leaders vowed to make Columbia pay one way or another: in bail funds, or in money laid out to replace damaged property on campus. D4M was disparaged by S.D.S., which sees little purpose in indiscriminate destruction, and representatives of the two groups scuffled occasionally at rallies.

D4M activities included the disruption, on February 27, of a University Senate meeting, forcing cancellation of the session, and leading the Senate to impose controversial controls on the admission of visitors. On Friday, March 13, as thousands of high school students thronged the campus to attend the annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association convention, D4M sponsored a mass rally on Low Plaza, addressed by Yippie Abbie Hoffman, French playwright Jean Genet, and Afeni Shakur, an accused Panther who was free on bond. At the same time, the Students Afro-American Society held its own demonstration near the Sundial, but declined to associate itself with the white radicals. When the D4M rally ended, and while University Senate was still debating a resolution calling upon the administration to help raise money for the Panthers who remained in prison, some 400 demonstrators marched into Uris Hall and remained for several hours. Later that evening protesters roamed through the campus, smashing windows in Hamilton Hall and Butler Library.

The following Thursday, about 100 D4M supporters marched into Hamilton Hall in an unsuccessful attempt to block stairways and prevent classes from meeting. Significantly, the only black faces in the lobby belonged to College and University officials. At one point, the group demanded to speak to Professor of Economics Harold Barger, who had sat on the grand jury which indicted the Panther 21. Prof. Barger mounted a bench and told the demonstrators that the imposition of \$100,000 in bail was indeed dishonest. "No bail at all should have been given to those characters," he asserted. When he stepped down, a demonstrator seized the microphone and called Dr. Barger a "teach-

ing pig," while another shouted that he would never teach another class at Columbia. Later that day, Prof. Barger dismissed his students after several demonstrators entered his classroom. One of the demonstrators, a College senior, was subsequently placed upon disciplinary probation by a tribunal.

Ultimately, requests for bail or assistance in raising bail were turned down both by the Senate and the Board of Trustees, although the Senate did issue a resolution condemning government repression, "including . . . the denial of bail or setting of excessive bail, as in the instance of the Panther 13." Later that month, the University obtained, first, a temporary restraining order and later, a preliminary injunction, prohibiting the "use or threat of violence" on campus. Eventually, six College and Barnard students, five of them members of D4M, were convicted and fined for violating the injunction in connection with "trashing" incidents early in April. In another related development, 34 senior professors announced, on April 10, the formation of a "Council of Tenured Faculty," to help

"strengthen the University" against "vandalism, violence, or attempted extortion" on the part of "a miniscule group of extremists, students and non-students."

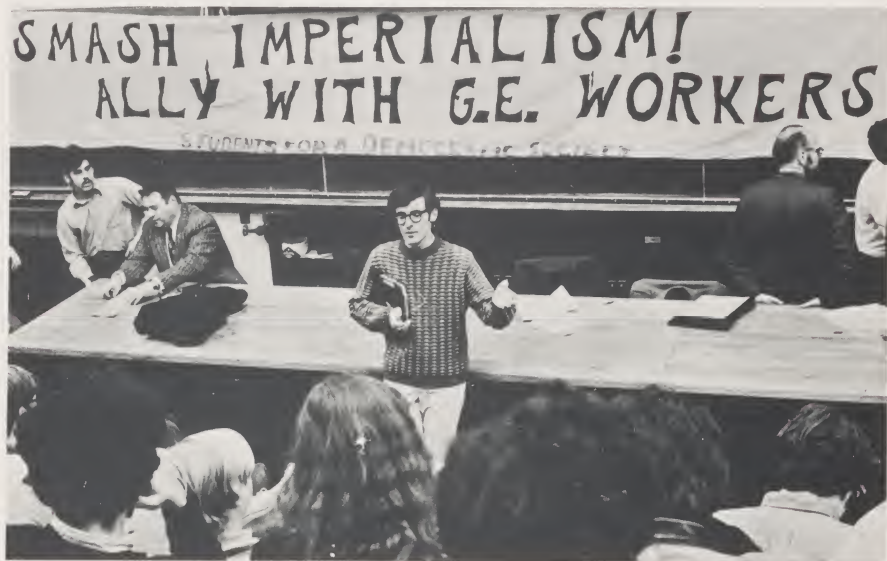
Toward the end of April, S.D.S. undertook one of its more successful campaigns of the year: a week-long boycott of University dining rooms to compel the rehiring of a Johnson Hall vegetable cook who had resigned after a dispute with the head manager, but later changed his mind and sought reinstatement. According to *Spectator*, the boycott, enforced by pickets from S.D.S., the Third World Coalition, and employees, virtually emptied the dining areas. Faced in addition with a threatened slowdown by cafeteria workers, the University agreed to rehire the cook. While the boycott was in progress, Golash and Alan Egelman '71 were brought to the Security Room of Low Library by security guards and detained there for 45 minutes, after allegedly violating a rule which prohibited the sale of newspapers on campus. *Spectator* reported that guards clubbed Golash repeatedly in the stomach as they dragged him to-

ward the administration building. According to a University spokesman, however, Golash initiated the violence by jumping a policeman. Golash denies the charge. When he was released, he had a deep cut under his right eye. Kaslow, who joined a small crowd which congregated at an entrance to Low while the two S.D.S. members were inside, was also clubbed by campus police, *Spectator* reported, and thrown down the doorway steps by the guards.

A few days later, President Richard Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia, the strike descended upon the campus, and all other political activity was pushed, for the time being, into the background.

A survey of the past year establishes that the radicals have declined considerably, both in strength and in numbers, since the fateful spring of 1968. At the same time, radical groups continue to command the allegiance of a small but dedicated minority, and are even able to broaden their base on particular issues. The campus and the nation are a long way from a return to normalcy.

BANNER OCCASION: Mike Golash harangues audience at first hearing for five SDSers.



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR



MAKING WAVES: Almost alone among major extracurricular activities, radio station WKCR is thriving.

NIX ON EXTRACURRIX

Traditional extracurricular activities at Columbia seem to be reeling under the same blows which decked radical politics during most of the past academic year.

Student leaders and administrators attribute their decline to several factors.

Principal among these is a falling away of interest in structured programs of any kind, coupled with a rising suspiciousness of anything blessed by the University "establishment." "Everybody's out doing his own thing," explained one senior. "If other people happen to be doing the same thing, that's all well and good. But most of the kids see little purpose in joining organized groups."

Similarly, few students seem to aspire to positions of leadership. "There's no status in it anymore," scoffs former Community Service Council chairman Jeff Rudman '70. "Kids still want to run their own programs, but it's because they're tied to the program, not because they like upper-level administration. Nobody wants to be a bureaucrat."

The old status symbols—pinkie rings, for example—have lost much of their glamor. The prospect of election to one of the two senior societies, once the crowning accomplishment of a successful extracurricular career, no longer fires most students. "Are those things still around?" asked Van Am president Stanley Crock '72. And David Aborn '70, the former head of Nacoms, acknowledges that undergraduates generally aren't aware of either group, including many who are subsequently tapped for membership.

Some point to a decline in formality, or in traditional school spirit, as reasons for widespread apathy. "Joe College died in 1967," sums up David Bocorad '70, the editor of the 1970 *Columbian*. In the new, informal atmosphere, such old-line organizations as the service societies are dismissed as "stodgy" or "mickey mouse."

Drugs come in for their share of the blame, both as cause and as symptom. "Narcotics certainly diminish interest in activities of any kind," points out Director of Kings Crown Activities Frank Safran '58. Others, however, view the drug culture more as a manifestation of the prevailing malaise. Comments Rudman: "The kids who

would have entered class politics ten years ago, or joined SDS two years ago, are simply retreating to their rooms and turning on with a small group of friends."

Many upperclassmen see in the attitudes of freshmen and sophomores the emergence of a new generation gap. According to one senior, freshmen today are "more cynical" than the entering classes of two and three years ago. "They're turned off on structured activities," he explains, "because they think there's no hope in working with the system, but they're also disenchanted with radical politics, because they've been into radical politics in high school, and no longer see much hope in revolution either." Another, ominous difference, he warns, is that entering freshmen are already sophisticated in drug use by the time they come to Columbia.

Some view the spring 1968 uprising as a watershed. "In those days we still thought we could change the world with a carnival in May," recalls Joel Frader '70. As a result of what he regards as the University's failure to institute meaningful changes, Frader says, not only freshmen but many upperclassmen have

become increasingly alienated and disengaged, as well as passive and introverted.

Several activities have tried to streamline their image in keeping with the mood of the times. The chairmen of Van Am and Blue Key report that they have discarded the traditional uniform jackets, and no longer emphasize dress as a factor in the selection of candidates. Both groups are sponsoring less formal activities than in the past: Van Am expects next year to revise drastically the format of the Deans Drag, which attracted just 250 guests last fall, and was rescued from financial disaster only because one of the scheduled bands failed to show. This spring, Blue Key opened its ranks to freshmen from Barnard, the School of Engineering, and the School of General Studies, while Van Am solicited applications from Barnard girls and sophomores. Nevertheless, both organizations—which formerly enjoyed the pick of entering classes—had to extend their recruiting periods an extra week. And when the tallies were in, a dismal total of 52 students—some from outside the College—had sought membership. Blue Key filled its 15 positions from a field of 34 applicants, and Van Am went below 15 for the first time in memory. Its 13 probates include five Barnard women and four sophomores, two from each school.

Nacoms and Sachems have discarded much of the secrecy of former times, as well as some of their traditional rivalry. The two groups have conducted at least one joint meeting during each of the past two years, and have eliminated the competition for "double-taps" by working out their selections in advance. At the double meeting, recalls outgoing Sachems chairman Loren Lavine '70, the seniors were challenged by the new members, who demanded to know what the societies did, and why they should bother to belong. Sachems raised money last year by sponsoring a film series under the cryptic symbol "SSS"—not, insists Lavine, for the sake of secrecy, but "because even if we'd spelled out our name, people wouldn't have known who we were."

Many of the King's Crown Activities report a falling off of interest and participation. *Columbian*, reports

Bogorad, depended largely on contributions from outsiders. "For the past two years, we've had maybe two to five people who worked regularly," he says. "You can tell how many people we had prior to 1968 just by looking at our staff photos." Next year, he predicts, the Yearbook may have to use more photographs and less text. According to Bogorad, "this isn't necessarily bad *per se*. What makes it bad is that the small size of our staff leaves us with no choice." Nevertheless *Columbian* turned out, on schedule, one of its most professional and imaginative pieces, including a number of spectacular color snapshots of various aspects of campus life.

The Band and the Glee Club are also hurting. Glee Club director Bruce Trinkley estimates that combined membership in the varsity and junior varsity groups is down from 75 to 80 five years ago to 45 today. "Until recently we could schedule anything," Trinkley declares, "and count on enough of a turnout to produce a good sound. Now we still get about 80 per cent of our membership at every concert, but 80 per cent is quantitatively much fewer than in the past." The Band is in somewhat better shape, largely because the addition of Barnard girls has kept the membership rolls at a fairly consistent level. Nevertheless, former Drum Major Albert Bergeret '70 concedes that at-

tendance at away games has dropped considerably, and the concert band—as distinguished from the marching band—is smaller than it used to be. However, Bergeret attributes the problems of the concert band to personality clashes between the conductor and some of the players, rather than to general student malaise. "Not everyone here is blowing his mind on drugs," he emphasizes. Trinkley cites changes in interests and attitudes as only one factor in his group's present difficulties. Another, he adds, was a poor recruiting drive. Neither spokesman discerns any significant differences in participation among the various classes. The Band, notes Bergeret, is dominated by sophomores.

Even the Review, once a haven for non-conformists, is feeling the same pinch as other, "establishmentarian" activities. "We're not bureaucratic, but our staff page and table of contents make us seem to be," sighs editor Paul Spike '70, who complains that his magazine has no freshmen at all. "The prevalent ennui and feeling of frustration have affected the traditional forms of self-expression as well as the more structured activities," explains Spike. "In the 'sixties, people still believed that it was possible to create a new literature and art. But students are so frustrated today that the most vibrant form of self-expression is rock, or, for the non-musical,

Financial woes, recruitment problems plague Spectator.



BONNIE FREER

films." (He's right about films. The new Filmmakers Club is thriving in spite of a dearth of equipment and the absence of University support. Chairman Les Alexander '71 reports that interest is particularly high among freshmen. Alexander points with pride to the completely unstructured nature of the new organization: "I'm chairman only because no-one else wants to do it, and I don't want us to fold.")

Spectator has been especially hard hit. The winds of change have blown through the editorial office: the jackets and ties traditionally required of working reporters have given way to more casual dress, and the Managing Board is now elected by the entire staff, instead of by the outgoing editors. But the newspaper is in trouble. Its annual subsidy of \$20,000 has been terminated, allegedly because of its failure to publish official notices, as its contract with the University requires. Outgoing editor-in-chief Paul Starr '70 estimates that *Spectator* has sufficient reserves to absorb a small deficit for another six or seven years, until new sources of revenue are found, but admits that a large deficit would be a serious blow. His successor, Martin Flumenbaum '71, is less optimistic: he believes the paper can survive only another three years with its present resources. Moreover, the size of the staff has declined. There were only six juniors this year to apply for Managing Board. As a result, Spec-

tator was forced for the first time to name sophomores to Managing Board positions. Another problem, says Flumenbaum, was that "we found that when we promoted lower classmen, we had to promote them all." The Board now consists of fourteen members, each with an editorial vote. In an effort to revive flagging interest, *Spectator* has begun paying its editors. But the top salary—\$650 for the editor-in-chief—is still woefully small by Ivy League standards. The business side is in even sorrier shape. Lawrence Levin '70, the former Business Manager, was the only member of the business department from the College during his sophomore, junior and senior years. Last year, the newspaper ran two "Save *Spectator*" ads, appealing urgently for business candidates. The new Business Managing Board, according to Levin, includes two freshmen. Levin blames not only what he calls "the general disenchantment with anything traditional or hierarchical," but also the fact that there is no glamor in working for the business staff.

Spectator now has additional worries. The Internal Revenue Service recently acknowledged that it is investigating the tax-exempt status of the newspaper. The reason, according to I.R.S. officials, is that the campus daily has endorsed political candidates and taken positions on pending legislation.

A few organizations are bucking the trend. The Board of Managers—which, like *Spectator*, has become "democratized," and now selects its program heads by vote of the entire staff—reports that it is thriving, although outsiders often take a less glowing view of its activities. So, by general consensus, is the Community Service Council, which broke off from the parent Citizenship Council after a lengthy and acrimonious dispute between "radicals" and "liberals" which began during the 1968 strike. The radicals stuck with Cit Council, which has since gone into a tailspin, and now supports only a handful of projects. The Community Service Council, on the other hand, claims several hundred members—the exact figure is uncertain—and is actively involved in tutoring and various community action programs in the neighborhood. It also sponsors educational projects at Harlem Hospital and Riker's Island Prison. One possible reason why C.S.C. and B.O.M. are so relatively successful is that both allow their members considerable latitude in formulating and developing individual programs.

Another group which has done remarkably well in recent years is radio station WKCR. KCR received a boost with its coverage of the 1968 strike, which was widely hailed by other communications media, and it has been gathering momentum ever since. However, former president Tom Keenan '70 concedes that there has been a diminution, not in the size of the organization, but in what he calls the "fanaticism and loyalty" of the "hard-core members." As a result, he notes, it is sometimes difficult to find staffing for dull or esoteric programs. KCR, like C.S.C. and B.O.M., allows its members wide freedom to create their own shows. Keenan also reports that KCR is one of the few activities in which old-fashioned jockeying for high position still persists.

If present trends continue, the coming decade will witness a further decline in structured activity, and the emergence of a greater number of informal groups such as Filmmakers. Perhaps, with the passage of time, these will ultimately become as bureaucratized, hierarchical, and tradition-ridden as their predecessors.

Glee Clubbers rehearse for a concert. Their membership is down also.



DAVID BOGORAD

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND...

Suddenly we're being told that mankind's tomorrows are numbered. Ecologists, who study the interaction of living beings with their environments, are warning that unless we stop polluting, plundering, and overpopulating the earth, the human species will soon end up as dead as the dinosaur.

At Columbia, ecology-consciousness has bloomed this year like blue-green algae in a eutrophic lake. You don't know what "eutrophic" means? You're not alone. But the number of Columbians who do know is growing constantly, as the University community awakes to the environmental crisis.

The crisis poses a challenge to Columbia, which does not have a strong, unified program in environmental studies. There are more than 30 courses currently offered on topics like human ecology, noise and air pollution, and conservation theory, but they are sprinkled throughout the University from the medical school to the School of Architecture. This fragmentation is partly a reflection of the fact that ecology is interdisciplinary. Complex environmental problems call for ecology-wise economists, law and policy makers, and urban planners, as well as scientists with competence in all the environmental sciences, which include aspects of geology, biology, chemistry, and physics. Effective programs in ecology must pull all the fragments together in order to be truly interdisciplinary.

Recent developments are encouraging. The Engineering School, for one, has announced that next year it will offer interdisciplinary masters and doctoral programs in environmental science and engineering, in cooperation with the School of Architecture, the Departments of Biological Sciences and Geology, and others.

Some innovations have already been made. Roughly a third of the

ecology-related courses offered this year are new. The Law School, for instance, is giving two courses on law and environment for the first time.

The College has been mustering its resources, too. Last year, there was only one College course in ecology, appropriately entitled "Environmental Science." Two more have been added. A one-year geology offering for non-science majors, "Man's Physical Environment and Mineral Resources," deals with such problems as the use of our limited mineral reserves, the disposal of industrial wastes, and water pollution. The other, "Urban Ecology," is being given this spring, primarily for scientists. It's an interdisciplinary study and it's been packing in crowds like the crosstown shuttle. As many as 250 students from the College, Barnard, and the graduate school flock to the semi-weekly lectures.

"Urban Ecology" was made possible by a grant from the Council for Biology in Human Affairs of the Salk Institute. The brainstorm of Wallace Broecker, professor of geology, and Cyrus Levinthal, chairman of the biology department, it investigates the physical and biological problems of city living. Lectures are given by guest experts on topics ranging from housing and transportation to contraceptive techniques and the ecology of the urban rat.

In conjunction with the course, about 50 students and teachers have formed intensive study groups. There are four such groups, each exploring a separate topic: transportation; needs and sources of electrical and thermal power; psychological effects of urban stress; and how growing concentrations of people, and the agricultural technology developed to feed them, combine to pollute our water supplies. "Intensive study" means what it says: participants are expected to devote at least ten hours a week to lectures, library work, interviews, and writing up their findings.

The geography department has three new undergraduate courses waiting in the wings, and will offer undergraduates a concentrate in environmental management and conservation next year. Increased cooperation with Barnard, which is

planning a program in environmental science and conservation, will enlarge College students' options even more. Meanwhile, the old geography-geology stand-by, "Environmental Science," has been given a face-lift, and is taught by two men instead of one. The revamped course now devotes one semester to explaining how the atmosphere and earth systems work, and the second to a case-study examination of natural, man-modified, and man-made environments. During the first semester, for example, students learn about such atmospheric processes as inversion. This prepares them to understand air pollution in New York City.

Next year the course will be given by a three-man team including a climatologist, a hydrologist and urban systems expert, and an agricultural ecologist. Explains John Oliver (the climatologist), "There's so much new material coming out on the subject that it's difficult for one person, or even two, to keep up with it."

COLLEGE- ECOLOGY

Much of the ecological education on campus is going on outside the lecture halls. Environmental evangelists among the student body and the faculty are joining to spread the Bad News beyond the classroom, exposing the ecological sins of individuals and institutions.

Approaches vary. WKCR, Columbia's student-run radio station, has given over its semi-weekly "Classroom" broadcast to lectures and roundtable discussions on the urban environment. Student organizations sponsor films, talks, and teach-ins on ecological topics. Participants in an extra-curricular seminar have met several times to discuss environmental problems under the guidance of Nobel physicist and University Vice President Polykarp Kusch.

Not all the activity has been so formally educational. More direct action is favored by two new campus organizations which have emerged as champions of the land, sea, and air.

Tactics of a fledgling group called

Ecology Action include "dramatizing the issues," according to Deborah Solomon, a graduate student in biology who is an active member. Although the group sponsors its share of discussions and talks, it also employs showier gestures, such as protesting a ten-cent fare hike by staging skits right inside the subway cars. (Cheap, efficient mass transportation would make automobiles unnecessary, the anti-pollutionists point out.) The group's attention-grabbing repertoire also includes demonstrating (for the repeal of abortion laws, against the New York Auto Show) and heckling "environmental villains" (such as Atomic Energy Commission officials at a recent New York City Council hearing on nuclear reactors).

Ecology Action was launched this fall by graduate students in the sciences, who borrowed their name from a similar but autonomous group in Berkeley. The new group first concentrated on drawing attention to the nuclear reactor which Columbia hopes to activate, and raising questions about its safety. Members, who number perhaps 50, have since decentralized. Divided into study-action groups, people pursue their separate interests, pushing for improved mass transportation and the elimination of the automobile in the city or co-operating with the United Farm Workers to publicize the dangers of pesticides, which kill 1,000 people each year.

Most members of Ecology Action are left-liberal or radical in their views, and attribute our environmental prob-

lems to economic emphasis on an ever-growing GNP. They accuse the government of being a chief polluter and of protecting the interests of the big corporations which foster pollution. "Why should the government use our tax money to do research on anti-pollution devices which they will give, like a subsidy, to industry," demands Miss Solomon.

Ecology Action is leaderless by choice. Power is exercised by those who do the most work and have the most scientific knowledge.

Knowledge of law is the key to effectiveness in another group, the Environmental Law Council. Organized this fall by law students, the Council has about 150 dues-paying members, mostly students and faculty of the Law School. The group sponsors bi-weekly discussions, led by experts, on legal aspects of environmental problems. A conservationist lawyer, for instance, spoke on the legal action taken against oil companies as a result of the Santa Barbara oil spills.

Besides educating themselves, members of the group do research on environmental protection and give legal advice to citizens' groups. One recent request for help came from a tenants' organization which wants to restrain a company from building a huge new skyscraper, because asbestos is being sprayed into the air as a result of construction.

In March, the Council sponsored a meeting of students from 65 eastern law schools, to exchange ideas and explore possibilities for joint legal action on environmental matters.

THE GOOD GUYS

Some people find the villains in literature far more interesting than the heroes. The good guys are so dull, whereas there are so many delicious variations on being bad. The same, fortunately, does not hold true of teachers.

Four Columbia professors have been recognized this year for their contributions to undergraduate education. At a time when many tenured faculty members prefer research and graduate instruction to teaching in the College, these four are bucking the trend. Aside from that, perhaps the only thing they all have in common is that they are not dull.

The Mark Van Doren Award is presented annually by the students of the College to an outstanding faculty member who exhibits "humanity, devotion to truth, and inspiring leadership." This year it was given to Charles Frankel, professor of philosophy and public affairs.

Prof. Frankel, who served as an Assistant Secretary of State from 1965 to 1967, is sympathetic to students' desires that education deal more with social and moral issues. "I think of myself as a relevant philosopher," he says, explaining that he believes his ongoing involvement in the "real world" equips him to be a better teacher. He is a past master of the Socratic method of teaching, drawing from his students ideas about what they've been reading. But unlike Plato's Socrates, who asked loaded

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: Pollution is "in."

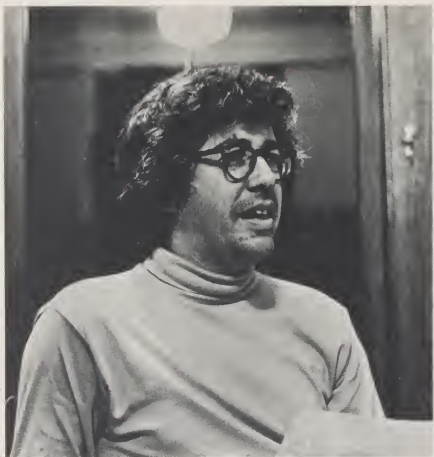


SID SATTLER

PROF. CYRUS LEVINTHAL:
research instead of cookbooks.



COLUMBIA

PROF. KENNETH KOCH: *The light bulbs flash.*PROF. CHARLES FRANKEL:
a relevant philosopher.

questions and always seemed to have plenty of yes-men around. Prof. Frankel leads his classes in spirited exchanges instead of games of follow-the-leader. It's the difference between asking "Don't you think that?" and "Do you think that?"

"I try to irritate my students into discovering things for themselves," says Frankel, a 1937 graduate of the College who has taught at Columbia for 31 years. He finds he enjoys teaching undergraduates more than graduate students. "It's exciting to see them discover some of these problems for the first time. It's also very much a process in which I learn from my students."

Art history professor Howard McP. Davis was the choice for the Van Doren award two years ago. This year, he added the Great Teacher award of the Society of Older Grads to his collection of honors. A specialist in Renaissance painting, he has been teaching at Columbia since 1944. By all the laws of publish or perish, he should be long gone. ("I love to teach, but I don't like writing at all," he grimaces.) Nevertheless, he is chairman of his department. He teaches three courses, two of them — by preference — at the undergraduate level.

He is long and lank, with a bushy mustache and a brambly Van Dyke

beard, and he rather looks like an artist himself. Some of his students mistakenly assume that he is one. "They tell me they like my teaching because I approach paintings from an artist's point of view," he reports.

The paintings take center stage in a Davis course, for which as many as 200 students enroll. He uses slides generously; some of them he has taken himself. During most of his lectures, Davis is a gentle, disembodied voice in a darkened room. In painterly fashion, he sketches his main points in broad strokes, then proceeds to add rich detail. What he teaches, finally, is not art history in any narrow sense, but how to look at a work of art, as a composition and as the expression of both an individual and a culture. Asked the secret of his success as a teacher, Davis hesitates, then ventures, "I feel very strongly about the things I teach and want to sell them to my students."

Cyrus Levinthal, chairman of the Department of Biological Sciences, has been named the first holder of Columbia's William R. Kenan chair, which was endowed to support a teacher who would "make a notable contribution to the University's undergraduate community."

With his comfortable look and manner, Dr. Levinthal resembles a

smalltown pharmacist rather than a distinguished scientist. A noted researcher in molecular biology, he came to Columbia from M.I.T. in 1967. Since taking over the department in 1968, he has wrought wonders, despite a chronic lack of space and modern facilities. He feels that his most significant accomplishments so far have been on the undergraduate level.

"Every teacher who joins this department understands that he'll devote about half his teaching time to undergraduates," he states. He has changed the emphasis of the biology department from classical biology (zoology, evolution) to modern experimental molecular biology and biochemistry. He has added several new courses, one a lab in molecular biology in which students carry on original research instead of merely duplicating time-honored "cookbook" experiments. He has also instituted three new majors: analytical biology, biochemistry, and biophysics.

Perhaps the best indication of his success is the fact that the number of students majoring in biology has increased from 16 in the Class of '68 to 44 in the Class of '71. As for his own teaching, the course evaluation guide, written by and for students, reports that "his lectures are exciting, interest-

ing, informative, and witty, his problem sets challenging, his concern for students sincere."

Levinthal, Davis, and Frankel entered the academic life purposefully. Levinthal is typical when he comments, "It never occurred to me to do anything else." English professor Kenneth Koch, who teaches exclusively in the College, sort of fell into it. "I was a poet, but I had to find some means of livelihood," he explains. A case study in serendipity, Koch was picked last fall as a recipient of a \$10,000 Danforth Foundation award for gifted teaching.

Koch, the author of several books of poetry and plays, teaches a writing course that is practically *de rigueur* among students with literary talent. He teaches even his literature classes from a writer's point of view, rather than taking an interpretive or historical tack. ("How does Eliot create meaning in this passage," he prods a class.) Having students write imitations in the style of a poet or writer they're studying is one of his favorite teaching devices.

Many students would take a Koch course no matter what he taught. His amused and amazed enthusiasms are contagious. ("The music in this poem is just absolutely beautiful. It's enchanting, and beautiful, and... terrific!") His classes are part lecture, part discussion, and part *commedia dell'arte*—he gestures, breaks into rhyme, even barks and clucks to illustrate a point. He lets his students into his mind—you can almost see the light bulbs flashing in his head while he's extemporizing. According to Paul Spike, a student writer, Koch "teaches that writing is inspiring and fun; other teachers just talk about what a grind it is."

Koch himself questions whether one can decide who is a "good" teacher. "Just because a teacher can communicate effectively doesn't mean that he's teaching the right thing," he points out. But he is convinced of the value of studying literature. "Without it, people would study only math and sociology and things like that, and they wouldn't know anything. You have to be able to relate what you learn to what you feel, and literature helps you do that."

WINNERS

Columbia, which has frequently fared poorly in the competition for Rhodes Scholarships, hit the jackpot this year with two. The winners, both seniors, are Jeffrey B. Rudman of Brookline, Mass., and Heywood Dotson of Staten Island, N. Y.

The scholarships, which are awarded for "intellectual attainment, character, leadership and physical vigor," provide an annual stipend of \$2,844 for two or three years of graduate study at Oxford University, England.

Rudman, an art history major, was among the founders of the Community Service Council, which he chaired during the past year. Under Rudman's leadership, C.S.C. became one of the College's most successful extracurricular groups, sponsoring ambitious and far-ranging volunteer programs in the Morningside area and in other parts of the city. Chartered in the aftermath of a split among the leaders of the Citizenship Council, C.S.C. has completely eclipsed the parent organization, and now claims more than 300 members. In addition, Rudman is a Lawrence Chamberlain scholar. The Chamberlain Scholarship, named for the former Dean of the College and Vice-President of the University, is awarded by the Dean in recognition of academic excellence and service to the school.

Dotson, who for three years has co-starred with Jim McMillan '70 on some of the finest basketball teams in Columbia's history, has also served as co-chairman of the Undergraduate Academic Affairs Committee, chairman of the Columbia Afro-American Studies Program, vice-chairman of the Students Afro-American Society, and one of the two student members on the College Committee on Instruction. The former Stuyvesant High School basketball stand-out student—teaches at the Horace Mann High School in the Bronx.

Both men are frequently heard on Columbia's radio station, WKCR: Rudman as a disc jockey on his own musical comedy show, called "Curtain Time," and Dotson as a sports announcer during the football season. Both are also Dean's List scholars.

Rudman, who will study either

politics or philosophy in England, is not yet certain of what he will do when he returns. Dotson, a pre-law student, makes no attempt to conceal his political ambitions, and admits that he "wouldn't mind becoming Mayor of New York." A stint in one of the nation's two pro basketball leagues may intervene, as he has been drafted by teams in the N.B.A. and A.B.A. For the present, he intends to defer his debut with the pros until after he has studied in England, although an especially attractive offer could still cause him to change his mind. Meanwhile, he may try to stay in shape by playing for a European basketball squad. If so, he will follow in the footsteps of another Rhodes Scholar and former Ivy League great, Bill Bradley of Princeton, who played for an Italian team before returning to star with the New York Knicks.

Rudman is discouraged by the seeming detachment of many lower-classmen both from politics and extracurricular pursuits. "It's the Age of Aquarius," he says, describing the introversion of many younger students, and their withdrawal from structured programs. He expresses particular concern about the drug culture, which, he believes, has become for many undergraduates a substitute for organized activity.

Dotson, the brilliant if temperamental forward who electrified Columbia sports fans for three years, would like to see intercollegiate athletics abandoned in favor of intramurals, "even if it means that Heyward Dotson would have found it harder to get into school." The result, he suggests, would be "to show our commitment to academics rather than to extracurrics. Chicago," he points out, "is doing quite well. We too could trade on our academic excellence."

If, however, Columbia persists in maintaining an intercollegiate program, the intense, soft-spoken senior finds it "ridiculous" that the athletes should not be paid. "How else do you measure worth in a competitive society?" he inquires.

The principal trouble with varsity sports, he believes, is that "the very fact we compete creates a desire to keep up with the pack, and it becomes the function of the College to do that. But there shouldn't be a pack."

separate admissions structure. (Nine alleged participants in that demonstration were tried by a College tribunal 11 months later. After a tumultuous hearing, three were acquitted and six convicted. The six received suspended sentences.) Although no concessions were promised at the time the sit-in ended, the Admissions Office shortly afterward instituted a procedure whereby the folders of all rejected minority applicants are reviewed by readers from the same minority group. Disagreements between the readers and the Admissions Committee are resolved at a joint meeting of the Committee and a "Review Board" composed of the minority group readers, who include three black faculty members, one Asian professor, and a Puerto Rican from the community. To date, reports Admissions Director John Wellington '57, the two bodies have been able to reach agreement on all candidates.

There will be some changes next year in the composition of the staff, all of whose present members, by the way, possess M.A.s in English. Wellington will leave to become Director of Alumni Relations, and will be succeeded on July 1 by Lacopo. Admissions officer Paul Mendelsohn will depart for the Fieldston School in Riverdale, N. Y., where he will serve as College Counselor.

The new director faces delicate problems, brought on by the size of the College and its commitment to various programs. Columbia has pledged itself to the education of large numbers of disadvantaged students. At the same time, it remains committed to the maintenance of a football team. Some question whether a small school can do both and still continue to function as a first-rate institution academically. Minority students, because of inadequate earlier schooling, often lack the statistical qualifications expected of other candidates, and some football players also score below the College average. Football, moreover, requires a larger number of candidates than other sports. On the other hand, faculty members whose devotion to high intellectual standards is unquestioned defend existing policies on the ground that they lend needed diversity to the school.



MINORITY RECRUITMENT:
Some friction, some progress.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

"Morningside Heights, the Columbia neighborhood, is a residential, educational, and cultural community in upper Manhattan, near the Hudson River."

"Columbia University lies on the western edge of Harlem, one of the largest Black communities in the country."

Both paragraphs come from booklets designed for prospective applicants to the College. Both booklets are prepared and distributed under the auspices of the College Admissions Office. There the similarity ends.

The first paragraph is part of a pamphlet entitled "About Columbia College," and helps set to rest the ap-

prehensions of white middle class youngsters who still constitute the majority of Columbia undergraduates. The second is taken from *Black and Latin at Columbia*, a tract which is written by black and Latin students, principally for members of various ethnic minorities who think they might wish to study at Morningside. The juxtaposition underscores the peculiar and highly sensitive problems which surround the admission and recruitment of non-whites.

In certain superficial respects, the problems are the same as those involved in the selection of some athletes. Applicants from both groups may score less impressively than other candidates on the statistical indicators of merit: grades and Board scores. Both may require extensive financial assistance.

But there are important differ-

ences. Columbia's commitment to athletics is of ancient origins. The athletic program, moreover, can rely on sophisticated and well-financed machinery, including a nationwide network of active alumni, for the discovery and wooing of prospects. Recruitment of black and Latin students, on the other hand, began only recently, and until this year was carried out on a shoestring budget. In 1968-69, for example, the Students Afro-American Society (S.A.S.) received about \$3,000, partly from the Dean, partly from the Admissions Office, to scout around pretty much as it wished. Not only was the campaign poorly funded, but official controls proved to be inadequate. In particular, reports Special Assistant to the Dean Melvin V. Burwell, there was no structure for accountability in the use of the money. In April, 1969, Burwell, a black with extensive counselling experience in the New Jersey high schools, was hired to help provide one.

From the outset, Burwell has had his problems. There is, he concedes, a considerable "confidence gap" between himself and the non-white students with whom he was assigned to work. "You're viewed as part of the establishment no matter what you do," he explains. "You have to walk a very tight line to be effective." A member of S.A.S. states the case even more bluntly. "We want to deal directly with Hovde and Cordier," he declared. "We're not going to trust anybody whom the enemy brings in to mediate."

Fricion developed early. Last October, Burwell called a meeting of minority students to plan a recruitment campaign. Only about 20 attended, and some of these were openly hostile to the new administrator. Burwell announced that he had been given \$3500, which he planned to use in six cities, none of them in the south.

The students were not satisfied. Later that fall, the Third World Coalition, consisting of S.A.S., Concerned Black Students (a more moderate black organization whose representative later dropped out of the group), the Latin-American Student Organization ("LASO") and the Asian-American Political Alliance, by-passed Burwell and went directly to Dean of the

College Carl Hovde to demand more funds. Many of the students involved, according to Burwell, had not attended the October meeting. Hovde promised an additional \$3500.

This, too, however, was deemed insufficient. Third World members wanted \$12,000 to recruit in 21 different cities. They discussed their demands with the Dean on several occasions. At his suggestion, they presented him with a detailed budget proposal, and made an appointment to discuss it with him at 9:30 a.m. on December 17th.

When the Dean arrived to keep the appointment, he found to his surprise that there were some 70 students outside his office who wanted to hold the meeting in the Hamilton Hall lobby. "We were tired of seeing the Dean invite the same guys — (John) Wellington, (Philip) Benson, and Burwell — to all our meetings," explained one Third Worlder. "We decided that if he could bring his friends, we'd bring ours." After lengthy discussion with the students and other administrators, Dean Hovde agreed to demands for an open session. At the meeting, the Dean undertook to try to find whatever funds were necessary to help the group carry out its recruiting program, although he estimated that the job could be done for \$9,700. However, he indicated, he would do his best to come up with additional cash if the cost ran over. After the Christmas break, he announced that the money would definitely be forthcoming. All funds, it was understood, would be channeled through Burwell's office. The Dean also warned that future budgets would depend largely on the success of this year's program. Since the recruitment drive was late in starting because of the dispute, the application deadline for minority students was extended from January 1 to March 1.

Students who fanned out to various high schools throughout the country reported numerous difficulties. Many guidance counselors, black as well as white, objected to dealing with undergraduates. A few admitted that they discouraged black seniors from taking the College Boards, "because we're afraid that they won't do well." Recruiters also complained of strained relations with the Admissions Office.

"A lot of area men used to visit only the white schools in certain cities, never the black schools," argued one. "Then they'd have the gall to accuse us of wasting money because we visited these black schools without finding anyone. How could we know that we weren't likely to find anyone, when the area men couldn't tell us because they'd never been to these schools themselves?" As a result of this year's efforts, the student predicted, recruiters would henceforward know what schools were worth visiting.

The success of this year's campaign is difficult to evaluate. Incoming Admissions Director Michael Lacopo '57 reported that the recruitment drive had little noticeable effect on the number of minority group applicants. However, follow-up efforts, undertaken not only by S.A.S. but also by black faculty members, produced an increase in the number of accepted candidates who decided to come. Last year, Burwell reports, the College admitted about 190 non-whites, only 91 of whom registered. Next fall, according to Lacopo, approximately 20 per cent of the entering freshmen will be blacks, Latins, or Asians.

Burwell's responsibilities are not limited to recruitment. When he came here, he recalls, Dean Hovde told him "to do whatever had to be done" to provide assistance for minority students. "Sometimes," he observes, "I feel I'm creating a greater perimeter than I can handle successfully." He supervises a number of supportive programs for non-white students already here, and looks forward to establishing even more. One of the most important existing programs is a summer project to provide remedial training at Camp Columbia for incoming freshmen (including whites) with poor verbal skills. In addition, the thirteenth, tennis-playing administrator sees himself as an advocate for minority applicants for admission, as well as for black and Latin undergraduates in academic difficulties. "I've always felt strongly about helping the guy who has nobody else to help him," Burwell explains. "Besides," he adds, "any black or Latin who's gotten through the public high schools in our major cities must have something merely in order to have survived."

CU MOURNS

Although Robert Harron was not an alumnus of Columbia, his lion-hearted devotion to the University gave him the status of an adopted son. During almost thirty years of service to Columbia, the former assistant to Presidents Eisenhower and Kirk and Director of University Relations earned a reputation for integrity, loyalty, and compassion which made the University proud to claim him. He was also a modest man, and was at work on an autobiography entitled *Not That It Matters*, when he died on December 14, 1969.

Bob Harron's first connection with Columbia came in 1933, when he accepted a part-time position as football publicity manager and aide and ghost writer for football coach Lou Little. His first assignment was to do advance publicity for the Columbia team which made it to the Rose Bowl, upsetting Stanford, 7-0. Before coming to Columbia, he had been a sportswriter, first for papers in Minneapolis and Boston, then for the *New York Post*.

He has been called the "best [sports] reporter-writer of the era." Leonard Koppett, of the *New York Times*, credited him with helping to lay the foundations for the Ivy League by his staunch championship of amateur ideals in college athletics.

Harron became full-time director of sports information at Columbia in 1938. In 1942, he requested a leave of absence to serve in the Navy—at the age of 45. When he returned in 1944, he was appointed director of public information by acting president Frank D. Fackenthal. His duties were later expanded to include service as an assistant to Presidents Eisenhower and Kirk. He retired from Columbia in 1964 and went on to serve in a similar capacity at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., until 1968.

John Hastings, who is Mr. Harron's successor at Columbia, has paid him the following tribute: "Down through the years there have been a handful of men who rightfully earned the title of 'Mr. Columbia.' And . . . no one on the Columbia campus disputes the view that Robert Harron is the latest in this small band

of dedicated men." Some of his friends have decided that a memorial should be created "to perpetuate the inspiration Bob gave us during his lifetime," and have started a Bob Harron Fund for this purpose. The use to which the fund will be put has not yet been decided. Under consideration are a scholarship; a special award, perhaps for journalistic or athletic achievement; or the naming of a lounge or other facility—perhaps in the new gym—after Bob. His friends may send contributions to Columbia University Bob Harron Fund, One Liberty St., New York.

\$TRAWBERRY \$TATEMENT

For James Kunen '70, the upsets of Spring '68 turned out to be the beginning of a path to glory. Cork-screw-haired Jim, currently one of the hors d'oeuvres of the New York literary scene, had travelled a long way from his Marlboro, Mass. home and Phillips Academy in Andover to land in jail as one of the cop-taken-over casualties of the Spring take-over.

When Kunen emerged from being busted, a friend on the Harvard *Crimson* persuaded him to write a personal account of the Columbia drama. The article, which Kunen wrote in diary form, appeared in the *Crimson* while the strike was still in progress, and was promptly picked up by *New York* magazine, the new darling of Manhattan literati and would-be politicians. For *New York* Jim expanded his journal into a series of articles describing his experiences as a part-time revolutionary who, between T.V. interviews and hurried letters home, dedicated himself to freeing Columbia from its "elitist and defense establishment oriented nature."

Overnight, Kunen was famous. Random House quickly prevailed upon him to expand his articles into a full-length book, *The Strawberry Statement*, which chronicles Kunen's experiences, thoughts, and afterthoughts from way "before the shit hit the fan" until well into the summer following the Columbia uprising.

Much of the book is Holden Caulfield revisited, and with its pub-

Robert Harron



lication Kunen became a spokesman for his generation. Critics trying desperately to fathom the psyche of campus revolutionaries and their ilk roundly applauded Kunen's inside report of Columbia takeovers, and his odyssey toward further political and self knowledge in the following months.

The Kunen journal is replete with accounts of participatory democracy and new-found revolutionary fervor, and asides into personal confusion and mixed motives for involvement (partly for the fun, partly for the girls, and mostly for the revolution). His insights, full of irony and just plain humor, proved capable of impressing even those who were initially turned off by his radical political sentiments, and capable also of alienating certain fellow student radicals who viewed the *Strawberry* ramblings as self-indulgent and lacking in revolutionary zeal.

The book is now available in paperback for those who missed it in hardcover. In addition, a film version is being prepared for release early this summer. Kunen disclaims responsibility for the latter. He was on hand at the Stockton, California movie set for a few days in December, just long enough to ad lib a few lines as a student extra. (His own part is played by someone else.) In the short time that he was there, he found grist for yet another *New York* article, describing how the movie police (real off-duty cops) and the city police, the University of Pacific students playing Columbia students, and the network photographers, real and acting, kept getting hopelessly mixed up. However, he has not been invited back to view the footage, probably, he suspects, because the script differs markedly from the book, and the producers fear he might complain. "They really don't want me to know what's happening out there," reports Kunen, "and so I worry."

But Kunen has little time for worry nowadays. He is busy fielding various writing offers and reading the works of his imitators. When *Life* ran a picture of students pelting Senator Thurmond with marshmallows, the headline read, "The Marshmallow Statement." *Esquire*, writing of student discontent, titled its article

"The Sour Grapes Statement."

The *Statement* still spawns comment back at home, and last December's issue of *Jester* carried a parody, "The Boysenberry Bleep," as its main feature. *Jester* pictured Kunen as a navel-contemplating adolescent, hung up on living down his jock past and becoming a with-it revolutionary. (Kunen had quit the Columbia crew shortly after the uprising began.) Of course it is easy to caricature Kunen, to call him "self-seeking" or accuse him of selling out to the mass media. Kunen's response is to be "as amused as anyone" over the *Jester* article and to tell his more biting critics that he "intends to use the system against itself to get radical ideas across. I'm a reformist, not a revolutionary, and while grinding out mimeographed pamphlets accomplishes something, it's useful to the left to have people with access to the media."

Kunen has plenty of that. Already he has made half a dozen television appearances, and on at least two occasions tried to spread the gospel of youth-style reform. He holds the honor of having been bleeped out on ABC's Dick Cavett show while attempting to give the address of the Black Panther legal aid fund. In the course of pre-taping a guest appearance for the David Susskind show, Kunen was forced to replace a description of Nixon as a "racist pig" with a more genteel reference to "a national politician from San Clemente with certain fascist and animal-like tendencies."

Last summer Kunen hitchhiked across the country "to get the feel of America" and emerged à la Steinbeck with a series of articles which ran in eight major newspapers across the nation, including the *Washington Post*, *Newsday*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

Travels with Jim may be the basis of a second movie, for Kunen has just submitted to Columbia Pictures an outline for a film script centering upon the experiences of a young man hitchhiking across country. Currently titled *The Inner State Highway System*, the film, says Kunen, would actually deal with "the sexual exploitation and commercialization which keeps people from really relating to one another."

In developing this theme, Kunen was influenced by his girl friend Laura's involvement in Women's Liberation. He feels that we are living in an age in which "sexual roles are defined for us by those who want to sell us their products. The strain of trying to live up to these exaggerated male and female ideals hurts everyone, especially the young, and fragments human relationships."

"I guess I'm an ad hoc radical now, doing my best to explain some of my views in my writing. We need serious reform, and human relationships have to be re-thought and cemented. I think even the silent majority is unhappy. They have lousy schools, inflation, and high taxes. If they knew the real reasons for these conditions they'd be the allies of the left. I know I've been accused of selling out and it bothers me, but I think worrying about your own moral purity too much is egocentric, and I feel I am reaching people."

Kunen's plans upon graduation include marriage to Laura, who is presently a junior at City College. Kunen started going with her during the Spring of 1968, and she appears in *Strawberry Statement* and other Kunen writings as a spirited if shadowy young lady.

Kunen intends to stay in the city next year while Laura finishes school, and try to find out if he "really can write" and make the move to fiction. "I'm not sure, though, that there is any difference between reality and fantasy. If writing doesn't turn out to be my thing I'll try to go to law school. So far things have been maybe too easy and I've had more requests for articles than I can handle. I want to see if I deserve it. I haven't made a lot of money really, but it's a lot for a student. I don't think my life style has changed, though. Laura and I still take the subway."

At the moment Kunen is observing a moratorium on writing and dedicating himself "to the business of graduating this June." Of Columbia he says, "It's just my environment and it's hard for me to have an overview. People despair of there ever being change here, and the charges we made in 1968 are still true. Columbia remains a racist and elitist institution."

GREEN BEER AND CHERRY PIE

Barnard's new McIntosh Center, which opened last fall, has already acquired an affectionate nickname among some of its habitués. They call it The Big Apple. (McIntosh. Apple. Get it?) That's the kind of place it is.

Never before has Barnard had anything faintly resembling a student center, but perhaps the wait was worth it. McIntosh is great. Although some people still seem unaware of its existence, the Center already is making a difference in student life at Columbia. Said a College junior, interrupted in the McIntosh lounge while wrestling with the crossword puzzle in the *New York Times*, "I live over here now."

Before, undergraduates at Columbia and Barnard had three principal meeting grounds on campus: the library; the College's own Wollman Student Center (which requires the girls to take the initiative in crossing Broadway); or—perish the thought—the mixer. But McIntosh is more than a place to meet. It's also a nice

place to be. It's the sort of place where one can even imagine a professor joining his students for a cup of coffee without feeling like a trespasser.

The Center's warm ambience is due largely to its physical characteristics. Designed by the firm of Philadelphia architect Vincent G. Kling, Class of 1938, it consists of two stories. Facilities include a four-lane bowling alley, club rooms, the office of the Barnard newspaper, piano practice rooms, a recreation room, and a TV room (replete with widescreen color TV). But the heart of the center is the first-floor lounge-exhibit-snack bar area, which ingeniously combines openness and intimacy.

Unimpeded by any intervening walls, this area stretches the width of the building, checked only by an expanse of glass at either end. The result is a luxury of space rare in New York City. But one does get a sense of separate "rooms" within that space. Sections are suggested by uncrowded groupings of furniture, in warm tones of yellow, orange, and velvety brown; by moveable panels on which student art is displayed; by a strategically placed planter full of glossy tropical foliage. The stepped ceiling also defines the space, as it changes height

from section to section. The overall arrangement makes it possible for individuals and groups to be alone and together at the same time.

The Center also owes its success as a gathering place for the Columbia community to the efforts of a busy, inventive Activities Council, whose members include three Columbia College representatives. (The others are all Barnard girls.) The tactic of the Council has been to ensure attendance by presenting free, small, special-appeal activities rather than risk costly, poorly attended extravaganzas. Some events are regular features: the Thursday night open house, with music by semi-professional student groups; the TGIF (Thank God It's Friday) gathering; weekly coed bowling and bridge nights. The committee tries for unusual programs, as well as the more conventional poetry readings, films, concerts, and lectures. Recent events included a square dance, a cherry pie-eating contest on Feb. 22, and a green beer party on Saint Patrick's Day. Evidently some suggestions are considered a bit too far out, however. At a recent meeting of the Council, one of the Columbia boys brought up the possibility of sponsoring a coed skinny-dipping party. It was vetoed.

OPENNESS AND INTIMACY: Students relax in the spacious first-floor lounge of McIntosh Center.





DONNIE FREER

SISTER TO SISTER: Political exhortation on the wall of Barnard's Altschul Hall.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, SORORITY

The mere mention of Women's Liberation brings to many a male mind a vision of leather-clad Amazons, stomping around a huge bonfire kindled with bras and lipsticks, where de-girdled Miss America candidates fizzle at the stake.

Women liberationists don't carry on in nearly so spectacular a fashion. That doesn't mean, however, that the ladies don't mean business. For on Morningside, as elsewhere, these determined—and often attractive—young feminists are attacking the established order on a variety of fronts.

In December, for instance, Columbia Women's Liberation published a preliminary report charging the University with discrimination against women in hiring practices, tenure appointments, and salaries. The report, which was authored by several female faculty members and graduate students, sets forth some impressive statistics in support of the allegation. Of the full professors on the faculty (including Barnard), only 5.8 per cent are women. Although there are more

women, percentage-wise, among the lower ranks, most of them teach in General Studies or at Barnard, where salaries are lower. Twenty-four per cent of Columbia's doctorates are awarded to women, but only two per cent of the tenured graduate faculty are female. "We are puzzled," comment the authors, "by the Graduate Faculties' commitment to train women but not to hire them."

Dean of the Graduate Faculties George Fraenkel maintains that he is unaware of any discrimination, but concedes that "it would be naive to assume that vestiges of discrimination do not remain."

"The report speaks for itself," responds Assistant Professor of Art History Anne Harris, one of the authors. Mrs. Harris adds that the University also exploits women by hiring them as part-time teachers, when in fact they do as much work as full-time faculty who earn twice as much or more. "And even when a woman is hired full-time," she charges, "the tendency is to shove her over to Barnard, whose lower salaries imply that it is less valuable to teach women than to teach men." (Barnard salaries are indeed lower than Columbia's—not, explains Barnard Dean of Faculty Henry Boorse, because Barnard is a women's college, but because liberal arts colleges across the nation pay less than universities. One Barnard teacher ob-

served dryly, "That type of rationalizing distinction doesn't pay the rent.")

Membership in Columbia Women's Lib is open to any woman associated with the University, and its present register of about 45 regulars includes faculty, students, and staff. Barnard has its own group, but the members frequently participate in the meetings and activities of the Columbia movement.

Concern is by no means limited to issues touching the faculty. Two university senators, graduate student Sally Guttmacher and English preceptor Katherine Ellis, have recently proposed that the Senate establish a commission on the status of women at Columbia, to study discrimination at all levels of the University. The proposal has been accepted in principle, but a controversy has erupted over the committee's composition. Some administrators are said to believe that most of the members should be males, because women will not be sufficiently objective. That, observes Miss Ellis, "is like saying that black problems and needs can best be judged by whites."

Before naming the committee, the Senate convened a series of hearings to determine what grievances required attention. Administrators who attended the first of these hearings, on March 11, got an earful. One by one, women rose to testify about alleged acts of discrimination in the dispens-



BONNIE FREER

ANGRY YOUNG WOMAN: Prof. Anne Harris accuses Columbia of exploitation.



BONNIE FREER

WOMEN'S LIBERATION: A Thursday night strategy session.

ing of jobs and fellowships. Fellowship practices came under particularly heavy attack. Departments were accused of dividing folders into four categories—men, single women, married women, women with children—and awarding fellowships in descending order until the money ran out. According to some witnesses, attractive single women have been told that they were refused fellowships because they would probably marry and leave school. Actually, this can be a self-fulfilling prophecy, at least as to the latter part. Denial of funds can force women, single or married, to abandon their studies, especially since they find it more difficult than men to obtain well-paying outside jobs.

Women liberationists, meanwhile, have not been content to wait upon the Senate, and have set up committees of their own. The purpose of these committees is to prepare preliminary reports which will publicize the areas of concern and give rough estimates of the number of women affected. They will deal with such diverse issues as a proposed day care center for the children of faculty, students, and staff; health programs; discrimination in hirings and promotions; and curriculum.

Curriculum committee chairman Kate Millett, a part-time instructor in Barnard's philosophy department, believes that women's studies have been

appallingly neglected. Standard works in history, philosophy, and psychology scarcely reflect the presence of women. And when women have been dealt with, as for example by Freud, they have been summarily (and conveniently) dismissed as some sort of male extension, the lifted rib grown passive and servile, languishing forever in shock from penis-deprivation.

Miss Millett and her committee will propose an extensive program consisting of several courses: for instance, a history course which will explore such topics as patriarchal social structure and the code of romantic love; a study of feminist movements; and a survey of women's legal rights.

Women liberationists attach considerable importance to educating the general public, and particularly other women. One way in which they do this is by calling attention to media practices which stereotype women as house-keeping machines or sex symbols. On February 11, for instance, *Spectator* published a letter signed by both Barnard and Columbia Women's Lib, complaining of two recent advertisements which contained some rather explicit sexual imagery. The same day, liberationists picketed representatives of *Glamour* magazine, who came to campus to recruit models for its August college issue.

Four days later, on Saturday the 15th, Columbia Women's Liberation

conducted its most ambitious proselytizing effort of the year. This was to co-sponsor, together with the New University Conference, an all-day teach-in on women's rights. The teach-in, which was attended by some 800 people, roughly a quarter of whom were male, included panel discussions, workshops, and a series of short plays.

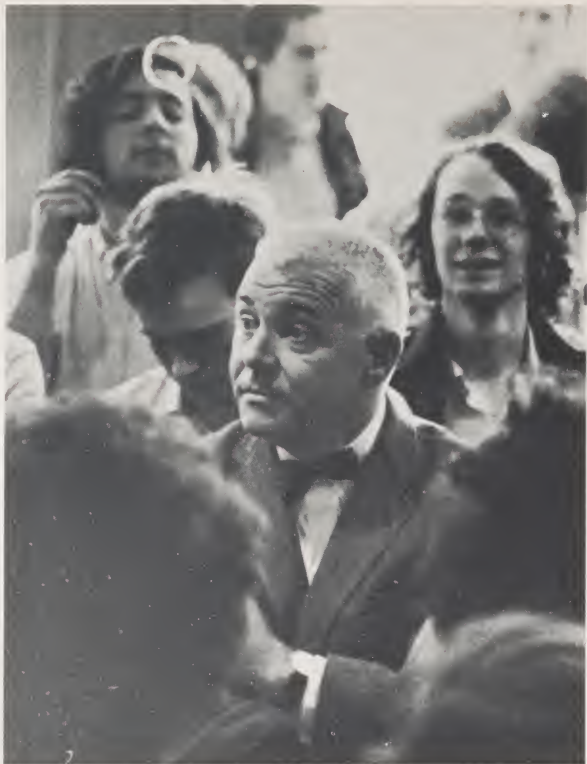
Barnard placement officer Jane Gould is no stranger to job discrimination, which, she charges, "exists in almost every field." But she also points out that there is another side to the coin. "Once we shame a company into recruiting women for management positions," she complains, "we often can't come up with an enthusiastic girl." This is because "most girls feel a conflict between a traditional role and a career role. Priority is usually given to marriage, and there is a tremendous fear among the girls of being considered aggressive and unfeminine."

Legislation, she feels, is only part of the answer. "It can at least provide a climate in which change can take place. But most importantly, women must raise their own levels of aspiration. For it is only when women accept their full share of responsibility that significant changes will occur."

That pretty much sums up what Women's Liberation at Columbia and elsewhere is all about.

BUBBLES AND BRICKBATS

Columbia's incoming President, William J. McGill, dropped into the city for an extended weekend early last April. Dr. McGill, who describes himself as "gregarious," survived a frenetic round of speeches, interviews, and conferences, and even found time to meet with students informally in Hewitt Lounge at Ferris Booth Hall. There, he received a taste of what to expect next year, as radicals interrupted him with frequent heckling, to the visible annoyance of other students who were prevented from asking questions. The radicals, mainly from S.D.S., peppered away with a barrage of inquiries about exploitation of campus workers, University expansionism in the neighborhood, and the family of Charles Johnson, a custodial employee killed in an elevator accident more than a year ago. By all accounts, the administrator gave as good as he got. When an undergraduate asked him whether he supported repression of the Black Panthers, he replied, "You might as well ask me whether I beat my wife." Immediately, a girl demanded to know whether he was a male chauvinist. Eventually, Dr. McGill became nettled. "I refuse to answer speeches," he told a protester. "Go give your speeches somewhere else." One student, bored with it all, wafted soap-bubbles in the direction of the President-elect.



RICHARD HOWARD

BUBBLY VISITOR: Soap bubble drifts on collision course toward incoming President William McGill.

FREE LEARNERS

Tacked on the fourth floor corridor walls of the Paris Hotel on West End Avenue and 97th Street are huge unframed abstract watercolors and hand scrawled notices of communal dinners and group encounter meetings. The Columbia and Barnard students who live in the hall's dowdy cubicle rooms are not furtively flouting parietals. They are all part of the Experimental College, technically a section of the Barnard philosophy department.

The purpose of the College is to create a warm, communal environ-

ment, conducive to learning, and to explore new methods of education. Barnard has assigned philosophy instructor Kate Millet to the group. Columbia has supplied no-one, but Dr. Paul Lippmann, a part-time lecturer in Columbia's psychology department, works with the students on a voluntary basis.

Participants receive three points of credit each semester, and take an otherwise normal course load at Barnard or Columbia. The College has approximately 40 members, including some seminary and General Studies students.

Most of the Columbia students

are sophomores who found the dormitory living of their freshman year cold and sterile. They never knew their neighbors well, and the residence halls last year provided few common lounges where students could meet and chat.

Members have worked hard to transform the musty fourth floor of the Paris Hotel into an inviting commune. They have converted a bathtub into a makeshift kitchen sink, and outfitted the small adjacent common room with a refrigerator and a pair of ancient electric hot plates. A formica table top placed on the floor serves as a common dining table for

as many as eight or ten people at once.

Despite their efforts their cramped common space has probably not contributed as much to an esprit de corps as have their constant meetings. They gather almost every night to discuss their feelings, projects, and goals.

All are disenchanted with Columbia and Barnard education, which they feel is too impersonal, too structured, too compartmentalized, too unrelated to their lives. They rail against the division of subjects by departments, and instruction "by the bell": that is, the allocation of a specified time-period to each class. Both, they feel, are arbitrary practices which discourage learning.

They also complain of the lack of interaction between students and the professor, or among the students themselves. Some point out that the very physical layout of Hamilton Hall classrooms makes discussion next to impossible. The seats are in a fixed position, all facing the lecturer on his podium. One sophomore asserts that students don't even listen to one another, except to ascertain whether the previous speaker has finished so that they, too, can raise their hands and make comments which will impress

the teacher.

As a result, they maintain, the brightest students are uninterested in their studies, and are turning instead to political action or drugs. Several claimed that before coming to the Paris Hotel they had never witnessed a serious bull session related to any classroom work.

The Experimental College, in contrast, seeks to foster what members call "free learning." Students should learn, not because they have to in order to get a job or stay out of the army, but because they—and their teachers—are involved in the subject matter and in one another.

So far the group has had only limited success. Miss Millet praises the members for being "close to living their ideas" but criticizes some for their unwillingness to take time to prepare for academic discussions. Dr. Lippmann points out that undergraduates can't determine their intellectual needs without guidance, and blames Columbia for not providing faculty. On the positive side, both teachers agree that participants are more committed to learning than most Columbia men.

Interest has picked up since the

first semester, when members were busy "adjusting" to one another. This semester's courses include ecology, creative writing, photography, and math. Attendance varies, and many students study more than one subject.

Columbia faculty often speak disparagingly of the program, referring to it as a glorified group therapy session. Experimental College students are encouraging visits from Columbia teachers and administrators, in the hope of eliciting a more favorable reaction and perhaps even financial support. At present Columbia gives no support of any kind, beyond the allotment of three points of academic credit.

A committee of Barnard faculty, headed by sociologist Gladys Meyer, is presently evaluating the work of the Experimental College. Its findings will help determine whether Barnard will continue to sponsor the group. But many members believe that Barnard alone cannot keep the program on its feet. It will depend for survival upon a commitment from Columbia as well.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: *Experimental College students share meals and vibrations.*



BONNIE FREER

GADFLY TO THE FACULTY

Students frequently complain, at Columbia and elsewhere, that departments give insufficient attention to teaching in determining whom to recommend for promotion and tenure. Department chairmen often plead in defense that they lack adequate information to evaluate the classroom performance of their staff. Another long-standing grievance is that official sources—catalogs, faculty advisers—are not informative enough to help undergraduates plan their curriculum intelligently.

In 1963, Columbia students from the Ted Kremer Society addressed themselves to these problems by publishing a course evaluation booklet. To judge from its contents, its principal purpose was to aid undergraduates in choosing programs, rather than to assist departments in rating faculty. The booklet consisted of a few mimeographed sheets. Only courses were evaluated, not individual instructors. Moreover, the authors did not use questionnaires. Instead, they appeared to base their sketchy summaries upon their own experiences or upon conversations with their classmates. The first booklet was distributed free of charge. The following year, the editors apologized in their introduction for instituting "a nominal fee."

From these modest beginnings, the course evaluation booklet has grown into a handsomely printed volume of over 200 pages. The 1970 edition, which sells for \$1.50, is the most ambitious and sophisticated to date. Like its immediate predecessor, it relies upon extensive questionnaires which are processed by a computer. A number grade, on a one to five scale, is assigned separately to the instructor, to the course, and to the subject. The lectures are broken down for analysis into four divisions: interest, content, clarity and speaking style. The readings are rated according to interest and content. The grades are followed by anywhere from a paragraph to a full page of text, from which the flip humor of earlier editions has disappeared. There is a separate section for each department, often prefaced by

a survey of the departmental offerings as a whole.

Moreover, editor-in-chief Leslie H. Lepow '71 and his staff of Barnard and Columbia undergraduates have responded to the most persistent criticisms of the 1969 volume, which were that the ratings were based upon an insufficient number of completed questionnaires, and the reader was not told how many students in each class had participated in the survey. "Last year," explains Lepow, "we passed out questionnaires by mail, and as a result the answers often reflected the polar extremes, because only those students who felt very strongly one way or another took the trouble to reply." This year, the staff enlisted the cooperation of teachers in distributing the questionnaires during classes. The new method represented an improvement over the old one, but was not entirely satisfactory because of the large number of students who cut. To deal with this problem, the editors list in parentheses at the end of each evaluation the number of students in the course and the number who responded.

Many teachers complained that the 1969 guide was too harsh with inexperienced instructors. (Others urged that older faculty members, nearing retirement, be treated more gently.) Lepow has acknowledged that he is "concerned about holding people up to ridicule." While he maintains that the advantages of frankness outweigh the disadvantages, he indicated prior to publication that he would try to soften some of the brickbats. In the main, the '70 edition is more sedate than its predecessor, but some of the comments are quite pungent. "For all of his enthusiasm and good humor," it is said of one teacher, "(he) is uninspiring, incoherent, and often disorganized." More frequently, the authors simply reprint answers from the questionnaires, although Lepow admits that there is sometimes a tendency to use the more colorful and sensational quotes.

In spite of the panning which some teachers receive, the Course Guide is not a hatchet job. The inquiries on the questionnaires are thoughtful and searching, and the editors have obviously done their best to put together a balanced, representa-

tive, and useful analysis.

To judge from faculty reactions, they appear to have succeeded. It is too early, of course, for feedback on the 1970 edition. However, shortly after the publication of the 1969 booklet, the editors dispatched letters to over 200 instructors, inviting them to evaluate the evaluators. Although many expressed reservations about the validity of the statistical methodology, most were favorably impressed by the work as a whole. One reply, from a teacher who received a mild panning, was typical. "I found last year's guide accurate and helpful in reference to my own courses," he wrote. "Keep up the good work."

Other criticisms centered upon the omission of the second semester of two-semester courses, and the use of letter grades for teachers. "I find it odd," observed one department chairman, "that during the time that you were for the first time grading them, students generally were advocating and petitioning for less emphasis on grades, pass-fail options, or no grades at all." To meet the first objection, the editors hope to publish, for the first time, a December supplement if funds permit. The letter grades have been replaced by numbers, and a chart at the front of the book indicates what percentile the number represents.

Most instructors fared reasonably well at the hands of their students, a result which may surprise those who have heard or read of the supposed alienation of the young from campus authority figures. On a five point scale, Columbia and Barnard teachers received a median grade of 3.9. Lepow suggests that the 1969 guide was at least partly responsible for the high quality of instruction. "In one psychology course," he points out, "the instructor is now using different texts, emphasizing different material, permitting more discussion, and making himself more accessible after class." Several teachers acknowledged in their replies to last year's editors that the booklet had stung them into making changes in the readings or their own techniques. In at least a few cases, they appear to have profited from suggestions. "In 1968-69," reports the guide, "Mr. . . . 's students found him neither very stimu-

lating nor very necessary. This year, things seem much better."

The booklet has become the Kremer Society's most ambitious project. To some, it appears that Zeus may one day swallow Kronos. Last year, for the first time, Kremer engaged an outsider, Arthur Kokot '70, as its editor-in-chief. Lepow, the present editor, also does not belong to the organization. The Society, however, still supplies most of the staff, and continues to sponsor the publication in its role of gadfly to the faculty.

WHOLE MEN OR HALF-PEOPLE?

Too often, Columbia undergraduates see little connection between their studies and the "real world." "We are half-people here at Columbia," accuses Michael Merrill '70. According to him, there are three classes of people in the College: full-time students, who go through the ritual of learning with no awareness of the social significance of their subjects; full-time activists, whose attitude toward intellectual inquiry is, "Cut the bull, it's time to act"; and people who split their lives between unrelated studying and activism. "None of us is a full-time student activist," Merrill laments.

Merrill, a history and economics major, is president of a group which is trying to correct the situation he describes. Called the Student Forum, the organization is dedicated to making education relevant. The slew of programs the members plan and carry out is aimed at supplying Columbians with mental ammunition for attacking real problems.

Not that the Forum defines relevance narrowly. "What we're fighting is the lack of spirit and sense in learning," explains vice president John Linder '71. "We don't oppose any particular academic discipline, but we do feel it's useless for people to learn things if they see no avenue of application for them." The wide range of Forum concerns is indicated by the variety of their programs. A recent week's blitz included a Claude Renoir film about 17th-century priest-re-

former Saint Vincent de Paul; a memorial to Malcolm X, at which Harlem organizer and City Councilman Jesse Gray spoke; a lecture on "The Nature and Use of Groups in Mathematics" and another on "Rousseau and the Enlightenment"; a panel critique of Arthur Jensen's controversial theory that race influences intelligence; and a seminar discussion of environmental problems, led by physicist and Nobel Prize laureate Polykarp Kusch. Kusch made the sort of statement Forum members would certainly second, when he told students, "If you really want to understand environmental problems, you need to know about everything: economics, aesthetics, math, science, politics—it's all important."

The Forum is in its third year of operation. Merrill, from Boise, Idaho, was one of its founders. As a freshman, he became discouraged by the "mindless activity" of some of the socially and politically oriented campus groups. (For instance, he characterizes SDS at that time as a "convention from the Tower of Babel.") He was also appalled at what he described as the dearth of opportunities, both in and out of the classroom, for objective examination of contemporary problems.

So Merrill got together with another discontented young man, Bruce Kanze '69, to recruit speakers on issues from the war on poverty to the war in Vietnam. The programs got underway in the fall of 1967. Speakers included not only experts from the academic world, but also from the world beyond the campus: a local labor union leader, a public school superintendent, a city welfare official. The bi-weekly programs, supplemented by films of social significance, were organized by a total staff of five.

The Forum has gone through a lot of changes since then. The group now has its own sunny offices in a Columbia-donated apartment, furnished primarily with wall-to-wall magazines, books, and copies of the Forum's weekly newsletter. These days, the 25 students on the staff, headed by a three-man executive committee, put on five, six, and seven programs every week. Most important, the focus of the Forum has sharpened.

"That first year, we saw ourselves as filling the gaps in a Columbia education," Merrill remembers. They came to realize that the job was a bit bigger than they had thought, and that their shotgun coverage of social issues wasn't enough. They decided to concentrate on a single issue, covering its different aspects in a comprehensive series of discussions, lectures, and films. Their choice, a logical one with Harlem at Columbia's doorstep, was "The Black Experience in the U.S." The 35-lecture series met a real need at Columbia last year: although black studies courses were being planned for the College, none was offered in the fall of 1968. The group was highly praised by Richard Whittemore, chairman of the Social Studies Department at Teachers College: "Establishments have a way, like the British general Loudon, of spending all their time getting ready to begin. And the Forum has just gone ahead and made a beginning."

Now that the College offers courses in Afro-American history and civilizations, the Forum has gone on to other issues. One current theme is "Sense and Nonsense." Lecturers in this series expose the myths in their own special fields of knowledge. Another program is designed to supplement and encourage discussion of what students learn in Columbia's required CC, humanities, and math and science courses. Social commentary films are also a regular Forum feature.

The lectures and films have their roots in the very first Forum programs. New types of programs have been added. When Merrill and Kanze began their crusade, they believed that informed students would become *involved* students. They hoped that their programs would provide a basis for rational action and change. It hasn't happened, at least not in any dramatic way. Part of the problem has been student participation. Even though all Forum programs are free, attendance is never overwhelming, unless someone controversial happens to be speaking. And students who do attend the lectures rarely perceive the implications for their own lives.

The new Forum projects are designed to reach students in a personal way, to get them directly involved.

Small seminars give participants a chance to research and formulate ideas about topics which interest them. "Blacks and the Labor Movement" was the subject of one such seminar in the fall. Workshops require written work of their members. Recent ones have been specifically student-oriented, and have dealt with students vis-a-vis the war, the community, and racism. Another project, entitled "Twenty Blocks Apart," has student writers, researchers, and photographers creating a photo-essay on the community around Columbia. The Forum even sponsors an oral history project. Tape recorders at the ready, students go forth to interview their fellow students about black-white relations at Columbia, or the counseling service, or the effect of the draft on their lives.

The administration evidently thinks highly of the Forum's gargantuan efforts. When the group ran low on cash this winter, President Cordier dipped into the University's emergency fund for \$8500, an unprecedented action, since the fund had never been used to finance a student activity. Money is a touchy subject with the Forum. Although most speakers volunteer their services, the Forum must still pay for their transportation. Other costs—film rentals, advertising, office supplies and research materials, publication of the newsletter—bring total expenses for this year to \$40,000. Although supported by Columbia, Barnard, Teachers College, and the National Science Foundation, the organization is still short \$16,000.

Still the work goes on. For the Forum zealots are convinced, with Merrill, that the Forum's success lies in developing "whole people: serious students, actively committed to learning and to changing the world."

THE DUCKTAIL SYNDROME

A new singing group is wowing critics and audiences with its renditions of early rock 'n' roll hits. The 12 members call themselves Sha Na Na.

Their secret of success seems to



GREASE REVISITED: Sha Na Na doesn't quite have that Ivy look.

be a combination of a high-quality imitation of the sound of the fifties with a high-camp parody of the look of the period. At the start of a Sha Na Na performance, viewers are treated to an exhibit of nine high school hoods, circa 1955. It's all there: the ducktail coifs gleaming with hair dressing, which earned their wearers the appellation "greaser"; the tight black pants, the white socks, the pointy-toed boots, the black leather jackets, and the tee shirts with sleeves rolled up to let the muscle show; the posturing and surliness that let you know they're cool, man. They are joined by three glittering idols in gold lamé suits, veed deep in front to reveal bare, virile chests. They begin their first number, displaying the elaborate choreography which accompanies their singing, taking off on the styles of bygone performers. All this provokes great hilarity. But their playing and singing are faithful enough to the original versions to bring tears to the eyes of the young matron who was one of the pony-tailed screamers who mobbed Elvis Presley's concerts.

What does Sha Na Na have to do with Columbia? Take a close look beneath the grease. Believe it or not,

it's the Columbia College Kingsmen, incognito. In their public guise, the Kingsmen, who include 11 Columbia undergraduates and an odd man from Brooklyn College, have recently performed at concerts throughout the country. They have appeared on all the leading late-night TV variety shows and have cut a record ("Rock & Roll Is Here to Stay!" on the Kama Sutra label). A measure of their popularity is the fact that they hold the record for encores at the Fillmore West, probably the most famous rock concert hall in America.

The Kingsmen have come a long way since their humble beginnings, in 1949, as an informal group of undergraduates who now and then got together to sing for their friends at dances, dinners, and parties. By 1960, the group had evolved into a stable, semi-professional organization, singing ballads, college songs, barbershop medleys, and comic-novelty numbers at Columbia and other schools. The group used no musical instruments at all until 1962, when guitars were introduced to back up the folk songs which were being added to the repertoire.

The saga of Sha Na Na actually begins about four years ago. It was

then that the group began singing a few of the old rock numbers, recalls Robert Leonard '70, a member of the Kingsmen since his freshman year and now president. But things didn't really get rolling until last spring, when, with a command of perhaps five of the fifties hits, the Kingsmen gave a performance on campus and billed it as an Oldies Concert. Fraternity men, given advance notice, got right into the spirit of the evening, many of them coming dressed as greasers. The Lion's Den, where the concert took place, was packed in violation of the fire laws.

Enter George Leonard, a man who knows a good thing when he sees it. According to Rob, his brother George, Class of 67, was the entrepreneur who wheeled and dealt the group to fame. "Boys, the time is ripe—I am going to make you rock 'n' roll stars," promised George. And he proceeded to do so. He costumed the group, choreographed their songs, and coached them in new numbers. Two more Columbia concerts were arranged: one indoors, publicized as "The Glory That Was Grease," the other on Low Plaza, called "Grease Under the Stars." Both were huge successes.

Meanwhile the group had begun playing in clubs. They recruited a bass guitarist and a drummer from Columbia and a lead guitarist from Brooklyn College. They were outfitted with electronic equipment by Kingsman Dave Garrett's father, who now enjoys the status of patron saint. They added a manager, Ed Goodgold, who graduated from the College in 1965. They culled their professional pseudonym from one of the oldies they sing ("Get a job, sha na na sha na na na na.") And before you could say "good golly, Miss Molly," they were in the big time.

Now that they're there, they lead rather schizophrenic lives, attending classes during the week, and going out on the road for weekend and vacation engagements. One of the first things many adults want to know is how their grades have weathered this grueling routine. Rob Leonard, himself a straight Dean's List sociology major, claims the group has maintained higher than average marks.

Naturally, the Kingsmen's relationship with Columbia has changed slightly since they went professional. They no longer receive financial support as a College activity. (In 1962, the Kingsmen charged between \$75 and \$100 for an off-campus performance; Sha Na Na makes at least \$3,000 per performance, not to mention the \$183,000 minimum they're guaranteed from their record.) But they haven't forgotten their school, and have already given two free concerts here this year.

After this year? Four of the members will graduate from Columbia. As for long-term plans, the group includes an aspiring doctor, an electrical engineer, a linguistics expert, a writer, and an actor. But for the present, says Rob, it looks as though the boys will stay together as long as they appeal to the public.

And appeal they do, to almost every age group. To those who remember the fifties, they are a nostalgic reminder of things past; to the young, they are a new discovery. (Some youthful admirers are even under the impression that they write their own songs.) There are detractors who see the Sha Na Na phenomenon as a manifestation of reactionary decadence, as an expression of an unhealthy desire to return to a less complicated era, or as an idealization of white hoodlumism. But to those less easily alarmed, Sha Na Na seems to be a loving look—part tribute, part spoof—at rock's origins. More than that, it's just plain fun, with a melody you can hum and a good strong beat.

RETIRING LADY

206 Hamilton doesn't seem the same.

Mae Carnesi, the pleasant-voiced lady who served as receptionist for seven Deans of the College, retired on February 27, 1970, so that she could spend more time at home with her husband. Four days earlier, she was honored at a gathering of scores of faculty, administrators, and alumni who had worked with her over the years.

Mrs. Carnesi came to Columbia in 1931 as a telephone operator in Low

Library. Before that, she had spent seven years with the New York Telephone Company. In September, 1946, she ran across Dean of the College Harry Carman and Associate Dean Nicholas M. McKnight during her lunch hour. She knew both men slightly from having spoken to them over the telephone. A new switchboard had just been installed in the Dean's Office for the four people who then worked there: Deans Carman and McKnight, Henry Coleman, now Dean of Freshmen, and an administrative assistant. Dean McKnight described it to her, and invited her to take charge of it. She remained at Hamilton for nearly a quarter-century, answering telephones and greeting the thousands of visitors who came to see the various deans.

Since her arrival, the Dean's Office staff has burgeoned in size from four to twenty, including secretaries, and has overflowed its old one-room quarters in 206. Gone, too, is the informality of earlier days, when Acting Dean McKnight held open house from ten to noon each morning for any student who wished to see him. In matters of dress and decorum, however, the pendulum has swung in the other direction: from rigid formality to permissiveness. Mrs. Carnesi is not sure that she likes the change. "Until recently," she recalls, "no student would even attempt to come in and see one of the deans if he wasn't properly dressed." She also expresses dismay over the language which is used by some of today's undergraduates. "But it doesn't bother me," she says. "I think I can accept just about anything in life. And most of the students are still nice kids. If they want to wear their hair long, that's their business."

Mrs. Carnesi has warm memories of her relationships with the different deans, whom she describes as "more like friends than like bosses." She is reluctant to single out favorites, although she admits to having a special warm spot for Dean Coleman, who has served the College in one capacity or another since she first went to work there. Of the six other Deans who came and went while she occupied the small desk facing the door in 206 Hamilton, she says, simply, "I was crazy about them all."

BRING US TOGETHER

Barnard and Columbia students may soon be able to earn an A.B. by satisfying the degree requirements of either school.

This was the startling recommendation of the Joint Committee on Cooperation, established last spring to see what could be done to bring the University's two main undergraduate divisions closer together. Its report, which was issued in March, was not a pipe dream of young radicals. Committee members, all of whom concurred in the proposal, include, among others, Dean of the College Carl Hovde, Barnard President Martha Peterson, Barnard Dean of Faculty Henry Boorse, and Barnard English Department chairman Barry Ulanov.

Many Columbia and Barnard courses are already open to students

of either college, but the degree of cooperation between Columbia and Barnard departments varies widely. The Italian departments, for example, seem to be practically one, with courses decided upon and offered jointly. The chemistry departments, on the other hand, have had nothing to do with one another. Next year, for the first time, they will have one cross-listed course.

Although greater cross-listing seems desirable, there are serious problems even at the present level.

For the individual Barnard student, it can be somewhat of a hassle to get permission to attend a Columbia class. She must often prove that she needs the course and it either is unavailable at Barnard or will not fit into her schedule. She may have to obtain approving signatures from three or four different people.

Despite the fact that it is not always easy to attend a Columbia course, far more girls have ventured

east of Broadway than men have moved west. As a result, say some University officials, Columbia is providing a hidden subsidy to Barnard. One source estimated this "subsidy" at \$360,000 for 1968-69. Columbia Provost Peter Kenen and Barnard's Dean Boorse have been meeting this year to try to work out an equitable financial arrangement between the colleges.

Although financial differences are not yet resolved, in March the Joint Committee issued its report, strongly urging that "academic resources be pooled to serve the combined but distinctive needs of both colleges."

Far more startling than this carefully vague suggestion was the committee's forthright—and unanimous—recommendation that students from both colleges be allowed to complete the requirements of either Barnard or Columbia for the A.B. degree.

The underlying reasoning appears complex. It is obvious that the com-

MÉNAGE À TROIS: a scene on the Barnard lawn. Institutional barriers haven't kept this threesome apart.



RONNIE FREER

mittee declined to recommend complete merger of the colleges or their departments on the simple ground that neither would be accepted.

Opposition to both would come mainly from Barnard, which wishes to preserve its own separate endowments and its own corporate identity.

Most administration and faculty at Barnard assert that their school has a warmer, more community-like atmosphere than Columbia. It is more interested in undergraduate teaching, more open to experimentation, and more truly liberal arts-oriented. One Barnard faculty member has said that Barnard has "cleaner hands." "We have not called in the police, or carried on defense-related research," she explained.

Among the Barnard departments a great deal of antagonism would exist towards any proposed merger. Many departments would not want to lose control over their curriculum requirements or ability to maintain their own subject and content emphasis. Individual teachers are likely to fear losing positions of authority, or not receiving tenure. The argument seems to be that equality would be a myth if departments were merged. Barnard would be swallowed up, and student options would in fact diminish.

The Joint Committee report seems largely designed to alleviate Barnard fears. However, many Columbia administrators and faculty no doubt hope that any plan which serves to draw the two schools closer together will eventually lead to merger. In addition to seeing many social and academic advantages in such a solution, they believe that duality makes for large-scale duplication of effort and a colossal waste of money.

Much of the opposition to the present proposal comes from Columbia faculty who are reluctant to award College A.B.s to students who have not satisfied Columbia's general education requirements. Some have suggested that Columbia students who take their core courses at Barnard receive Barnard degrees, and vice versa. Dean Hovde has endorsed this suggestion.

A longstanding agreement between Barnard and the University prohibits any other division from

granting the A.B. to women. However, this agreement was amended last year to allow General Studies to award the A.B. instead of the B.S. The University is expected to ask that this restrictive clause be dropped altogether, and strong opposition from Barnard is not foreseen.

Waiver of the restriction, of course, would enable the College to admit women on its own. As a second and less preferred alternative, the Joint Committee suggested that should its first recommendation be turned down, Columbia admit women and Barnard admit men.

The principal obstacles to implementation of this proposal are the absence of facilities in either college for expanded enrollment, and reluctance at both schools to decrease the numbers of the sex already there. If Columbia were to reduce its male population, one result would be the acceptance of fewer athletes. Already Columbia is the second-smallest school in the Ivy League, a handicap which is reflected annually in the football standings. Administrators concede privately that any drop in male admissions would force the College to abandon football—and, possibly, abandon as well some sizeable contributions from football fans among the alumni.

Oddly, one effect of the second proposal may be to improve the chances of the first. Some Columbia faculty predict that admission of women to Columbia would mean the death of Barnard, because Barnard would finish a dismal second in the competition for high-quality applicants. By raising this specter, the report may cause Barnard officials to receive more favorably the less drastic alternative.

The implementation of either proposal would require the approval of the faculties, committees on instruction, and administrations of both Colleges, as well as the central administration of the University. These bodies are not known for acting speedily. Nevertheless, Dean Hovde has said that he would be deeply disappointed if "some part of the proposal" were not in effect by next year. He is convinced that unless co-education comes soon—in one form or another—the two colleges will no

longer be able to attract outstanding students.

Certainly, the report has generated plenty of discussion.

Barnard religion department chairman Theodor Gaster firmly opposes any plan which would permit Barnard undergraduates to earn their degree by satisfying Columbia requirements. Barnard's required courses, he believes, are more rigorous than "Columbia's general education smorgasbord."

The chairman of Columbia's religion department, James Martin, also has reservations. He feels that "there are values in Columbia's general education program, and not requiring Columbia students to take these courses merits serious thought."

Both Barnard chemistry chairman Edward King and Columbia chemistry chairman Benjamin Dailey stress that there are basic differences between the two departments which make cooperation difficult. "We're more research-oriented here," explains Dailey. "At Barnard they supposedly spend more time with their undergraduates. Naturally, I think we offer more exciting teaching, and that the departments should merge and do the whole job by our philosophy. Given the current state of affairs, it might be better for us each just to admit the opposite sex."

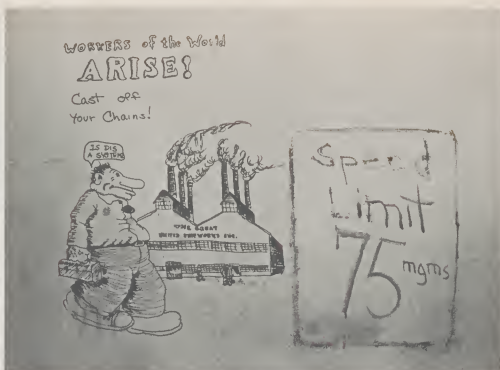
Some doubts center upon the relative academic merits of the two institutions. Columbia professors do not dispute that Barnard undergraduates are as good as their male counterparts, but many are less sanguine about the Barnard faculty.

There are Barnard undergraduates, who, like some of their department heads, would prefer to see Barnard remain the Castle Adamant and concentrate, as one girl put it, on being "supportive to women." But many students at both schools agree that joint instruction is ultimately desirable. To keep the faculty from bickering too long on how this is to be accomplished, a group of them has formed the "Coeducation Coalition" to prod their pedagogues into action. "Disruptive action" has been threatened if the Joint Committee's proposals are not accepted in some form fairly soon by the respective committees on instruction.



SLEEPING BEAUTY: Dormitory guard on the job.

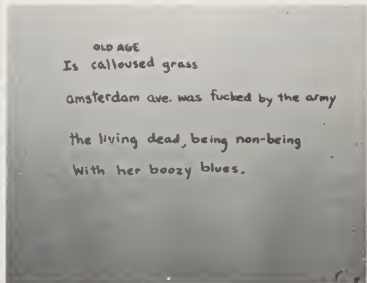
(R.) A budding Herblock practices on the walls of Hartley.



(Above) A lounge In Hartley . . .

(L.) . . . and another in John Jay.

JOINT EFFORT: This epic adorns the wall of a Hartley lounge. A different student wrote each line.





ANTERIOR DECORATION: Brightening up a room in Hartley.

THE ARRANGEMENT

A plan to establish co-educational dormitories has been shelved for at least another semester, according to Assistant Dean for Residence Owen Isaacs. Dean Isaacs still believes that co-educational living can begin by the spring semester of 1971.

Implementation of the proposal was stalled by administrative snarls which, it is hoped, can be worked out during the coming term. The College found that it couldn't obtain single rooms for Barnard women without displacing upperclassmen already there. The only available space was in Carman, which is usually set aside for freshmen. Carman, though, consists entirely of doubles, and is therefore unattractive to Barnard juniors and seniors, who normally have private

rooms. Barnard, by the same token, could only offer accommodations in Reid Hall. Reid, which also contains mostly doubles, presently houses freshmen. The freshmen, however, would have to be moved elsewhere, because they would not be permitted to live in co-educational dormitories. Once again, Barnard girls who wanted integrated quarters would have to give up their single rooms, which they are generally unwilling to do. Only 14 women applied to live in mixed dormitories.

In addition, Columbia men who move to Reid Hall would have to purchase the Barnard meal plan. In spite of this deterrent, the boys were ready and willing. Approximately 25 volunteered to make the transfer, which Dean Isaacs described as "a considerable number."

Earlier in the semester, about 150 College undergraduates obeyed an

Undergraduate Dormitory Council injunction to "sleep openly and militantly" in the lounge of Brooks Hall, another Barnard dormitory, in order to dramatize their demands for co-educational living arrangements.

Women have enjoyed unrestricted visiting privileges since November, 1968, when Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde vested the U.D.C. with the power to set parietals, and the Council responded by abolishing parietals altogether. (The only remaining regulations are that women visitors must be escorted except in the first-floor lobbies, and extended stays are not permitted.) The result, argue Council officers, has been to make Columbia more honest than other Ivy institutions, which establish parietals but don't enforce them. To appreciate how quickly and completely times have changed, one need only realize that eight years ago women were not



TOGETHERNESS: Farnald resident and friend.

permitted above the first floors of the dormitories under any circumstances whatsoever.

Other innovations are equally startling—and equally important to the University's campaign to create a pleasant, home-like atmosphere in the dorms. Many of the rooms have been converted into singles, except in Carman, and a room on each floor has been set aside as a public lounge. Naturally, this has cost money. The price for the new singles is not high enough to absorb the loss in revenues from the doubles, while the lounges were fashioned out of what were formerly rent-producing units. The trustees appropriated \$287,000 to finance the change. During the coming academic year, moreover, Centrex telephones will be installed in every room, eliminating the switchboard snags which have plagued callers for decades.

The atmosphere, not surprisingly, seems more relaxed than in past years. Artwork and graffiti, sometimes quite imaginative, abound along the walls of the rooms and lounges. Lavatory arrangements for the visitors, a delicate issue given the absence of private facilities, are dealt with by the simple device of posting a makeshift sign. (Male residents reportedly have been balked for long periods in their attempts to use the bathroom when the girl or her escort neglected to remove the sign after her departure.)

But all is not roses. Security has become an important issue: last winter, the *Columbian* ran a feature about the dormitories entitled "You're Safer In Jail." Theft is a problem—as it is on all metropolitan campuses—and there have even been a few muggings. Last winter, an identification card system was instituted, for the purpose of excluding non-students from the build-

ings. This irritated many blacks and a few white radicals, who argued that members of ethnic minorities were the only people actually checked. Officials report, however, that their efforts to explain the new system were generally successful, and that the policy—which remains in effect only in Carman—has been increasingly well-received. The University is painfully conscious of the need to provide security for dorm residents, and plans are afoot to establish broader and more effective safeguards next year.

The dormitories, in short, have not only taken on the attributes but have fallen prey to some of the dangers of apartment living in New York City. It is the University's dual task to preserve the former while minimizing the latter. Administrators are addressing themselves conscientiously to both.

NUCLEAR HOT POTATO

A decade ago, Columbia decided to build a small nuclear reactor on campus, to produce neutrons for teaching and research purposes. Now completed, the TRIGA Mark II reactor has yet to produce anything but controversy. Inanimate, it lies within the eight-foot-thick walls of its concrete lair in the Engineering Building. To its proponents, it represents a Promethean gift to mankind; to its opponents, it is a Frankenstein monster which must never be given life.

Before this fall, the reactor was practically a fait accompli. When Columbia was granted a license for construction by the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) in 1963, there was little public opposition. TRIGA was finished in 1967, and early in 1968 Columbia applied to the AEC for a permit to activate it. There was little doubt that the application would be approved: besides giving the go-ahead for construction, the AEC had contributed one-fifth of the necessary funds.

Then came the 1968 spring upheaval, and the University deemed it prudent to defer consideration of the matter. Required open hearings were postponed by the AEC licensing board, at Columbia's request. Meanwhile, rumbles of displeasure with the reactor had intensified. When the hearings were finally held last November, spokesmen for several community groups, including a tenants association and a local political club, appeared to testify against TRIGA. The lines of battle were drawn.

To activate or not to activate? It is nominally a question of safety, although considerations such as community relations may be deciding factors.

A reactor is designed to step up and control the splitting, or fission, of uranium atoms. This allows the neutrons locked inside to escape, producing energy in the form of heat, radiation, and light. Columbia's reactor was built for use as a laboratory tool by faculty and students in the Division of Nuclear Science and Engineering.

Defenders of the reactor are quick to dispel the visions of mushroom-shaped clouds which are conjured up

by the terms "atomic" and "nuclear." The fuel to be used contains only a tenth of the uranium necessary for a nuclear explosion. It would be impossible for the fission reaction within the reactor to exceed even the level of activity which the AEC is considering, because the fuel will stop working when it reaches a certain temperature, providing a foolproof method of regulation. The defenders also cite proudly the accident-free record of the nearly 40 TRIGA reactors already in operation and point out that Columbia's TRIGA will produce very low levels of heat and radiation, since it is 10,000 times smaller than a power-generating reactor.

The reactor's most persistent critics, aware of these facts, counter with two principal arguments. Some are disturbed because TRIGA will occasionally release small amounts of a short-lived radioactive gas (argon-41, which decays almost totally within 12 hours) through a stack into the air outside the reactor enclosure. "Nonsense," snort the nuclear physicists and engineers. Because of low-level background radiation which occurs naturally in the environment, those living closest to the reactor would receive just as much radiation from standing in a room with five other people as from the argon-41.

The second argument is that the highly radioactive wastes which are a by-product of fission threaten the surrounding community. These gaseous and solid wastes are formed and accumulate in the 70 uranium "elements" which fuel the reactor. They emit radiation and are potentially lethal. However, each fuel element is sealed within a separate stainless steel container and submerged in 18 feet of water. This water, which is constantly being purified, and the concrete walls surrounding the reactor core, absorb virtually all the radiation. If a leak developed in a stainless steel container, a small amount of escaping radioactive gas would bubble up through the water and release its radiation directly into the air within the reactor enclosure. But the situation would quickly be detected and corrected.

But what if something catastrophic happened, like an airplane crashing onto the top of the building,

ask the anti-reactor forces.

The underground reactor, with its thick protective walls, is constructed to withstand a San Francisco earthquake, the nuclear engineers reassure them.

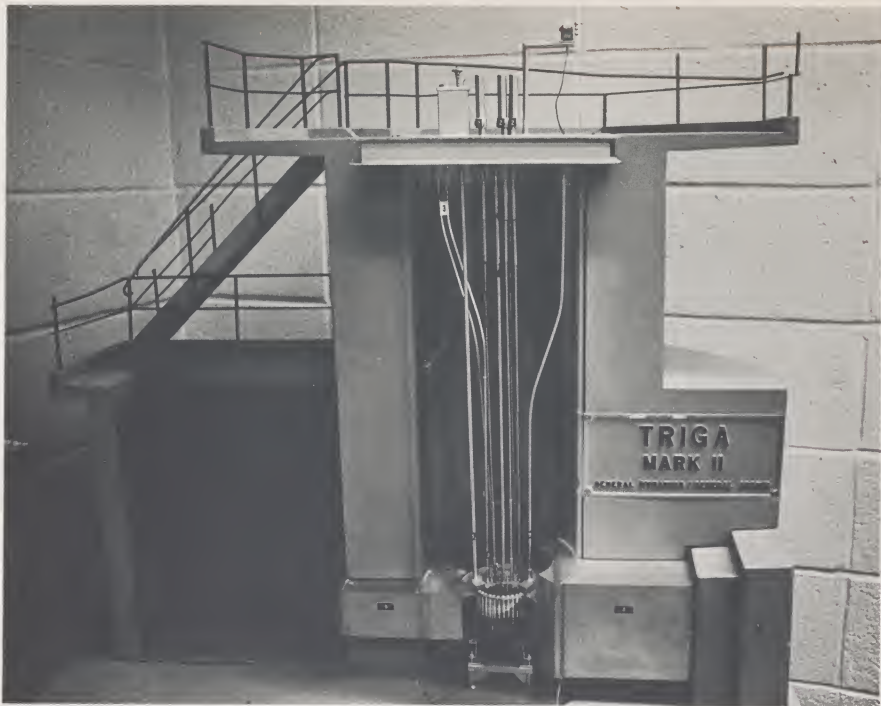
Well, what if a saboteur planted a bomb, query the skeptics.

Convinced of the improbability that such an attempt would succeed, the engineers cautiously concede that a bombing is hypothetically possible. The worst damage they can imagine is for all 70 stainless steel containers to be broken open and all the water drained out of the reactor. This would result in a maximum exposure to the thyroid of the people nearest the building about equal to the exposure from yearly background radiation, with a good deal less to the body as a whole. This is much less than the exposure one receives from a single x-ray. The release of the radioactivity retained in the uranium fuel elements — which would be quite disastrous — would require that the metal elements be heated to several thousand degrees Fahrenheit, far hotter than the temperature produced in any combustion process.

Still, the hardiest foes remain unwayed. The actual size of community opposition is hard to gauge. But this is not a numbers game, and the cries of "remember the Morningside gym" voiced by some anti-reactor demonstrators have surely sent shivers up the spines of administrators anxious to avoid a replay of 1968.

Mistrust of Columbia plays a certain part in the hostility toward TRIGA. "We have been too mistreated to believe what Columbia says," charges one community woman, who along with many others has been alienated by the University's land grab on the Heights. But a University Senate committee has put its finger on the real nub of the controversy. In its scientific fact-finding report on the reactor, the committee states that "in analyzing the hazards that the reactor may present, one is dealing with very small and, largely because they are so small, essentially unknown probabilities for adverse effects."

One of these problematic probabilities concerns the long-range effects of very low-level radiation. Since there is no conclusive proof to



BABY TRIGA: a small-scale model, not the real McCoy.

establish whether or not such radiation causes biological damage, the Federal Radiation Council has stated that any level of radiation should be considered harmful, and should be minimized as much as possible. Reason TRIGA's opponents: "Why should we take any risk whatsoever just so Columbia can have a reactor in its backyard, especially if no one can tell us exactly what that risk is?" They are bolstered in their resistance by two scientists, Dr. William Nicholson and Dr. Sidney Socolar, who have scored Columbia's nuclear engineers for their "casual approach." The engineers, say these scientists, view the amounts of radiation under discussion as so minuscule that they may fail to guard against any unnecessary release to the community.

The Columbia engineers see their opponents as emotional paranoids,

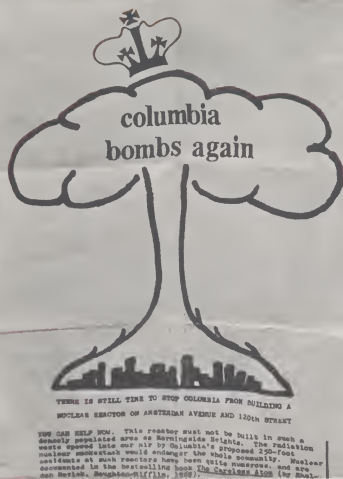
flim-flammed by groundless fears. The anti-reactor crusaders accuse the engineers of being insensitive, inhumane technocrats, concerned only with protecting their own investment and professional interests.

Columbia has tried to persuade its enemies that there will be benefits to the community from the reactor, which should be weighed against the risks. A doctor at neighboring St. Luke's Hospital, for instance, has expressed keen interest in using isotopes from the reactor for the 250 bone scans he makes each year to detect bone cancer. Because these isotopes would decay so quickly, stronger initial doses could be used, resulting in less intense radiation exposure.

Columbia also argues that the reactor would benefit society as a whole. Dr. William Havens, chairman of the Nuclear Engineering Division,

has said that he would rather have a TRIGA reactor heating his home than an oil-burning furnace, partly because of the pollutants created by burning fossil fuel. The use of nuclear energy to produce power would help clean up the atmosphere. Besides, argue the engineers, developing power reactors is an urgent need, pollution or no pollution. Our electricity requirements double every 10 years. We are depleting the world's reserves of oil and coal so quickly that there may be none left within 100 years. Thus, they conclude, nuclear energy will be a necessary as well as a desirable source of electricity. Columbia, with the help of the reactor, should take the lead in training people to meet the challenge.

"Training nuclear engineers is not Columbia's manifest destiny—let other schools do it," argue some. The other schools may have to. If the re-



MUSHROOMING OPPOSITION: Humorists among reactor personnel taped this trophy to the walls of their control room.

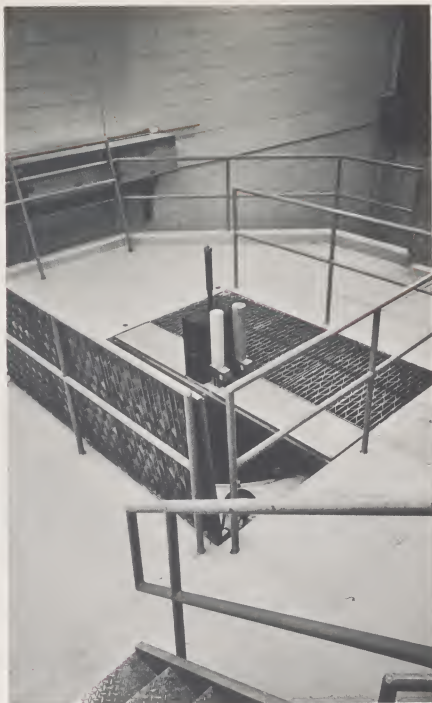
actor is not activated, it will mean the end of the nuclear engineering program at Columbia, predicts Prof. Charles Bonilla, of the Engineering School.

Others question whether any schools should be involved in advancing nuclear fission technology. Like Dr. Socolar, who is a research associate in physiology at Columbia, they see the Columbia reactor not so much as a menace in itself, but as part of a growing and threatening network. "Nuclear fission power," Dr. Socolar has stated, "is no more the answer to our electrical power needs than is fossil fuel." He points out that radiation wastes must be dumped somewhere and that as they increase, they will become a serious source of radiation pollution—particularly since some of them do not decay for a millenium. He suggests that we should question

our electricity "needs," as well as how to provide for them.

His attitude reflects a swelling nationwide skepticism about the use of the atom for peaceful purposes. This is coupled with a loss of confidence in the independent AEC as a regulatory agency, especially since it is also responsible for encouraging peaceful uses of nuclear power. Even though the nuclear reactors licensed and inspected by the AEC have a remarkable safety record, accidents and near-misses have occurred, not only in the reactors themselves, but also in the transport of radioactive wastes. People have the feeling that something disastrous is bound to happen sooner or later, and the fact that the self-regulating AEC is both watchdog and promoter is not comforting.

The AEC is feeling its share of discomfort. Its decision on Columbia's



READY ON THE TRIGA: a glimpse of the controversial reactor.

reactor was expected in late February. But opposition has set off a chain reaction which has turned decision-making into a waiting game. In direct response to the agitation over the Columbia reactor, legislation has been introduced in the New York City Council which would ban nuclear devices from the city. Similar legislation is awaiting a vote in the State legislature. The Columbia University Senate has also decided to pass on whether the reactor should be activated, following the recommendation of an investigating committee. Faced with this triple threat, the AEC licensing board has postponed its own judgment, and has requested further information from all parties involved in the controversy.

For 50 years, Columbia freshmen have shared a common educational experience, not only with their own classmates, but with every student who has entered the College since the fall of 1919.

This experience, through which the freshman is introduced to the social sciences and Western literature, has consisted of two key courses: Contemporary Civilization and, more recently, Humanities. Unlike the older required freshman English course, which has often been attacked and revised, CC and Humanities have enjoyed almost unbroken success throughout most of their history. They are as integral to the College tradition as the Van Am Quad, the Sundial, and the West End, and have been emulated in hundreds of universities across the country.

CC UNDER SIEGE

by the editors

Now, however, an important College committee has recommended that the common experience be abandoned. The Committee on Educational Policy, chaired by Professor of Russian Robert Belknap, has proposed a series of options to replace the established first-year requirements. CC and Humanities would continue to be offered, at least for the present. So would a freshman English course, although it would vary greatly in content from English A. But incoming freshmen would choose one of three programs: a traditional CC-Humanities-English package; a ten-point seminar, conducted by two teachers, in lieu of all three; or a six-point seminar in either CC or Humanities and a regular four-credit course in the other. Students electing this third option would not take a separate writing course. Presumably, the seminar would provide the necessary training in composition.

The controversial ten-point seminar, authored by Professor of English Quentin Anderson, a committee member, would be taught in several sections, in which the entire semester would be devoted to the intensive scrutiny of a few materials. Each section would study different texts.

The College faculty has already discussed the Committee's proposals, which deal not only with the freshman year but with the entire curriculum, at two meetings in May, and will vote upon them early in the fall.

The end of the common experience may mean the end of CC as well. Although this is not the committee's objective, some members predict—without visible anguish—that CC (and perhaps Humanities also) will succumb in a Darwinian process of natural selection.

The "shared experience" has served three principal purposes: to unite the freshman class (in days when Columbia was largely a commuters' school), to provide a common basis for discussion in upper college courses, and to instill a minimum body of essential knowledge, both of content and method. The latter is associated with the concept of the well-rounded gentleman-amateur or "whole man"—a term which has disappeared from the College catalog and indeed from the vocabularies of most Columbia undergraduates. Students and teachers now question whether the core courses still serve those purposes, or whether the purposes themselves are valid.

It is true that today's students seek community with their fellows more self-consciously than any of their predecessors. They find it, however, not in identification with their College class, or with any academic unit, but in small, informal groups which are often unconnected with the University. As for meaningful discussion—as distinguished from mere exchange of banalities—many believe that it occurs more readily in or out of the classroom among undergraduates with different backgrounds. Finally, the "whole man" has perished because today's highly specialized faculty scorns to teach dilettantes, while students reject the elitism implicit in the schooling of the gentleman-amateur. Moreover, it is hard for teachers to develop a curriculum based on a body of essential knowledge when—especially in the social sciences—they cannot agree among themselves on what is essential or even what is known.

There are additional reasons why many com-

mittee members believe that the common experience should be abolished. One is the prevailing disenchantment of undergraduates with requirements in any form. According to Prof. Belknap, this disenchantment exists even when students are satisfied with the subject-matter and teaching of the required courses.

In 1951, Professor of Philosophy Justus Buchler wrote that the general education program was a logical outgrowth of what he called the "division of aim between the Upper and Lower College." In the last two years, he explained, the student is responsible for planning his own program; in the first two years, the College is responsible for giving him the necessary equipment to plan intelligently. Thus the faculty "asked the student first to share its experience of what is best, then to apply this experience as his own judgment dictated."

For better or worse, freshmen will no longer swallow such paternalism. Many believe that faculty judgments are based on values and premises which they reject. Therefore faculty experience of "what is best" counts for little. (Besides, the subject matter of the core courses is determined by their respective staffs. The CC and English A staffs are dominated by graduate students, so that even the more passive and conservative students are unlikely to find the "experience" argument compelling.)

Younger teachers who have close contacts with undergraduates link resentment of requirements to a more general resentment against having to attend college at all, and tie this in turn to resentment towards the society of which the University is a part. Nor can one argue in rebuttal that those who don't want to go to college can simply stay away. The pressures are real.

There is, to begin with, the overarching presence of the draft. The chances are that few come here solely to avoid military service—no more, probably, than come because they really want to learn. But, although no figures are available, it is likely that many stay because of the draft who otherwise would (and possibly should) drop out or take leaves of absence.

Others enroll in mindless obedience to the expectations of career-minded parents and high school teachers. To be sure, this has always been so. But in the past, students who went to Columbia to prepare for careers were not beginning simultaneously to question the ethic of the society in which they would make their way.

What is most important, however, is not whether students are really forced to be here, but that they believe they are forced to be here. For such students, requirements are salt in the wound. Similarly, it is not necessary to decide whether the faculty is qualified to prescribe courses for freshmen. It is enough to recognize that undergraduates today are more assertive, more rebellious, more individualistic, more skeptical of authority than ever before. In planning a curriculum, the faculty cannot ignore this reality, just as it cannot ignore the realities of budgetary restrictions. The temper of the student body is a fact which will not be wished away.

What the students want is flexibility, and the committee is inclined to give it to them. Prof. Belknap, no radical, is nevertheless anxious to open up at least a limited number of options. ("Lord knows on what basis they'd choose," he concedes candidly, "but at least they'd have the illusion of choice, and I'm willing to settle for that.") Other committee members concur, albeit for widely differing reasons. Assistant Professor of Biological Sciences Eric Holtzman '59 points out that incoming students are exposed to "a wider range of life-styles" than in the past. "The sooner they learn how to choose critically," he argues, "the better off they'll be." The Upper College would profit also, he anticipates, because juniors and seniors will plan majors more intelligently if they have learned to make decisions early in their academic careers. Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin Seth Schein '63 questions whether the faculty can legitimately tell undergraduates what to study. Prof. Schein maintains that incoming students are capable of charting their own programs. Assistant Professor Elizabeth Hansot of the Political Science department is less sanguine about the capabilities of freshmen. However, she too is willing to give them the flexibility they seem to want, although she is disturbed by the prospect that some will choose unwisely. "If they insist upon being



DAVID FINCK

Freshman takes notes in CC class. Course Guide suggests that students prefer discussion to lectures.

treated as adults," she argues, "they must learn to live with the consequences. That's part of growing up."

A few even suggest that a flexible program might be the best solution to irreconcilable differences within the committee. "We'll take the pet projects of the three or four most articulate people," predicted one member early in the deliberations. "Then we'll let the kids decide because we can't."

It is hoped that faculty as well as students will respond favorably to a series of new courses. CC, English A, and, to a somewhat lesser extent, Humanities all suffer from a dearth of senior staff. This is due to a variety of circumstances, many of which the College, acting alone, can do little to alter. But several full professors have suggested that one reason why tenured faculty shun the program is because it has been around for too many years to generate excitement.

Moreover, the subject-matter of CC and Humanities is usually far removed from the research interests of tenured professors, who are more highly specialized than their predecessors of a generation earlier. By abandoning the present monolithic requirements structure and substituting a variety of alternatives, the Committee hopes to entice senior men

with twin lures of novelty and latitude to teach what they enjoy.

The Belknap Committee is by no means the first to scrutinize the curriculum. Since World War II alone, four other College committees—headed respectively by H. R. Steeves, David Truman, Fritz Stern and Thomas Colahan—have undertaken more or less leisurely surveys of general education or the entire undergraduate program. And this figure does not take into account the monumental study by Professor of Sociology Daniel Bell, published in 1966 as *The Reforming of General Education*.

What distinguishes the present committee from the earlier ones is the prevalence of a sense of urgency and crisis, not only among committee members but in other quarters as well. Some believe that the College is changing too swiftly in response to the transient whims of student pressure groups. Others fear that it isn't changing swiftly enough. A frightening number agree that the school is gripped by a deadly malaise, infecting students and faculty alike. They conclude that something must be done to renew commitment and excitement at all levels of the College community if the institution is to survive.



History professor David Rothman observes that even historians are no longer interested in "the broad sweep."

Of the two major freshman courses, CC has always been plagued by more problems than Humanities. A recurring one has been the reading list, which has been revised many times since 1919, most recently in 1968. The current list continues to arouse controversy among those teaching the course, while student reaction, to judge from the 1969 Course Evaluation booklet, is "not especially enthusiastic." The Humanities materials, in contrast, tend to be self-selecting and, to some extent, self-teaching. Scholars have little difficulty agreeing upon the great works of the past. "Every year we start from scratch," commented one Humanities veteran, "and we always come up with the same readings." Surprisingly, freshmen appear satisfied with the faculty's choices. Last year's Course Evaluation guide, published by students in the Ted Kremer Society, reports: "Even in the most poorly taught sections—and there are few of these—the reading makes the offering worthwhile, if not exciting." Explained CC instructor Martin Baron, resignedly: "Everyone loves a good story."

Humanities also appears to be more successful in recruiting teachers, especially among young assistant professors who will shortly be con-

sidered for tenure. While CC is manned almost exclusively by instructors and preceptors, who are graduate students teaching part-time while working toward their doctorate, slightly more than half the Humanities staff hold the rank of assistant professor or higher. Most of the others are associates, lecturers, or instructors. Of the 39 men and women who taught Humanities this spring, only three were preceptors.

Former Humanities chairman Donald Frame, who sits on the Belknap Committee, suggests that this is partly because Humanities draws most of its teachers from the English and foreign language departments. For the younger full-time faculty in these departments, Humanities is often a refuge from dreary introductory language or English composition courses. Humanities, moreover, is probably less difficult to teach than CC. Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde '50, who has taught Humanities himself, describes it as "grueling," but concedes that CC makes even greater demands on the instructor. "Humanities isn't really as interdisciplinary as CC," explains committee member James Fessenden '66, a Humanities preceptor from the philosophy department. "You're dealing with works of literature which in-

volve techniques common to all literary disciplines." The CC teacher, on the other hand, must acquire an impressive body of knowledge in several disciplines besides his own. For an assistant professor who is struggling to publish in order to obtain tenure, this is a powerful deterrent.

CC has stood up to scrutiny in the past. The Steeves Committee in 1946 praised it as "the highly respected grandparent of all the 'orientation' courses." The Truman Committee recommended no substantial changes. Only toward the close of the 'sixties did Daniel Bell and, later, the Colahan Committee call for major revisions in format and content.

Yet the problems of CC are not new. Ten years ago, the Truman Committee warned that the program suffered from an excessive turnover rate, a preponderance of junior faculty, and a workload which placed impossible burdens upon the staff. Nevertheless, the committee noted that "a number of philosophers, political theorists, and historians, even an economist or two, are committed to its continuation, and most faculty in all fields are convinced of its value." The question naturally arises why a course which was hailed ten years ago should be fighting for its life today.

The tendency among College faculty is to place much of the blame on rapid turnover. The villain of the piece is thought to be the preceptor, the Ph.D. candidate who teaches part time in the College. He seems a natural for the part. He is young, he lacks experience, he does not remain at Columbia long enough to acquire a stake in the program or the institution. Moreover, he is a creation of the cost-efficiency experts—"a triumph of fiscal rationalization," as one scholar has called him elsewhere in this issue—and as such he appears to personify the subordination of academic values to the imperatives of the budget.

Not long ago, a doctoral student might teach full time with the rank of instructor while writing his dissertation at leisure. The only restriction was imposed by the University-wide "up or out" rule, which required full-time faculty to obtain tenure within eight years or go elsewhere. Since tenure is rarely granted to people without doctorates, eight years was the maximum time which a teacher could remain on the faculty without obtaining a Ph.D. Today, however, the University—in its understandable eagerness to allocate

limited resources among as many deserv- ing students as possible—usually places a seven-year ceiling on dis- sertations. Such a deadline is often incompatible with full-time teaching. Hence, the preceptor.

Almost by definition, the pre- ceptor is not only a part-time em- ployee but a short-term one, since he is not supposed to receive his appointment until he has passed his comprehensive examinations—a process which consumes at least two or three of his allotted seven years. Another recent development threat- ens to shorten his tenure still further. To help ease the burden on the gradu- ate faculties of the nation's univer- sities, the government has instituted a "faculty fellows" program. Under this program, the government sup- ports the student during three years of graduate study and the school picks up the tab for a fourth year. Naturally it is economical for the graduate school to obtain a precep- torship for its fourth-year faculty fel- lows. In that manner it fulfills its ob- ligation without drawing upon its precious scholarship funds, which can then be made available to stu- dents who do not enjoy government grants. As a result, chairmen of gen- eral education programs can expect to face mounting pressure to ap- point preceptors for only a single year. This pressure will fall most heavily on CC, which has not been able to attract full-time faculty, and must depend for staffing upon which- ever preceptors the departments choose to make available. The de- partments are usually controlled by senior professors who teach entirely or primarily in the Graduate School. The College—and in particular the first year program—are commonly be- lieved to receive short shift.

In large measure, the staffing problem which afflicts CC prevails throughout the College. It is espe- cially acute, however, in the social sciences, where the cleavage be- tween graduate and undergraduate teaching is greatest. And of all the social science offerings, CC is hard- est hit: because it makes the great- est demands on the instructor; be- cause its students are the youngest and least knowledgeable; because the non-specialized, interdisciplinary character of its subject-matter is fur- ther removed from the mainstream of contemporary scholarship.

The genesis of the problem lies in a split between the College and the Graduate School, professionally,

ideologically, and even physically—as is manifested in the fact that profes- sors who do most of their teaching in the College often have offices in Hamilton Hall, while their Graduate School colleagues are assigned offices elsewhere.

The basic academic unit of the University is the department. It is the department which does the hiring, not the College, not the Graduate Faculties, not the School of General Studies. It is the department which decides who shall receive raises, who shall be recommended for promo- tion, who shall be proposed for ten- ure. And it is the department, rather than the schools, which determine teaching assignments.

There is no such thing, *de jure*, as "College departments," which may be just as well, since many scholars believe that such depart- ments would attract mostly second- raters who could not make it into the graduate schools. But the hier- archical structure of the University departments has often resulted in the creation of College departments *de facto*.

The senior members of a de- partment—tenured professors and as- sociate professors—have wide latitude in selecting not only the courses they teach but the divisions of the University in which they serve. "You don't assign a professor," observes one administrator. Many choose to teach only graduate courses. They do so for a variety of reasons: be- cause such courses more nearly par- allel their research interests; be- cause graduate school teaching is thought to be more prestigious; be- cause—in a few cases—their seminars are so tiny that for practical purposes they do no teaching at all.

But the principal reason why senior men shun the College is the growing specialization of academic disciplines, in consequence of which the specialists feel themselves unable as well as reluctant to impart their professional knowledge to laymen. Nowhere is specialization greater—or the cleavage between graduate and undergraduate teaching more pronounced—than in the social sci- ences.

The gulf is not so wide in the humanities. There, academic degrees often reflect highly artificial distinc- tions: the subject-matter is an art form, and creative students can be found at any level of instruction. Nor does it exist among the natural sci- ences, a fact which surprises many

laymen, since the sciences are so specialized themselves. But, as As- sociate Professor of Physics Richard Friedberg explains, scientists are still caught up in the 17th-century tradi- tion which holds that scientific knowl- edge is accessible to everyone, and is not a priestly monopoly. In some fields, the most important scientific work revolves around the re-exami- nation and criticism of fundamentals, rather than the elaboration of eso- teric points, so that distinguished physicists can profit professionally from explaining themselves to non- scientists in the most basic language. There is additional reason to teach undergraduate science majors: as Friedberg, a Belknap Committee member, points out, students "latch on" to science at a relatively early age. Consequently the major programs are more professionalized, and distinc- tions between graduate and under- graduate study less meaningful, than in other disciplines. Finally, each of the sciences possesses what Prof. Holtzman calls "a generally accepted set of presuppositions" which can be readily imparted to laymen.

In the various social sciences, no such codified body of knowledge has existed since at least the Second World War. "Everybody's off doing his own thing," comments one so- cial scientist. "When you're doing your own thing, and your thing is highly specialized, you don't mess with laymen who lack your com- mitment." In addition, mastery of economics, political science, and sociology today requires an impressive store of statistical or mathematical knowledge which is beyond the reach even of undergraduate majors. The specialist therefore finds the teaching of undergraduates not only uninter- esting but intellectually dishonest, be- cause he feels that he cannot impart any worthwhile information without dealing in concepts which his stu- dents lack the training to under- stand.

With senior professors ensconced in the Graduate School, undergrad- uate instruction in the social sciences is left largely to the junior faculty: assistant professors, instructors, and preceptors. Within the College it- self, however, another *de facto* division emerges. Assistant professors are needed to teach upper College courses, and cannot be spared for CC. Nor is it likely that many would want to be. Their dissertations may be out of the way, but they must nevertheless publish to acquire the

recognition which leads to tenure. CC would make too many demands upon their time. The introductory social science course, therefore, remains in the hands of graduate students: the instructor and, more recently, the part-time preceptor.

The Truman Committee addressed itself to this problem as early as 1960, when it recommended that teachers of CC and Humanities receive sabbaticals after two-and-a-half or three years in the program. The recommendation was accepted with the creation of the Chamberlain fellowships, pursuant to which all faculty receive a semester's paid leave after three years of teaching either course. But CC chairman Joseph Rothschild '52 is skeptical about the results. "If someone's been teaching five semesters," says Rothschild, "the Chamberlains will induce him to remain for a sixth. But they won't make him volunteer for the course in the first place."

It seems likely, therefore, that if CC continues to be offered, it will be staffed for the foreseeable future by teachers who not only are graduate students, but can commit barely a couple of years—if that—to the program. This, many believe, is the principal difficulty with the course.

The preceptor theory was succinctly expounded by Prof. Belknap when he told a luncheon meeting of the CC staff that "the problem is not age, it is not seniority, it is turnover." A teacher, he indicated, tends to improve each year for at least the first decade of his career. If CC is to be taught exclusively by novices, it can be little more than a nursery in which fledgling academicians cut their teeth at the expense of their students—and then go on, for the most part, to utilize at other universities the experience they've acquired here.

Belknap's thesis—that teachers improve with experience—is surely sound enough. However, it is less clear that high turnover is a significant new factor in CC's present difficulties. Dean of the Graduate Faculties George K. Fraenkel scoffs at the notion, pointing out that the problem has existed for many years.

There is impressive evidence that Dean Fraenkel is right. In 1960, the Truman Committee estimated the annual turnover in CC at 50 per cent—approximately the same figure as today. A statistical study, prepared the following year, suggests that the problem dates back even further.

The study analyzed the composition of the CC staff by rank, department, and length of service between 1935 and 1961. The war years were omitted, so the survey covered a 22 year period. *During all but three of those years, at least half the teachers were participating in the program for the first time.*

Nor was there ever a significant number of senior faculty among the remainder, to guide the newcomers. In the entire period covered by the survey, the staff at no time included more than four men who had taught the course for five years or longer. As far back as 1938, there was only one CC teacher with more than four years of experience.

The survey also indicates that CC never attracted a significant number of teachers above the rank of instructor. Over the 22-year period CC has had an average of three assistant professors, one associate professor, and one full professor annually.

The staffing problem, then, is almost as old as CC itself, and can hardly account for the mounting attacks upon the course. Since these attacks are of recent origin, it is likely that the problems are also of recent origin: that they have been either created, or else exacerbated or made visible, by developments within the past few years.

The most obvious of such developments is the change in the nature of students, many of whom not only rebel against faculty-imposed requirements, but are increasingly anti-Western, anti-historical, and—in the eyes of their elders—anti-intellectual.

CC is, of course, a study of contemporary civilization in the West. Justus Buchler wrote:

Such a limitation was made not . . . from perversity and false cultural pride, but because Western society is the society of Western students, and because the number of available men versed in Eastern culture has always been lamentably small.

Nor was the course designed as a neutral, dispassionate survey of Western institutions. On the contrary, its very origins denote on the part of its founders a firm commitment to the West. In Prof. Buchler's words, CC "sprang from the prosaic circumstance of a military mandate." At the height of World War I, the government called upon Columbia to formu-

late a "War Issues" course, the avowed aim of which was to explain to students the values which the Allies were defending. A syllabus was submitted to Washington, and within weeks the course was instituted, not only at Columbia but at all colleges participating in the Students' Army Training Corps program. While it was still in progress, several Columbia faculty members—notably Dean of the Graduate Faculties Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, Dean of the College Herbert E. Hawkes, and Prof. (later Dean) Harry J. Carman—looked ahead to the creation of a "Peace Issues" course after the war had ended. When the "Peace Issues" course was established, under the title "Contemporary Civilization," in the fall of 1919, President Nicholas Murray Butler hailed it as an antidote both to "the cruder and more stupid forms of radicalism" and "the more stubborn forms of conservatism." A full quarter-century later, the pro-Western orientation of the program was affirmed in the report of the Steeves Committee:

Through such a study of our past, values emerge: that we live in a free society in which the spirits of justice, love, and scientific inquiry have been the touchstones to social invention; that in such a society the individual has labored to achieve freedom from an arbitrary authority (whether ecclesiastical or political) and that in a climate of experimental science, technology, and liberal-capitalist institutions, man seeks to shape his world to achieve welfare for himself and for constantly growing numbers of the human race.

Today many undergraduates are acutely aware of other systems and as acutely critical of their own. The principal reasons are too obvious to require elaboration: the growing importance of the so-called "third world," and profound disillusionment with the foreign and domestic policies of the essentially liberal-capitalist society to which the students belong. Yet another reason is suggested by Assistant Professor of English Morris Dickstein '61. Says Dickstein: "We were trying to break into Western culture from the outside. Our parents were immigrants, or at least hadn't been to college. These kids are products of the suburbs. Their parents have made it. They're not trying to break into the Western world, but are trying

to break out of it, because they see in their parents caricatures of what we were trying to become." Moreover, some students—and a few teachers—scribe the emphasis of the Western tradition not merely to chauvinism but to outright racism: an implied belittling of non-Western, non-white societies.

It is one thing, however, to reject Western institutions; it is quite another to refuse to examine them. Yet certain students—it is impossible to say how many—seem not to distinguish between examining a tradition and accepting it. As one teacher suggests, "They equate studying something with submitting to a trial." By adhering voluntarily to the procedural rules of the court, one implicitly concedes that the rules are legitimate. By studying Western culture, one tacitly assumes its validity.

"The old radicalism," laments Associate Professor of Philosophy Martin Golding, "was at least historical and scientific. Today's is romantic." With these words, he put his finger on yet another one of CC's problems. For CC is, in the broadest sense of the term, a "history" course. To be sure, one of its purposes is to illustrate the interdependence of the various disciplines: to instill, in Prof. Buchler's phrase, "the sense of interconnectedness in human issues." To compartmentalize CC by calling it "history" is, perhaps, as glib and misleading as the compartmentalization of the numerous issues which it raises. The fact remains, however, that it approaches these issues in approximately chronological order. Such an approach is historical. And today's students are often impatient with history—except when it has some direct, immediate, demonstrable relevance to their own lives.

The very title of the course—*Contemporary Civilization*—implies that the past is relevant. Indeed, another of its aims is to impart to students an understanding of their roots—or, more precisely, of the roots of the Western society in which they were reared. But relevance, thus defined, holds no allure. Students seem to want the great thinkers of the past to speak directly to the issues of the day; not the timeless, fundamental issues which persist in every age.

This anti-historicism baffles instructors schooled in the more bookish atmosphere of the 'fifties. It also raises problems for teachers who try to meet their students halfway. "There are two ways of showing

relevance," says Morris Dickstein, "and neither one works if pursued too narrowly. You can try to correlate different historical periods—our own age with some other epoch—but that can become intellectually sloppy and dishonest. Or you can try to get the student to relate to the writers in a directly human way, as we do in Humanities. The trouble with that approach is that the study of history has become, in a sense, dehumanized. Perhaps the old, narrative history never explored personalities in depth, but at least it dealt with people. Today's history is so much more impersonal, because we now know that there are impersonal forces which are at least as important as the role of great individuals. But a 19-year-old kid can't relate to impersonal forces. He finds it hard, at that age, to acknowledge the existence of impersonal forces in his own life."

One difficulty in getting students to "relate" to their past, according to some social and behavioral scientists, is that they have no past. The atomic age differs so sharply from the older society that those born into it cannot identify with anything which went before.

Perhaps so. There is, however, another explanation for the anti-historicism of college students.

In 1951, Prof. Buchler addressed himself to a suggestion which has been made many times before and since—most recently, by the Colahan Committee, which considered it and then rejected it. This was to begin the course with current issues, and work backwards into the past. By approaching problems chronologically, argued Prof. Buchler, the student "has not only gained a sufficient scientific detachment for the more analytical study that is to deal with contemporary society, but he can be both more critical and more constructive than he would otherwise be, because he is less gullible and more historically-minded." It is, Buchler conceded, "as difficult for him to identify with the past as it is for him to detach himself from the present."

Many of the brighter students—at Columbia and elsewhere—do not seem to want to analyze the present with scientific detachment, any more than they wish to become historically-minded. In short, their anti-historicism is a manifestation of a much more significant phenomenon. Some teachers and administrators call this phenomenon anti-intellectualism. It is anti-intellectualism, they warn, far more than the indifference of the departments, which threatens the integrity and even the life of the College.

Professor of French Donald Frame, former chairman of the Humanities program, is a member of the Belknap Committee.



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Vice-President and Dean of Faculties Polykarp Kusch expressed such a view when he decried "disrespect for learning *per se*; increased emphasis on feeling, intuition, and sensibility; and reliance on instinct and perception — uninformed by knowledge and critical examination — instead of ideas." Commenting on the seeming rejection of abstract reasoning, and of any knowledge which cannot be applied directly to the solution of personal or social problems, Kusch observed: "The commitment of this institution is that all knowledge is relevant. If you're going to proceed with disregard for objectivity and critical analysis, then I find it hard to see how Columbia College would have much rationale."

Others are less willing to label students anti-intellectual. "They're merely saying in public what we used to say in private," demurs English preceptor Robert Newsom '66, a committee member. Mr. Newsom agrees, however, that there are differences between his own classmates and the current crop of undergraduates. "We said scandalous things about our teachers," he recalls, "but not about Aristotle."

"Of course," he adds, "it's probably a good thing to entertain some scandalous notions about Aristotle."

We shouldn't think of anyone as being sacred."

What makes today's students unique, suggests Prof. Dickstein, is that they are "aggressively and articulately hostile to the classics," instead of being merely bored. Dr. Dickstein, too, questions whether the term "anti-intellectual" is appropriate. "I would accept the word 'impatient,'" he says. "But anti-intellectualism implies know-nothingism, and that is definitely not what we are seeing on this campus. My students, for example, come to life and do brilliant work when they deal with historical figures with whom they can identify." Prof. Dickstein notes that he has had particular success in teaching Blake, who was as alienated from his own society as many students are from theirs.

There is general agreement, however, that bookishness has declined among students at Columbia and other institutions. Just as observers disagree over what to name the phenomenon, they also have a field day debating its causes. A common reaction is to write it off to student rejection of "delayed gratification," including painstaking logical analysis which often leads to partial, tentative, unsatisfactory and—above all—remote solutions.

That may be a small part of the

answer. The problem, however, is much more complex.

Students in the 1950s were taught to believe implicitly in the efficacy of the "marketplace of ideas," where truth emerged from thoughtful analysis of the issues and free, open debate. Moreover, the campus of the 'fifties was, in the words of Assistant Professor of Economics and Belknap Committee member Raymond Lubitz, a "retreat from the world": a sort of intellectual cloister for the disengaged students and faculty of the period. In such an atmosphere, it was easy for the university to appear as an essentially "neutral" or "value-free" institution committed only to unhindered scholarly inquiry.

Today students accept the principle which the late C. Wright Mills began to expound towards the close of the 'fifties: that the "marketplace of ideas," like the economic marketplace, is really dominated by power blocs which do not respond to reasoned argument. Moreover, these blocs so monopolize the communications media that traditional forms of dissent are reduced to acts of personal catharsis, rather than meaningful exercises of political power. Students frequently respond in one of two ways: by seeking to confront the power structure with revolutionary

SOCIETY INVADERS THE CLOISTER: S.D.S. sign beckons to freshmen in a CC class.



power blocs of their own, or by giving up, dropping out, and turning on.

In primitive societies, it was not unknown for people to batter the images of gods who had failed to prevent disaster. In like manner, students today abandon reason because it seems powerless to achieve solutions to the world's problems.

Some attribute the failure of reason to the intransigence of the power structure, which has rejected rational counsel. The last two administrations have been especially deaf to the pleas of antiwar intellectuals, who have consequently become pathetic and impotent figures in the eyes of the young. Others go a step further: they identify dispassionate, "value-free" analysis with game theory and McNamara's Whiz Kids. Accordingly they see in the Vietnam horror, not a rejection of rationality, but its ultimate triumph.

In either case, they react with an anger so intense and passionate that it is sometimes inarticulate. This anger has two targets: the power structure which has paid no heed to their more temperate expressions of protest, and which threatens in a very real sense to kill them by conscripting them to fight in a war they detest; and intellectuals, who persist in applying the old painstaking and circuitous techniques to crises which cry out for more immediate remedies.

Commentators who dwell on the politicalization of the young often forget that politicalization is a two-way street. Not only has the student emerged from the cloister; society has invaded it. Formerly the undergraduate lived in a world which was circumscribed intellectually as well as physically by the classroom, the library, the dormitory and perhaps the fraternity house. Today he moves from his 11 o'clock CC class into the midst of a political demonstration at the Sundial. In the ensuing juxtaposition of Vietnam and the classics, the latter assert a less compelling claim to attention.

Ten years ago, there was no sense of crisis on the campus. The student could immerse himself in Greek philosophy or Restoration drama without feeling that he was being di-

verted from more pressing issues. Now, as one senior put it, "the world is plunging toward disaster, and they're still feeding us Aristotle." This attitude, which seems to be shared by many undergraduates, places teachers on the defensive. Comments Prof. Lubitz: "They feel they have to sell their product."

Moreover, students have rejected what they call the "myth" of the value-free university, citing Columbia's investment practices and former institutional involvement in defense research. The very failure to act affirmatively to abolish inequities, they maintain (e.g., in the hiring and compensation of black workers), implies a commitment to the values of the present system. Prof. Schein suggests that one reason why freshmen turn away from general education is because "they perceive the hypocrisy of the contradictions between the 'disinterested life of the mind'—as presented in CC and Humanities—and the University as it really is."

Kusch and others stress that the change in student attitudes is by no means unique to Columbia. But, according to Committee member Allen Silver, an associate professor in the Sociology department, "Columbia probably finds it harder than most places to roll with the punch."

"Columbia's claim to greatness," Prof. Silver observes, "has been its bookishness. We don't purport to teach 'maturity' or build 'integrated personalities.' Our mystique is the mystique of the book. A nation-wide decline in bookishness hits us with particular force."

Whatever the reasons, many students seem impatient with courses which attempt to point up the complexity of issues, or impart techniques for dispassionate analysis. An obvious target is CC, which aims to do both at the onset of a student's career.

CC has also been affected by more subtle, but equally profound changes among the faculty. These



"Today the student moves from his 11 o'clock CC class into the midst of a political demonstration at the Sundial. In the ensuing juxtaposition of Vietnam and the classics, the latter assert a less compelling claim to attention."

changes reflect shifts in emphasis in the professional training of young teachers, and in their respective disciplines.

A frequently proclaimed advantage of an interdisciplinary program is that it brings different perspectives to bear upon the various problems. In stressing differences, it is easy to forget that the participating departments must also have a great deal in common if the program is to be coherent. But specialization today is so intense that two scholars in the same discipline often have difficulty communicating professionally. It is even more difficult for them to find common ground with experts in other fields.

CC has always been accused of superficiality because of its self-professed aim to touch only upon the essentials of several different disciplines. In the past, its proponents have been able to answer the charge to the satisfaction of most of their colleagues. The problem today is that the

essentials have changed, and grown more complex and difficult to master. Moreover, each of the social sciences has become so diffuse that it is well-nigh impossible to identify the "essentials" of any of them. One can speak only of the essentials of their numerous sub-specialties.

One consequence of specialization, then, has been to raise doubts about the intellectual validity of an interdisciplinary program. Another has been to wreak havoc with the CC reading list—for now that the subject-areas lack a common language or body of knowledge, specialists find it difficult to agree on significant authors. A third and equally important result is that social scientists have become as unhistorical as their students.

The reason is readily perceived. Economists who have little in common with one another are likely to have even less in common with economists of a generation earlier. Modern developments in each of the social sciences are so different from anything

done in the past that they have no roots in the history of the discipline. Political science used to emphasize political theory, which was philosophical as well as historical. Today it emphasizes behaviorism, which is neither. Even historians, according to Associate Professor of History David Rothman, who serves on the Belknap committee, no longer concern themselves with "the broad sweep." Departments have responded by reducing the historical content of doctoral programs. It is possible, say economists, to acquire a Ph.D. without having read Malthus or Adam Smith.

The effects of specialization are felt even on the undergraduate level. As the graduate schools demanded a higher degree of preparation from applicants for admission, the departments raised the requirements for the undergraduate major—until, five years ago, the College faculty finally put a halt to the process by limiting the number of hours which a student had to complete in his major field. Therefore, argues Professor of Economics Harold Barger, younger teachers are not as liberally educated as their older colleagues.

If the trend persists, the outlook for CC is grim, as fewer and fewer graduate students will possess the historical or general background the course requires.

"CC," wrote Justus Buchler, "was literally born revising itself. There has always been and there will always be a CC Revision Committee." And the Steeves report proclaimed that "between 1919 and 1946 the Contemporary Civilization course has been completely revised at least half a dozen times . . . Here exactly is to be found the secret of the course's vitality."

It is easy to understand why constant revision is necessary. The materials are, as one teacher described them, "synthetic." They are not chosen because they are masterpieces, but because they illuminate issues, and perspectives on these issues change.

In the past, therefore, revision has been a sign of health, not a symptom of disease. There are indications that this is no longer so.

One difference is that earlier alterations were undertaken to improve an already successful syllabus. The purpose of the latest overhauling, in 1968, was to meet student and faculty criticisms and revive flagging interest in the program. Another is that



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a satisfactory reading list has become difficult to devise. This is partly because of the growing diffusion of the social sciences, and partly because the staff no longer shares, as it once did, a common, Marxist-oriented approach to history. "For the old left," Prof. Rothschild explains, "a coherent list emerged more easily." Now, as a former instructor has written, not only is the faculty not united on a single "grand interpretation of history," but most have lost faith that any "grand interpretation" exists.

Prior to 1968, the course was criticized principally for its supposed superficiality. Many faculty members maintain that the readings were too sketchy to impart any worthwhile knowledge. Students complained of the breathless pace which, they alleged, left them no time to digest the content. Moreover, it was commonly believed that the breadth of the subject-matter imposed impossible demands upon the faculty, especially inexperienced preceptors and instructors who were wrestling simultaneously with the materials and their own dissertations.

Another complaint was that the syllabus "telescoped" history, rushing from the Middle Ages into the Renaissance, and condensing several centuries into a few hours. So hurried a treatment, it was argued, could only create erroneous impressions of the different periods.

In April, 1968, the CC staff met at Arden House in Harriman, New York. In the course of a weekend it hammered out an entirely new syllabus, which is still in use. The number of authors has been reduced, but the source books have been abandoned and replaced by whole texts, supplemented by mimeographed handouts. Thus, instead of reading 20 pages of Hobbes, freshmen must wade through large chunks of the *Leviathan*. The fall semester begins with Aristotle's *Politics*, then jumps forward nearly two milleniums into the Renaissance. The spring semester is given over to a study of revolution, with particular emphasis upon the French and Russian upheavals.

The consensus among outsiders to the program seems to be that the latest revision has addressed itself successfully to some of the chronic shortcomings of CC, but in doing so has created new problems. Historians complain that the attention given to revolutionary change misleads students into believing that progress occurs in no other way. Another crit-

icism is that the readings have been removed from their environmental context, and are presented in a vacuum, so that students acquire no sense of the interaction between ideas and institutions. "CC has become a political science course," charged Prof. Barger, who wants no further part of it. According to some, the emphasis upon ideas has the same effect as the emphasis upon revolution: it suggests to students that ideas play a greater role than they really do in causing change.

One of the most persistent criticisms is levelled against the use of whole texts. This complaint is based both on practical and ideological considerations. The pragmatic objection is that the texts—unlike most Humanities readings—are dull. The ideological argument was summarized by Prof. Buchler when he wrote: "In CC, they [the materials] are read as sources, as data; in Humanities they are read as self-sufficient creations, as ends in themselves. This difference is fundamental. . . ." Humanities, he explained,

is concerned primarily with the human product as a product. . . . In CC, on the other hand, the reading is important primarily for its implications, whether conceptual or historical. It is for this reason that in CC the sources can function as selections. . . .

According to Prof. Barger, CC has "degenerated" into a great books course without the great books.

The staff itself is divided over whether the change has been for the better. Martin Baron, an historian who has taught both the old course and the new one, is enthusiastic about the present program. "No one knows enough to teach 'Western Civilization,'" argues Baron. "The old CC wasn't a course, it was a public relations gimmick." But some of his colleagues believe that the revised syllabus makes even greater demands upon the instructor. One points out that "it's easier to learn a little about 12 authors than a lot about six."

If CC is in trouble, it is not because of lack of commitment or dedication on the part of its staff. The Truman Committee was concerned about low faculty morale; morale today is excellent. This is reflected in high attendance at the weekly CC luncheons, which fare far better in that respect than the luncheon gatherings of Humanities teachers.

"Morale is always high in bombed-out areas," quips a former CC instructor. But that does not account for the prevailing *esprit*. One explanation, perhaps, is the personality of the chairman, who appears to have created a remarkable sense of community among young teachers who feel lost in their huge departments. But the principal factor is the belief of all that they are engaged in a sound, worthwhile enterprise.

A number react with particular vehemence to the charge of superficiality, which is still levelled against CC, although it has been somewhat muted since the 1968 reform. The response of Walter Odajnyk is typical. Mr. Odajnyk, a political science instructor, says, "If I can teach my students that these are different ways of approaching a problem—through reason and the feelings; explain to them how these differences are expressed in the writings of Hume and Kant; and raise interesting questions, then I've taught them something important. I don't have to exhaust the subject. I let them know that we're only skimming the surface, and it isn't the teacher's fault if a freshman comes out of a calculus course thinking he's Einstein."

Many CC teachers are bewildered at attacks from outside the program. A few are resentful. Said one: "A lot of people on the Educational Policy Committee feel they have to recommend some drastic changes in order to justify their existence, appease radical students, and give the appearance of responsiveness. CC is just the sacrificial lamb." Why CC? "Maybe because Belknap is also chairman of Humanities." Others are quick to point out that four committee members are teaching Humanities this year, while none presently teaches CC. A few suggest that the committee's composition reflects the bias of Dean Hovde. Dean Hovde, who appointed the group, has taught Humanities himself. Sighs one: "Maybe we're paranoid, but paranoids have enemies too."

Committee members deny that they are suggesting revision in order to placate students. "Even if we wanted to do that," argues Prof. Lubitz, "it wouldn't work, because we'd always be a couple of years behind. By the time we get around to satisfying the demands of this year's juniors and seniors, they'll have graduated, and a new group will come along and want something else." A curriculum cannot maintain continuity if it is always responsive to under-

graduates. There have been too many generation gaps in the 'sixties alone.

The worst fears of the CC staff have so far failed to materialize. The committee's tentative recommendations will affect Humanities as much as CC — unless, as is possible, CC should prove less able to compete with the new first-year options when and if they are implemented.

More than any other course, CC has been identified with Columbia College. And more than any other course, it has been buffeted by the startling changes which have swept over the nation's campuses during the past decade.

Thomas Jefferson advocated political revolution in every generation. Some professors have held that academic institutions should be completely recast every 25 years. CC has been around for 50. Perhaps it is time that this great program, which has left its mark on so many students here and elsewhere, gave way to newer ones, more in keeping with the temper of modern undergraduates and their teachers.

It is possible, on the other hand, that CC is merely bearing the brunt of a transient wave of anti-historicism and anti-intellectualism, and, if left alone, will eventually ride out the storm.

Even if the course is still basically sound, its eventual disappearance would not necessarily be a tragedy. Many of its most ardent defenders concede that bright undergraduates will benefit from any well-taught program.

The springtime of CC must indeed have been joyous. "In those days," mused Justus Buchler,

when you were requested to write a piece for CC, you found yourself doing it; you couldn't resist, and, anyhow, you had always wanted to do something like it—that's why you were collaborating in a new enterprise . . . It is impossible to recall anyone who contributed in a grudging way, despite the drain on personal time, or (for the most part) the likelihood of anonymity.

It is not so important to preserve the institutions which gave birth to that spirit, the spirit of the 'twenties and early 'thirties. The spirit itself must somehow take hold again among the new institutions which will emerge during the 'seventies.



COLUMBIAN

Assistant Professor Elizabeth Hansot maintains that freshmen who want to be treated as adults must learn to live with the consequences of their mistakes.

According to CC's critics, the course is so superficial that students can pass by relying exclusively on commercial outlines, known as "trots."



DAVID FINCK



DAVID BOGORAD

CURRICULUM IN TRANSITION: SOME PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

By Robert Belknap

Long-established educational practices are under widespread attack today, at Columbia and throughout the country. Critics include students, faculty, and even political leaders from neighboring communities. When their criticisms are well-founded, teachers and administrators respond more often than not with reasoned changes.

But change also occurs in other, less benign ways. Many universities are pressed for funds. The resulting financial squeeze can lead to sweeping revisions in a school's entire program. These come about, not because they are educationally sound, but as reflexes of a straitened budget. Or, the administration may knuckle under to important or persuasive groups of students, alumni, or outsiders who are indifferent to the interests of the institution as a whole.

At Columbia, political and economic pressures are leading to precisely such mindless changes. These changes, if unchecked, may destroy Columbia College.

As Dean of the College, Carl Hovde is acutely aware of the danger. At the end of 1969, he appointed a Committee on Educational Policy. No doubt he worried about adding to the number of committees already distracting his colleagues from teaching, and also the number of man-hours expended on educational policy during the past decade with little visible effect. He decided nevertheless to establish this committee because he wants Columbia College to survive.

The greatest danger to the College comes not from any forces of evil, nor even from the real expansion of the College's own needs. It comes, rather, from a triumph of fiscal rationalization which was supposed to enrich the Graduate School at no expense to anyone. To compete with richer universities for the very best graduate students in the country, Columbia must offer immense sums in fellowships, a doctorate obtainable in very few years, and some training in teaching, which the students need and often want. The solution was brilliant in its simplicity. Columbia College used to spend immense sums for full-time instructors who often remained graduate students for many years. Henceforward, two or three graduate students would subsist as preceptors on the salary of a single instructor. By working part-time to teach the same courses, they would finish their dissertations in a year or two, making way for another crop of graduate students.

Such a benign and ingenious way of getting something for nothing should in fairness not have a flaw. In certain departments with flocks of eager laboratory instructors, it may indeed work well. But elsewhere, one hard fact has supervened. Our graduate students are not fiscal entities, but people. Unlike sums of money,

these people need offices, training, experience, an introduction into the history, politics, and sociology of a wildly confusing university, and most important of all, real intellectual discourse with their older colleagues. The full-time instructor who used to stay on for eight years had been selected to serve as a member of the department. If he learned more than his students in his first year, he repaid the debt with interest later on: to other students, and to a generation of younger colleagues. But if his work is done by two graduate students, and they change every year or two, the older staff of Columbia College is being asked to assimilate, without junior assistance, sixteen times as many new teachers. As a result, Columbia freshmen face the possibility of taking all their courses from preceptors as alien to the place as themselves.

In short, the quick turnover of junior staff constitutes, for the College, a well-intentioned catastrophe. Such a turnover has already begun, and the pressures to accelerate it are mounting. Our committee must plot a course among three possible responses.

First, we can cooperate with the graduate departments. Their position is desperate, and we have to investigate all possible ways of using the services of short-term assistants without compromising our standards. Second, we can seek means to resist the Graduate School when its demands become excessive. It is hard to determine in the abstract how great a turnover we can absorb without loss of quality. But one does not always need an objective standard to perceive a clear abuse. When—as has recently happened—the head of a College department is told that he may not appoint full-time instructors without the approval of the Dean of the Graduate School, or reappoint preceptors for more than two years except in extraordinary circumstances, the pressures on the Graduate School are obviously beginning to hurt us. If we find that the College cannot achieve greater bargaining power in the selection of its junior staff, nor function properly without it, we must consider whether the third response, the dissolution of the College, would not be the most honest move.

The second great danger to the College involves the senior faculty. All over the country, scholarship has grown specialized and often remote from the concerns of undergraduates. In the social sciences especially, many senior men avoid College teaching because most undergraduates cannot understand the fashionable specialties which demand an elaborate background in mathematics. An economist who studied Malthus could profit from teaching Contemporary Civilization. An economist constructing a matrix to explore alternative investment policies for an African republic probably lacks both the desire to teach Contemporary Civilization and the intellectual equipment to teach it well.

Columbia tries to reward teaching. Since, however, our financial plight forces us to pay what the market will bear, professors' salaries will depend not on their service to the University or its students, but

on their ability to attract generous outside offers. Even if a professor is devoted to Columbia and wants to spend his life here, low salary scales and high living costs force him either to moonlight, or else expend great energies on professional conferences, lectures and consultations off campus, and the publication of conspicuous articles. Such activities produce the job offers which pry raises out of recalcitrant deans, but conflict with the arduous preparation which our freshman and sophomore courses require. Moreover, underclassmen rarely make the kind of disciples or assistants who help build a professor's career. It is difficult to preserve a general education program which pays senior men less for teaching more.

The third great danger to the College issues not from the faculty but from the students. Alexander Hamilton used to speak of three elites: the rich, the well-born, and the able. In past generations, it could be argued, the basic character of Yale was set by the rich, and of Harvard by a few dozen leading families, while Columbia's education was directed toward the finest and most aggressive young intellects of the day. This able and energetic group still constitutes the majority of College students, but it no longer dominates the College in numbers or influence.

The number of these students has decreased because of political and economic pressures on admissions. Columbia admits no students who lack the brains to pass its courses. But passing courses does not mean getting an education. Although it is very hard to do well at Columbia, it is almost as hard for a student to flunk out if he attends classes, hands in his papers, and takes his examinations.

Professor of Russian Robert L. Belknap chaired the Committee on Educational Policy, which met during the spring semester of 1970. He is also chairman of the Humanities program. Prof. Belknap, a Princeton graduate, received his M.A. and Ph.D. from Columbia. Since this article was written, his Committee has recommended major changes in the entire College curriculum, beginning with the freshman year. The faculty will vote on the proposals in the fall.



DAVID FINCK



DAVID FINCK

Assistant Dean Robert A. Laudicina addresses his freshman CC class. Like many instructors in the program, Dean Laudicina has been teaching the course for only two years.

Students today expect from their teachers greater informality and a less authoritarian approach.



I would not have it otherwise. Certainly I do not propose that Columbia flunk out half its students, or admit only those applicants who will apply themselves single-mindedly to their course work. There should be room for an able student who is satisfied to pass his subjects and devote 50 hours a week to the radio station, to a rock combo, to writing the great American novel, or to the betterment of humanity.

It is possible, however, for certain students to graduate without either taking full advantage of what our faculty and curriculum have to offer, or using their time in any other strenuous way. Such students have always been with us, but it is my impression that their numbers have risen in recent years.

Some of those whom Columbia does not benefit are admitted by mistake, but not many. We have capable admissions men. Instead, the College very deliberately admits most of these students in response to the demands of pressure groups.

Our truly outstanding young intellects are declining not only in numbers but in influence as well, because they themselves are often not persuaded of the validity of their enterprise. We have always had students who are uninterested in education. The alarming thing is that today they include many of our brightest undergraduates.

Different observers have offered different reasons for the change. Family pressures have always driven many Columbia students, and family pressures work badly in times like the present, when rapid social changes make parents seem obsolete. This generation also faces, without any prevalent religious faith, the possible eradication of the human species—and therefore, perhaps, finds it difficult to postpone any pleasure or expect others to do so. Instead of religious guilt, today's undergraduates feel social guilt because they think that their own wealth and security implicate them in war and social injustice.

These better students have read and heard that mysterious and hostile forces are "programming" them for ignoble use, and few of them possess the critical training to question what they read and hear. They have grown up among technological, legal, economic, political and diplomatic problems so complicated that they tend to abandon these problems to the experts or else to feel that even the experts are not capable of producing so-

lutions. The ensuing feeling of helplessness leads to despair over the uses of the human intellect. This despair is enhanced by their experiences in the high schools. There, the weaker teachers often discourage pupils from challenging them, while the better ones are trained to cultivate self-expression and emotional maturity but lack the actual knowledge necessary to foster critical thinking. As a result, the majority of students entering Columbia College either feel that anything they say with sincerity is true and that it is an assault on their integrity to challenge it; or else (and this is even more pathetic) that they are not entitled to say anything, and that education is like watching T.V., the passive absorption of whatever some unseen center chooses to dispense. The rapid turnover of College faculty contributes to this demoralization of the intellect because the newest faculty members need years to broaden their command to the point where they can argue cogently beyond a narrow area of specialization.

II

Faced with these problems, and also a number of others, our Committee on Educational Policy has tried to avoid the fate of those Columbia committees which reach excellent conclusions but achieve no action, and of those which reach stupid conclusions, whether they achieve action or not. Dean Hovde made this committee big, although he knew that big committees are inefficient. The most efficient committee to investigate education in recent years consisted of one man, Daniel Bell, but his conclusions, often excellent, were not arrived at with sufficient faculty participation to ensure their acceptance. Dean Hovde realized that our authority would depend upon the presence among us of people whom most of the important groups at Columbia know and trust. At the same time, he tried to select people who would serve the College rather than any particular constituency.

The committee has 16 members, plus Deans Hovde and Daniel Leab *ex officio*. The constituency which is most heavily represented is certainly the alumni. 13 of the 18 have studied at Columbia College and three of these are still doing so. Two are studying in the graduate school while they teach in the College. Four are full professors, and the rest associate and assistant professors. The full and part-time faculty teach in 13 different departments. Three of us are from the natural sci-

ences, six from the social sciences, and seven from the humanities. We find it hard to categorize ourselves in terms of liberalism, radicalism, or conservatism because our positions shift from question to question. A man who is eager for radical changes in course content may view with skepticism proposals to alter teaching methods, so that our committee has shown no signs of disintegration into anything so orderly as a series of blocs or caucuses.

We have also tried to operate in the open. Our minutes have been sent to *Spectator*, and we have already held two public meetings to which we invited all comers. As soon as we can agree upon tentative proposals we shall circulate them widely and solicit comments from all quarters before we present them to the faculty and the Committee on Instruction.

At our open meetings, students in the audience made certain requests which we expected and others which we did not. We all knew that Columbia appears cold and distant to undergraduates, that they feel remote not only from the faculty and the administration but, more seriously, from one another. It was natural, therefore, that they should urge us to find ways of making learning a communal experience. Nor were we surprised when they asked us to make at least some part of their studies here more relevant to their lives. The word "relevance" has been worn thin in recent years, and students are now embarrassed to use it. Nevertheless, their rejection of postponement and intellectualism still leads them to crave immediate and visible solutions to immediate and visible problems. For the present, the desire must be reckoned with, although in time our students may be more willing to grapple with the complexities of life and politics. Finally, we were faced with the predictable demand for more free electives. The demand is not new. In the history of our great universities, it has emerged during those periods when emphasis was shifting from professional training to the grooming of a social or political elite. It was strong, for example, when President Eliot of Harvard forged a school for clergymen into a modern liberal arts college. Today Columbia is undergoing a similar metamorphosis. Instead of providing pre-professional training for doctors and lawyers, it is becoming a breeding ground for a new elite: not of gentlemen, as in the past, but of political leaders, as well as the usual run of successful bankers, executives, and salesmen. With this

transformation, the demand for diversity in course work has reasserted itself, and is stronger today than ever before.

A few in the audience made points which we had not anticipated. Several speakers expressed dissatisfaction with the freshman program, albeit for different and sometimes contradictory reasons. Some contended that the freshman year is not a satisfactory introduction to the new experience of college because it is not a sufficiently self-conscious denial of high-school conformism. No one told them, they complained, that they were expected to think for themselves instead of accepting passively what the teacher expounded. And if the teacher did not exactly demand parrot-like responses, neither did he refuse to accept such responses on examinations or during class discussions. As a result, students found that they could pass their courses with the same techniques of absorption and regurgitation which they acquired in the secondary schools. The ease with which they accomplished this discouraged them from aspiring to anything higher.

Others, accustomed in high school to the security of firm answers, found many of our fields of study incoherent and intellectually unsatisfactory, because they fail to provide convincing explanations of phenomena or of their own methods. "All that I learned from sociology," one said to me, "is that

there is no sociology." Columbia used to rejoice in exploding assumptions, but now some students are too earnest in their quest for faith to live with our old cult of doubt.

Students also asked for more intellectual excitement in existing courses. I suggested at one point that their real reason for solving a physics problem should not be to get into med school or even to invent something useful to humanity, but rather the spirit of play which prepares their minds for energetic and successful efforts later on. The students seemed pleasantly surprised at the thought of studying a subject for its own sake. The fact that they had lived at Columbia for substantial periods of time without encountering even the idea that the exercise of one's capacities can be enjoyable seems sad indeed.

III

One of our major frustrations has been the realization that each of our decisions depends on all the others if we are to shape a program which makes sense as a whole.

Some of the proposals which have come before us have been singularly attractive. Others have implications which bother me even though the proposals themselves would obviously be beneficial. A few, equally interesting, bother me a great deal.

Perhaps the most talked-about

idea during the last year or two has come from Prof. Quentin Anderson. He has suggested that the staffs of Humanities A, CC A, and English A, totaling about 120 people, be used in a more intensive freshman program than the present one. He would establish a group of seminars, each normally taught by an assistant professor and a graduate student. The pair would guide the freshmen through a close reading of an important text or two, and would supervise the planning and writing of papers based on those texts.

One of the most controversial features of the plan is that each seminar will count for ten points of academic credit. A freshman who chooses a particular seminar and discovers afterwards that he doesn't like it will be unable to drop it without, in effect, dropping out of school for the semester. Moreover, it may be difficult to obtain the necessary staffing. A professor who shares responsibility for a ten-credit course won't be teaching much else. Even assuming the professor himself to be willing, his department may be loath to spend the money to replace him in other courses to which he would otherwise be assigned.

If it works, however, such an introduction to the kind of intellection expected of college students would counteract some of the expressionistic tendencies which one finds among to-

To judge from the Course Guide, published by undergraduates, students aren't always as interested and attentive as they seem to be in this photograph of a CC classroom.



DAVID FINCK

Some charge that CC gallops through the centuries. A student can get writer's cramp trying to keep pace.



DAVID FINCK

day's high school graduates. It would also help to disabuse them of the notion that books exist to be looked at and summarized rather than read, understood, and incorporated into the whole of one's experience.

Another exciting and well-publicized plan would establish an alternative to the present courses. Prof. Alan Westin has proposed that a group of half a dozen professors and junior faculty offer for a semester a joint program which would occupy all of a student's time. These teachers would work closely with 50 to 100 students for four full days a week, lecturing when appropriate, breaking up into small discussion groups, engaging in individual consultation on papers and projects and lunching together. The "Institute," as it is called, would operate on an all-day basis for several weeks, then slow down for several weeks while students did research and wrote papers. During the latter period, professors would be available perhaps one day a week to consult with students and give occasional lectures, and the remainder of their time would be free for the research and committee work which the University expects of them. No student would be required to take an institute, or allowed to take too many.

An institute satisfies the desire, to which I have alluded elsewhere, for communal study. It allows the student to concentrate all his efforts in one fairly broad field instead of shifting from Aeschylus to mesons as he moves from his ten to his eleven o'clock class. It also provides variation in the daily routine: from all-day classwork to intensive research as the semester progresses.

For some students, this system might work admirably. Still, the administrative problems involved in releasing faculty from other courses can be considerable, and the fate of a student who found in mid-semester that an institute was not for him would be worrisome indeed. Our committee will have to consider whether, and in what circumstances, the virtues of the institute would outweigh its dangers.

An enterprising group of students has already launched an experiment of its own. This is the "Experimental College," which several members of our committee visited a few weeks ago. Technically, the College is a Barnard class, for which participants receive three points of academic credit. Except for this "course," the members take a regular Barnard or Columbia

program. All, however, reside at a neighborhood hotel, where they plan and think through a pattern of communal life which will be as conducive as possible to learning. They hold meetings at which they try to organize their small society, and, at the same time, increase their awareness of their own and one another's problems. They also hold study sessions at which they grapple with some of the issues which the University confronts in a more academic way. Their purpose is to find a cure for the isolation which, they believe, separates a student's intellectual life from his social life and creates among many the impression that it is impossible to have both.

A few weeks ago I went to Brown University and discussed with some of the faculty and students the educational innovations which they introduced last fall. They abolished all general education requirements and prevented a rush by students towards the easiest sections by giving every student the option of receiving no grade in any or all of his courses.

The response brought out some interesting contrasts. Seventy per cent of the freshmen requested no grades at all, compared with only 28 per cent of the upper-classmen. The general feeling at Brown was that a few students worked harder under the new system than under the old, and others—greater in number—worked less. But the principal effect of the change was to draw students to the best-taught courses, regardless of the field in which they were offered.

It was clear to me that these changes, by virtue of their very novelty, had generated immense enthusiasm among students and faculty. Such enthusiasm alone constitutes an argument in their favor, regardless of their inherent soundness. A few years from now, when the novelty is gone, Brown may feel once again the need for a new and exciting experiment: say, for example, the reinstatement of grades and requirements.

We have also considered new administrative machinery which would strengthen the College's position in the recruitment and retention of faculty. One idea has been to establish several interdepartmental staffs which would not only direct programs such as CC and Humanities, but would supervise interdepartmental majors and sponsor other interdepartmental courses. These "interdepartments" would have greater resources as well as broader responsibilities than existing interdepartmental bodies. The CC

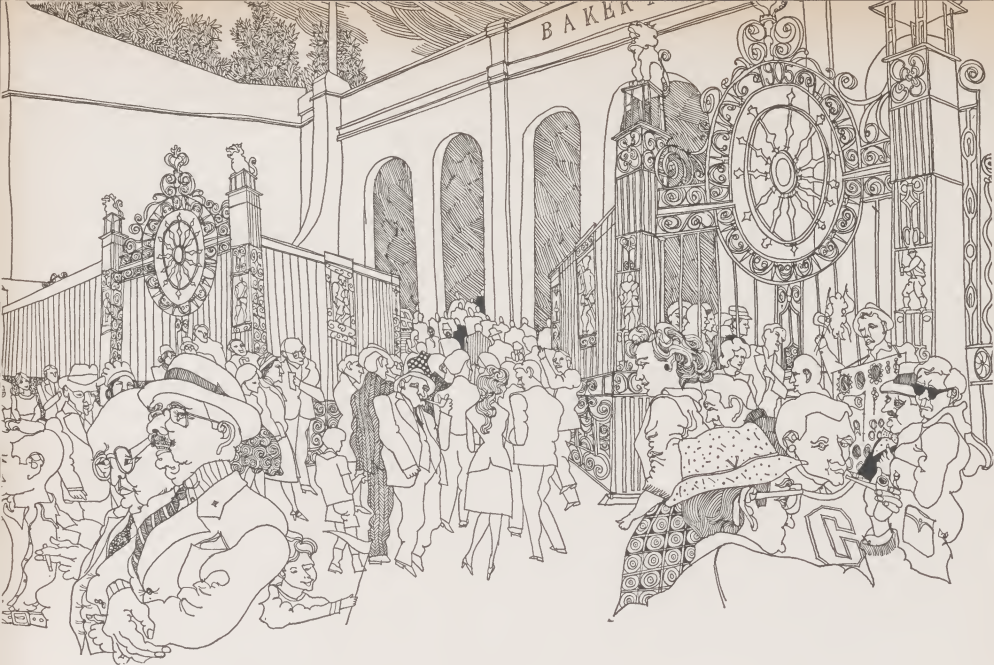
and Humanities chairmen, for example, have no budgets with which to hire faculty. Instead, they must depend for staff upon the various departments. Lacking money, they have no way of obtaining the men they want, but must accept the people the departments assign. The interdepartments, however, would have budgets of their own, and these budgets would give them considerable bargaining power in their dealings with department heads. Of course, such machinery could not be instituted without the approval of the central administration. This would require that Low Library renew a commitment to general education which has been diminishing in recent years.

Many other proposals are in the air: new ways to arrange the math and science requirements; alternatives to the Humanities and Contemporary Civilization courses; changes in the university calendar or even the number of years at College. We have much to learn, both about our own academic community and about the experiences of other universities. Ultimately all 18 of us shall have to put our thoughts together, and then the real debate will begin, with the whole College participating. We hope that, out of all those hours, a tough, rich, and exciting program will emerge: one which will help the College to attract outstanding students, and maintain its excellence.

FORTY WINKS: The course load is too burdensome, or the materials are boring, or maybe it was just a late night at the West End. . . .



DAVID BOCORAD



Roar Lion Roar

The Year in Sports

by Alex Sachare '71

Two of the brightest stars in the history of Columbia basketball, a total of four first-team All-Americans in three sports, a pair of well-liked first-year coaches, six varsities with winning records (as compared with only three the year before) and a group of strong freshman squads highlighted 1969-70 in Columbia athletics.

Closing the most successful chapter in Light Blue cage annals, seniors Jim McMillian and Heyward Dotson led the Lions to a 20-5 record and then headed their separate ways: McMillian signing a professional contract as the first draft choice of the Los Angeles Lakers of the N.B.A., and Dotson travelling to England for two years of study at Oxford under a Rhodes Scholarship.

McMillian shattered Chet Forte's record for career scoring, setting the new standard at 1758 points and gaining All-American honors for his efforts. Three other Columbia athletes were named All-Americans: Len Renery became the first Lion soccer player ever to gain the honor, and fencers Tony Kestler and Bruce Soriano brought to 33 the number of Lion swordsmen who have earned that distinction since 1950.

In Ivy League competition, Columbia's fencing team defeated all five of its league opponents to win the Ivy crown for the 13th time in 15 years. At the season's end Columbia's maestro, Lou Bankuti, was named N.C.A.A. Fencing Coach of the Year.

The fencers were the only Columbia team to win a league title. The basketball team finished second to Penn, and the tennis team ended its league schedule in a third place tie.

Although his team lost eight of its nine contests, football coach Frank Navarro believes that his rebuilding program is making progress. As proof, he points to the improved spirit on the varsity in spite of a losing record, to the group of sophomores who gained valuable experience as starters in 1969, and to a large, talented

freshman squad which is expected to send about 50 candidates to the varsity this fall.

Overall, Columbia's varsity teams compiled a 71-96-3 record in 1969-70, for a .425 winning percentage (not counting ties). The freshman teams fared noticeably better, with a 57-52-3 record and a .523 percentage.

There were a number of coaching changes during the year. Track and cross country coach Edgar "Dick" Mason retired after seventeen seasons at Columbia, during which he achieved prominence in Eastern track circles. In a special ceremony in late January, the Baker Field air dome which the cindermen use for their indoor meets was dedicated in his honor. Irving Kintisch, one of the outstanding field-event coaches in the country, was named to succeed Mason.

Another new face at Columbia was that of George "Butch" Seewagen, Jr., who replaced Gerry Ehrlich as tennis coach. The youthful Seewagen is the reigning U.S. Amateur tennis champion, and in his first season at Columbia he guided the Lions to an 11-8 record, with a 10-3 mark against northern opponents. In addition, he recruited a freshman squad which went undefeated.

Late in May, soccer coach Joe Molder announced that he would leave Columbia over the summer to become assistant headmaster of the Westover School in Middlebury, Conn. Molder had been at Columbia since 1956, and was the pre-professional adviser to students in the College. Jim Rein, his assistant for three of the past four years, was named acting soccer coach for the 1970 season.

FOOTBALL

After dropping their first eight games, the Lions upset Brown 18-3 in their finale. Coach Navarro never did find a quarterback of the caliber of Marty Domres, the ex-Lion star currently with the San Diego Chargers of the A.F.L. Sophomores John Daurio, Jim Romanosky, and Bill Flynn were all tested at the position, with Flynn starting during the second half of the season.

In the fall, Navarro will try at quarterback one of the most promising members of last year's freshman

squad. Don Jackson, from New York's Stuyvesant High School, led the Cubs to a 2-3-1 record, and impressed observers with his passing, running, and field leadership.

Navarro will build around a number of solid veterans. Diminutive (5'7", 155 lbs.) fullback John Sefcik set an Ivy record for most carries and was the workhorse of the offensive backfield; linebackers Ray Ramsey and John Daurio, and halfback Robbie Wroe, bolstered a shaky defense; and center Mike Pyszcymucha and guards Mike Shane and Ben Fuller anchored a competent offensive line.

Navarro is optimistic about the prospects for the coming season. "We're definitely making progress," he declared. "Even though the record wasn't very good, there was much better understanding between the coaches and the players. Now we need some outstanding victories, to prove to our kids that we can win here at Columbia."

SOCCER

Led by All-American halfback Len Renery, high scoring center Omar Chamma, steady defensemen Rocco Commisso and Mike Vorkas, and veteran goalie Doug Watt, the booters had their best season in modern history, compiling an 8-3-1 record. But the Lions were only 3-3-1 in Ivy play, and were edged out of a berth in the N.C.A.A. tournament.

In the fall, nearly all of last year's starters will be back. If acting coach Jim Rein can find a goalie to replace Watt, who graduated in June, the Lions could better their 8-3-1 mark of 1969.

LIGHTWEIGHT FOOTBALL

Under coach Harvey Silver, Columbia's lightweight football team won two of its six games, including a come-from-behind triumph over Princeton. The 2-4 record is the best Columbia has posted in over a decade, and Silver is confident about improving on it this fall.

With the aid of captains Jack Surgen and Rich Brooker, Silver built a team of over 40 players in 1969, and he expects to add to the number in the autumn.

CROSS COUNTRY

Sorely undermanned, the harriers lost all six of their meets in 1969. Junior Al Ugelow, who captained the squad last fall, was the team's top runner and will be back for another tour of duty as captain in 1970.

BASKETBALL

The year began well enough for Jack Rohan's cagers, who swept their first ten games. Highlights of the early season were a pair of wins in Madison Square Garden, over N.Y.U., 71-59, and Holy Cross, 92-68; an overtime decision against Fordham, 80-69; and a 76-58 defeat of Penn State, during which McMillian, the magnificent 6'5" forward, scored 44 points, falling only one shy of Chet Forte's school record of 45.

The team travelled to Philadelphia for the Quaker City Festival during Christmas week with an 8-0 record, and came up with two of its better games. In the opening round of the tournament the Lions overran a strong Wake Forest team, 101-78, and in the semi-finals they outplayed Villanova, 76-64, with McMillian outshining fellow All-American Howie Porter in a head-to-head battle.

In the finals, however, McMillian was twice poked in the eye by LaSalle's Bobby Fields, and, with his vision blurred, was useful only as a decoy for most of the game. His teammates failed to pick up the slack, and the Explorers pulled away in the final ten minutes to win, 89-74.

Penn emerged as the Lion's principal rival in the race for the Ivy League championship. In their first showdown, in University Gym on Feb. 2, the Quakers came out on top, 57-52, in a contest which could have gone either way. The home team dissipated an early advantage, and clung to a one-point margin at the half. Penn pulled away during the second period to take a 51-39 lead, but the Lions rallied for 13 straight points. Penn, however, kept its cool, sinking a basket and four foul shots to clinch the ball game. Despite the loss, Columbia stayed in the race by winning its next six league outings, setting the stage for the Penn-Columbia rematch on the final weekend of the season.

Penn's well-balanced squad jumped to a ten-point lead early in

the contest, to the delight of 9,000 screaming fans in the Palestra. But the Lions rallied behind the shooting of McMillian, who scored 22 of their first 25 points. As they had done at University Gym, they carried a one-point lead into the locker room at halftime.

But basketball games consist of two 20-minute periods, not just one, and McMillian couldn't carry the team alone. The second half belonged to Dick Harter's young Quakers, without a senior among their top eight men. The Penn defense collapsed around McMillian, and—as in the LaSalle contest—his teammates failed to provide scoring support. Dotson, who was recovering from a bad bout of flu (a fact he concealed, in order not to be accused of making alibis), turned in a disappointing performance on offense. At the other end of the court, Penn displayed a well-disciplined, balanced attack, and drew away to a 71-57 decision. The following even-

ing, the dispirited cagers, their title hopes dashed, bowed to Princeton, 61-55.

In the N.C.A.A. tournament, Penn was eliminated in the first round by Calvin Murphy's Niagara team. Columbia tried to persuade its sister Ivy League schools to repeal the league ban on participation in the N.I.T., but failed when the Ivy presidents split four-to-four.

Despite their second-place finish, the cagers compiled a commendable 20-5 record, the third year in a row that they won at least 20 games.

Although superstars McMillian and Dotson graduated in June, coach Rohan maintains that the outlook for the winter is encouraging. "We still have quite a few talented players," he told the audience at a post-season banquet in honor of the basketball team, "and if any team comes into to University Gym thinking it's going to have an easy time, I think that it'll be in for quite a surprise."

FENCING

Sabreman Bruce Soriano and foilsmen Tony Kestler and Mark Jaffe led the swordsmen to another customarily outstanding season. Despite increasingly stiff competition from N.Y.U., Army, Navy, Penn, Princeton and Harvard, coach Lou Bankuti's fencers won eight of ten dual meets, swept all five Ivy engagements, placed second to N.Y.U. in the nationals, and had two team members, Soriano and Kestler, selected as first-team All-Americans.

Soriano enjoyed a nearly perfect season. He won 24 of 29 bouts in dual competition, then captured the gold medal in the Easterns and repeated his success at the nationals. He became the twelfth Lion fencer to win an individual N.C.A.A. championship in twenty years.

With six of nine regulars returning, and more help coming from a freshman team which swept nine of eleven matches, Bankuti should have another contender for the national title next winter.

WRESTLING

Although the varsity could manage only a 3-8-1 record, coach Jerry Seckler's rebuilding program is going well. Seven of the ten starting positions were held by sophomores last winter, each of whom should benefit from the varsity experience.

The freshmen compiled a winning record, with Ernie Alleva and Bob Sacavage going through the dual meet season undefeated, and Jeff Badini placing first in the post-season Plebe tournament. And Seckler has apparently come up with a bumper crop of recruits for next year's frosh.

INDOOR TRACK

Thanks largely to the inflatable air dome which the track team uses as an indoor facility at Baker Field, the Lions won two indoor meets, the best they have done in quite some time.

Most of their strength lay in the field events, with weight men Ron Furcht, Bruce Nagle, and Lou Lane, high jumpers Bill Reed and Jim Gorman, and pole vaulters Ray Hesslwin and Andy Altman.

CAREFULLY ON TIPTOE STEALING: Bruce Fogel reaches for the ball at University Gym. Opponent was Penn.



SWIMMING

1969-70 was a dismal year for Columbia's swimmers, who lost all fourteen of their meets. The two top performers were captain Bob Schliehauf and sprinter Homer Lane, a junior. Even Lane had a substandard season, failing to lower either of the two school sprint records which he set as a sophomore.

BASEBALL

The Lion nine finished with a 4-11 record, 3-10 in Eastern League play, losing nine of their last ten outings (including some forfeits because of the student strike). In a special ceremony, the baseball diamond at Baker Field was named Andy Coakley Field, in honor of the long-time ex-coach.

Star of the team was Frank Gordon, a sophomore who pitched and played center field. Gordon, drafted by the New York Yankees when he graduated from high school, and scouted extensively by the pros during the season, batted .361 in league play.

TENNIS

Under rookie coach Butch Seewagen, the Lions posted an 11-8 record, their best mark since 1958. After winning only one of six meets against Southern opponents, the tennis team went 10-3 against northern rivals, and tied for third in the Eastern League with six wins and three losses. This was accomplished without a single senior, so the netmen should be even stronger next year. They will be bolstered by candidates from a freshman team which went through its schedule undefeated. Bob Binns, Bobby Odasz, and Mark Massey are the most promising of the cubs.

GOLF

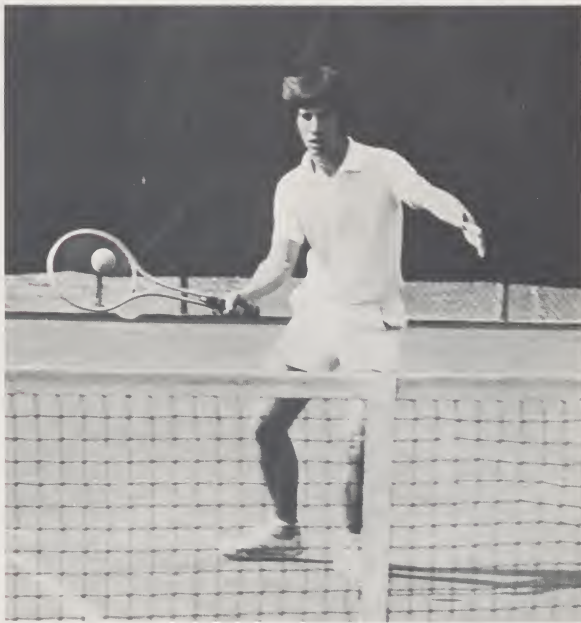
With only one letterman, coach Pete Salzberg's golfers went through a 2-9 season. But the freshmen won four of their six matches, and should help the varsity next spring.

(Top) HATS OFF: Doug Watt's helmet goes flying as he dashes for first.

(Bottom) Tennis captain Larry Parsont volleys at Baker Field courts.



MANNY WARMAN



MANNY WARMAN



RUNNING SCARED: *Miller Dwayne Dahl leads the pack against Princeton. He eventually finished second.*

OUTDOOR TRACK

The cindermen failed to win any of their outdoor meets, forfeiting a couple which they expected to win late in the season because of the strike. Ron Furcht, a junior, continued to develop as an outstanding weight man, scoring the Lions' only three points in the Heptagonal Games.

Ron Furcht, Columbia's top discus thrower.



CREW

Both Columbia crews posted winning records this spring. Bill Stowe's heavyweights swept a pair of Florida regattas for the second year in a row, and then came north to win dual races against M.I.T. and Rutgers. However, they failed once again to qualify for the final round of the Eastern Sprints,

and remain several rungs below Harvard and Penn on the rowing ladder.

The lightweights, directed by first-year coach John Abele, swept one triangular regatta and placed second in three others. They were seeded sixth for the Sprints, but voted to support the student strike by refusing to compete.

DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE: *This hurdler's world seems to have turned upside-down.*



BRINGING IN THE BRAUN

For hundreds of sports-minded alumni and for Columbia's coaches, the days between April 18 and May 1 were a critical period, as top high school student-athletes around the country decided whether to accept offers of admission to the Class of '74. Acceptance letters from the College Admissions Office went out on April 18 only to one of every three applicants, and among that select group were many young men "recruited" by coaches with alumni assistance.

A coach's time for recruiting is stretched thin because of the large number of prospects with whom he must communicate. But a local alumnus can get to know the families of the best student-athletes in his community, and visit the young men and

their parents in the homes.

These efforts by local alumni and the work of alumni recruiting groups in major metropolitan areas are coordinated on the campus by Peter Salzberg '64, assistant to Director of Athletics Ken Germann '43. With letters and phone calls to alumni all over the nation, Salzberg sets out to achieve three principal goals: to remind them that athletic recruiting is vital for Columbia, to advise them how to locate the most promising candidates in their area, and to help them persuade these prospects to choose Columbia. His office is a two-way valve which regulates the flow of information between the coaches and admissions office on one end, and interested alumni on the other.

Recruiters and admissions officers do not always see eye to eye. "The coaches have done it again!" wrote one exasperated reader on the folder of a swimming prospect with low grades and board scores. But by and

large, Columbia's talent scouts have chosen wisely. Of the 700 freshmen who are expected to register in the fall, approximately 140 will be high quality athletes. The 70 football prospects include four of the finest high school players in the country: 200-pound line-backer Scott Denny of Menlo Park, Calif.; fleet halfback Evan Forde of Carol City, Fla.; fullback Rich Manfredi and lineman Mike Peluso, both from New Jersey. Track also is in good shape with Gordon Crail, a 14-6 pole vaulter from Greenwood, Ind., sprinter and hurdler David Black of Security, Col., and Stan Ciernicki, who hails from Linden, N. J. and has been clocked at 9.8 in the 100-yard dash. Six-foot, 11-inch Howard Miller of West Hempstead, N. Y. will be the tallest candidate for the freshman basketball team. Coaches of other sports also believe that they have done well. Next fall, the rest of the Columbia community will begin to find out if they're right.



SUNRISE AT SPUYTEN DUYVIL: Light Blue oarsmen get ready for some early morning practice.

DEDICATION

Columbia's lightweight crew may never join the immortal ranks of Shakespeare's dark lady or Shelley's skylark, but the team does have four lines of poetry to call its own. Written by Pulitzer Prize poet Mark Van Doren, the poem is entitled "This Shell." It commemorates the crew's new racing boat, named in honor of the former Columbia professor:

Weightless in water, swift as wind
Subtle of purpose—a feather blown—
I go with my oarsmen where they will,
My beautiful body and theirs all one.

Van Doren recited the poem at the April dedication of the eight-oared mahogany Italian Donoratico, which was a gift of former crew coach Norman Hildes Heim '60. Mrs. Van Doren performed the christening rites, pouring Harlem River water, taken from the finish line, over the bow,

which bears her husband's name. One of the most distinguished and best-loved teachers in Columbia's history, Prof. Van Doren retired 11 years ago, after 39 years at the University.

His namesake was put to its first test in a practice race immediately following the ceremony at the Gould Boathouse. With the Muse on their side, Columbia's lightweight emerged appropriately victorious, three-quarters of a length ahead of their opponents from Trinity.

POWER POLITICS

Although they broke no records this spring, the College's athletes shattered a cliché or two.

It is a time-honored truism at Columbia that all athletes are politically conservative. So fixed was this generalization in the collective Columbia mind in 1968 that the students who organized to oppose the occupation of buildings were indiscriminately referred to as "the jocks." (This rather inelegant slang term for athletes derives from "jockstrap.")

Such facile characterizations are no longer possible. During May and June, many athletes withheld their muscle power in a show of support for the national student strike against America's presence in Cambodia. Columbia teams cancelled a total of 14 scheduled events during the month of May. The varsity golf team and both the varsity and frosh baseball teams called off all their remaining contests after the strike was declared; the track team cancelled a meet against Lafayette; and the freshman tennis players competed in only one of their last three matches. Only the varsity tennis team and the freshman golfers stuck to their schedules.

Political concerns also affected the Light Blue turnout at multi-team play-offs, such as the Eastern golf tournament, in which the Lion golfers refused to participate. The varsity and j.v. lightweight crews withdrew from the Eastern Sprints, leaving the freshman lightweight team and all three heavyweight teams to compete in the regatta (at which black oars, black headbands, and tee-shirts marked with clenched fists were much in evidence.) Participation in the Heptagonal Games, an intercollegiate track competition, was left up to individual members of the track team. Those Ivy League trackmen who did compete, including the Columbia contingent, issued a joint statement declaring that "our sport is not, and must never become, a hideout from our basic responsibilities as human beings" and deploring the war in Southeast Asia, the Kent State killings, and political and racial repression in this country. (As a result of the statement, the Army and Navy teams withdrew from the

meet just 15 minutes before the first event.)

Even the football players turned from the gridiron to the political arena, voting nearly unanimously to call off their one day of spring practice on May 14, in order to "direct their effort in support of nationwide student strike demands."

Whether an athlete wanted to compete or not was, of course, a highly individual matter, involving feelings of loyalty to the team as well as personal political convictions. If the performance of our athletes this spring holds any lesson for this campus, it is that the jocks are people, not stereotypes.

ROAR, LIONESS, ROAR

Columbia sports fans were urged on by lady cheerleaders this year, due largely to the efforts of a few persistent ladies.

Traditionally, the cheerleading squad had been a male preserve. Last fall, however, Barnard junior Andrea Gutterman secured permission from Athletic Director Kenneth Germann to recruit a female cheering squad. It was decided that five Barnard girls, including Miss Gutterman, would join the ten Columbia men in leading sports spectators to higher decibels.

Miss Gutterman placed an ad in the *Barnard Bulletin*, and about 20 girls answered the call. At the second and final try-out, however, only five besides Miss Gutterman bothered to appear. As seemed politic, all were named to the squad.

Miss Gutterman became captain. Sophomore Cheryl Lee Johnson, who joined the group to assure entry into games without depending on gruesome dates, drew the "X" in a lottery and became co-captain. When Andrea was injured in an auto accident, Cheryl assumed leadership.

Miss Johnson, a pre-law student who describes herself as a "sports fetishist," relates with mingled regret and amusement that all did not go well. The football season was marked by various casualties: taped toes,

ankles, and knees were not uncommon among the girls. Fortunately, injuries declined during the basketball season.

Conflicting philosophies of cheering divided the squad. "We looked like Rockette rejects," complains Miss Johnson. "Each of us was doing her own thing." She believes that some of her team-mates were "burlesque" in style. Whenever she thought the other girls were becoming too carried away with "can-can" routines, she sat on the sidelines. ("They had a right to make asses of themselves, but I wouldn't help them.") Captain Johnson hastens to add that the situation was better during the basketball season than at football games, when the girls became confused and cheered "Push 'em back" while the Lions were on offense. Fortunately, the Lions were rarely on offense, so the error was not as conspicuous as it might have been.

Cheerleader Elizabeth Riley, daughter of Howard Riley '29, is an Oriental Studies major whose trademark is a headband worn Indian-style. Miss Riley traces the differences in cheering techniques to geography. Eastern cheerleaders, she points out, cheer with their wrists, while Midwestern girls use their arms. The cheerleaders hail from a variety of states, and as a result there are four distinct ways of cheering "Let's Go Lions." Miss Riley admits that the girls had little time for practice sessions and were forced to look at each other during games to see which style was prevailing.

Male cheerleader Lou Fischbein observes that the cheering atmosphere was "more relaxed" with girls around and the crowd "more stimulated." When he first heard that women were being recruited, he was afraid they would prove unattractive ("Barnard, after all"), but found them instead to be "quite good-looking." Fischbein also reports that most Columbia cheerleaders apparently grew fond enough of their female counterparts to be jealous. They were quite incensed, according to Fischbein, when the girls danced with Harvard cheerleaders during a basketball game at Cambridge.

SPLIT-LEVEL CHEER: Liz Riley rises to new heights as she leads Columbia fans.



THE HIGH COST OF PLAYING

Athletics cost money, a lot of money. In recent inflationary years the expense of maintaining intercollegiate teams has spiraled upward.

Columbia Athletic Director Ken Germann '43 estimates that about 60 per cent of his budget is spent on intercollegiate sports. The rest goes to College physical education and intramural programs. The exact amount of Columbia's athletic budget, like many departmental budgets, is confidential. The purpose of this closed-mouth policy is to prevent jealousy among departments.

The athletic budget is an especially sensitive subject. The reason appears to be a strong fear that intercollegiate athletics will be one of the next targets of campus radicals. It might not be easy to explain the claims of football and golf over increased scholarships and improved academic and living facilities to leftist students and faculty who have notoriously little sympathy for "jocks" and spectators not of their own making.

As it is, Columbia's sports budget is conservative as Ivy athletic budgets go. Ken Germann reports that Harvard, which spends about \$1.9 million annually, has the biggest budget in the league. Brown, at about \$700,000, is considered low man. Columbia, asserts Germann, is somewhere in the lower middle on the budget pole.

Even Harvard's budget would not be considered outrageous by the standards of the large non-Eastern conferences. Their philosophy, however, differs from that of the Ivy League. The Southern and Western biggies believe that intercollegiate athletics should pay for themselves. Their sports departments often finance scholarships of athletes, and it is incumbent upon athletic directors to see that their stadiums are filled. Those sports which fail to bring in the crowds soon perish as intercollegiate activities.

The Ivy schools, on the other hand, have long adhered to the tenet that intercollegiate sport is an integral part of education, and that an athletic activity deserves to be sup-

ported even if fans do not flock to the games or meets in huge paying numbers. The burden of this support, of course, falls on the University.

Last year, Columbia took in about \$275,000 at the box office. Yale's estimated income was \$850,000; Brown's \$200,000. Ivy League sports "deficits" were judged by *The New York Times* to range from \$250,000 to \$1 million, with Harvard having the largest. In some cases, however, these "deficits" included the cost of intramural athletics as well as many medical expenses.

It is impossible to pinpoint from the outside just how much money Columbia "loses" in intercollegiate sports. It seems likely, however, that this question will soon be widely and perhaps noisily raised. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that concerned administrators and athletic directors, at Columbia and elsewhere, are beginning to seek ways to curb the growing costs of friendly competition.

Ivy League presidents, disturbed if not frightened by the quantities of money their schools were losing on the playing fields, decided at their December meeting to recommend that the Ivy athletic directors set guidelines for trimming or at least stabilizing their budgets.

In April the sports directors conferred and agreed on certain measures which they hope will lop off the fat from their expenditures without damaging the meat of their programs. Most of the fat, they felt, lay in travelling expenses and cost of bed and board for teams during overnight stays. Except when a team is invited to a prestigious non-conference tournament, it must foot all its own expenses on the road.

At the April meeting it was decided that money could be saved if both teams and sports were paired whenever possible. For example, it is already the policy of the Princeton and Columbia baseball squads to travel together to meet two other opponents. Next year it is planned to have the Lion and Tiger tennis teams travel with the batsmen. Columbia thus pays half the cost of hiring one bus instead of the full cost of two.

The fencing and wrestling teams will also pair up next winter except when the freshmen and varsities in

both sports are playing at the same time. The bus can only hold any combination of three of the four squads.

The Ivy conference also decided to limit freshman and jayvee players to local engagements. Consequently, next fall Columbia freshman footballers will not play Harvard or Brown because either contest would involve an overnight stay.

A maximum number of games was established in all activities. In some sports Columbia customarily scheduled fewer contests than the new quota allows, while in others the Lions will have to curtail their schedule. Next winter the freshman basketball team will trim its season from 19 games to 16. There will also be fewer freshman track, wrestling, and tennis matches, and fewer varsity swimming meets.

There will, in addition, be new limits next year on the size of traveling squads, the number of players permitted to dress for home games, and the number of athletes allowed to attend pre-season football practice. One hundred men may be invited to pre-season drill if a college fields both a jayvee and varsity team; 75, if a school has only a varsity. This is expected to work somewhat of a hardship upon Harvard, but will not affect Columbia, which considers itself lucky when 70 candidates show up for such sessions.

Lastly, the conference resolved that each college should attempt to provide sleeping and eating facilities on its own campus for visiting Ivy squads. Cornell, Brown, Dartmouth and Harvard have already been able to offer beds to some visitors at \$2 or \$3 a night, which compares favorably to the \$8 or \$9 per person charged by motels. Although athletes undoubtedly prefer the double-bedded luxury of orange and blue roadside inns, and the steaks of charcoal-broil restaurants, they will find themselves, more and more, sleeping in upper bunks and eating campus cafeteria macaroni next year.

Since Columbia has trouble enough trying to house its own undergraduates, new business manager Jim Farrell is seeking the motels which will offer the most reasonable group rates to visitors from distant schools.

Despite all the pennypinching,

Athletic Director Germann relates that his 1970-71 budget is slightly higher than his 1969-70 budget, due to increased salaries for athletic personnel. The recent cutbacks may turn out to be but a finger in the dike protecting intercollegiate sports from oncoming waves of economic inflation and political assault.

AN ERA ENDS

McMillian gets the ball in the corner . . . moves on Hummer . . . puts up a jump shot . . . good . . .

Dotson with the ball at the top of the key . . . fakes left . . . drives down the lane . . . flips up a twisting lay-up . . . good . . .

It will seem strange next winter to watch a Columbia basketball team take the floor without McMillian or Dotson. In their three varsity seasons, the Lions posted 63 victories against only 14 losses, with records of 23-5, 20-4, and 20-5. Never before had a Columbia squad won 20 or more games in three successive years.

James McMillian gained the respect and admiration of virtually everyone who knew him. As a token of their esteem, his classmates voted him "most worthy of distinction because of scholarship, participation in student activities or pre-eminence in athletics."

McMillian learned early in life the value of total commitment to a task. Born in Raeford, N.C., he moved to Brooklyn with his mother and younger brother while in eighth grade. He lived in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and attended Thomas Jefferson H.S.

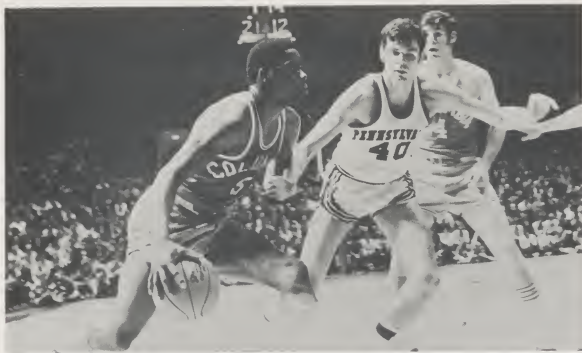
It was there that he discovered that his basketball talents could open doors for him. By the time he graduated from Jefferson, his prowess on the court had brought scholarship offers from over 150 colleges. He chose Columbia because it met his two priorities: it would provide a good education, and still permit him to remain near his family.

McMillian soon made the transition from high school All-American to college All-American. Whether he is the greatest basketball player in Columbia's history may be debatable, but his records speak for themselves: most points (1758) scored in a career; All-America, All-East, All Ivy and All-Met, 1968-70; the Haggerty Award as



MANNY WARMAN

POWER DRIVE: Heyward Dotson shakes off Pennsylvania defender at the Palestra in Philadelphia.



TAKE ONE GIANT STEP: Jim McMillian with the ball in second Penn game. McMillian carried Lion offense almost single-handed in unsuccessful effort.



Trainer Ray Fullerston bends over Jim McMillian after Columbia star suffered eye injury against LaSalle.

the top ball player in the metropolitan area, 1968-70 (the only athlete to be so recognized three times); and on and on.

Rival coaches ably describe his talents. Joe Lapchick, ex-mentor at St. John's: "He has the stamp of greatness, and could be New York City's greatest of all time." John Bach, ex-Fordham coach, now at Penn State: "He has the rare combination of being able to move quickly but effortlessly; of rebounding superbly but often unnoticed; of taking only the good shot, and often hitting it; of making the big play and doing it with such coolness that it belies his young age."

He developed off the court as well as on it. A quiet, reserved young man at the time glory was first heaped upon him in his sophomore year, he handled the attention with a graceful aplomb which did justice to his title of All-American. Despite the pressures of being a public figure, he worked diligently at his studies, and graduated with a major in sociology. Remembering his roots, he worked one summer with New York City's Operation Sports Rescue, attempting to convince city youngsters that sports could provide a pathway to success.

While McMillian was starring for Jefferson, Stuyvesant High School's

basketball team was being paced by a 6'4" center named Heyward Dotson. Brought up in the middle class surroundings of Staten Island, Dotson spent over an hour each way travelling to Stuyvesant, a select institution in Manhattan, because it afforded him better academic opportunities than local schools.

Dotson didn't draw the basketball scholarship offers which were thrust at McMillian, as there is not much demand for a 6'4" pivotman. He decided to attend Columbia not because it was one of the few schools to express interest in him as an athlete, but primarily because of its high academic standing.

Dotson was converted from a center to a guard, and he amazed even his coaches with the way he adapted to the change. His ball handling and defense exceeded the highest hopes of coach Jack Rohan, and his experience as a pivotman gave him a natural advantage over other guards when he got near the basket.

On the court, Dotson developed into an All-Ivy performer. He became the third leading scorer in Columbia history, netting a total of 1266 points. He set other career records with a .542 field goal shooting percentage, and a total of 237 assists.

Dotson also distinguished himself off the court. An American history major, he took on a part-time job as a history teacher at Horace Mann H.S. He served as co-chairman of the Undergraduate Academic Affairs Committee, and on Class Day was awarded an Alumni Prize as the senior judged by his classmates "most faithful and deserving."

Now that they've graduated, McMillian and Dotson will head in opposite directions, at least for the time being. McMillian goes west to Los Angeles to play pro ball for the Lakers, who made him their first-round draft choice and signed him to a multi-year, six-figure contract. Dotson goes east across the Atlantic to Oxford, England, where he will spend two years of post-graduate study under the Rhodes Scholarship which he won last winter.

So McMillian and Dotson are now names in the record book, like Forte and Farber, Felsing and Budko, Newmark and Dwyer, Azary and Molinas. Gone, perhaps, but far from forgotten.



Talk of the Alumni

The Guard Changes

There was a change in guard late last fall at the venerable Columbia University Press. Charles G. Proffitt '17, a member of the organization for 42 years, stepped down as its President and Director, and was succeeded by Robert G. Barnes '37, formerly of Doubleday and Company. Mr. Proffitt continued in the post of Chairman of the Board of Trustees, with the task of fund-raising.

The Press, which is more than three-quarters of a century old, is one of the half-dozen largest of the eighty university presses in the United States. Nicholas Murray Butler—whose uncle had been the first head of the nation's first university press, at Johns Hopkins—helped to establish a press on Morningside. But it was tough going at the beginning. In 1893, shortly after it was incorporated, the Press had no staff and no money. Toward the end

of the following year, its ten trustees (all Columbia professors) found that they had spent \$42.75 for postage and other small items. So nine of them contributed five dollars each from their own pockets—and Columbia University Press had a surplus of \$2.25. Happily, President Low donated \$10,000 shortly afterwards. The same year, it published its first book: *Classical Studies in Honour of Henry Drisler*, which sold 198 copies in 1894, and remained in print until 1954.

That was a far cry from last year's net sales of \$2,250,000, and the present inventory of some 1,500,000 volumes in the warehouse. In 1969 the Press, with a staff of over 110 men and women, issued 92 hardcover books as well as four pamphlets and 16 inexpensive paperback editions of titles it had published in the past. About 15 per cent of its production is sold abroad. Over the years, C.U.P. books have been translated into 34 foreign languages, some of the less familiar of which are Amheric, Cata-

lan, Ewe, Fanti, Ga, Gujerati, Kanarese, Marathi, Peshu, Punjabi, Tamil, Telugu and Twi.

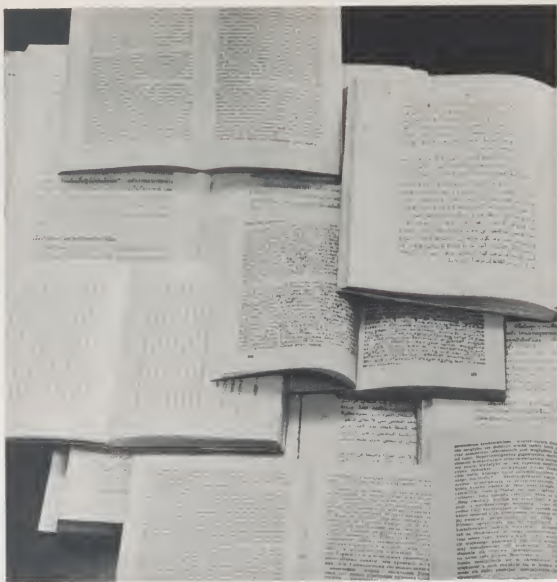
Why a university press? Since many of the books which embody the results of a scholarly career only command a small, specialized market, commercial publishers find them unprofitable and usually do not accept them. Thus, it becomes the responsibility of university presses to ensure that knowledge is disseminated and preserved. It is no wonder that in their less optimistic moments, those in charge of university presses wryly invoke the specter of bankruptcy. And yet, through good judgment and generous support, this arm of scholarship has achieved a vital and strong position in American publishing. Although university presses received only one per cent of the publishing dollar in 1968, for instance, they published eight per cent of all the non-fiction issued in this country that year.

Today, under an enlarged concept of its purposes, Columbia Univer-



THE OLD ORDER PASSETH: (Top) New University Press president Robert G. Barnes.

(Bottom) Retiring President Charles G. Proffitt.



TOWER OF BABEL: University Press books in translation.

sity Press also produces educational films in its Center For Mass Communication. C.M.C. films have won more than three dozen major awards, including prizes from ten international film festivals abroad and five awards from American sources. The Press is presently in the process of establishing a unit to publish music, which will serve musicians as its other facilities serve writers of scholarly books.

About a third of the Press authors are members of the Columbia faculty. The rest, for the most part, come from campuses elsewhere. Authors include four Presidents of the United States, three Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, and numerous Nobel Prize winners.

The editors are especially proud of certain books which have had particular impact upon world politics or within scholarly fields. These include Emile Benoit's *Europe at Sixes and Sevens*, which predicted DeGaulle's veto of Britain's bid for membership in the Common Market a year-and-a-half before it occurred, and *Quantum Electronics*, edited by Charles Townes,

which described the amplification forces known as the Laser and the Maser at a time when they were virtually unknown. The State Department has used the introduction to Charles Wagley's *Latin American Tradition* to train its foreign service officers. And when Soviet Russia began quietly to omit strategic towns from its maps—thereby creating “non-places” in the same manner that it has made “non-persons”—Theodore Shabad published, in 1951, his *Geography of the U.S.S.R.*, with maps which rescued these non-places from oblivion.

Unlike most university presses, which are sometimes treated as academic departments of the universities they serve, C.U.P. is not a unit of Columbia, but is financially and legally independent. Nonetheless, it maintains a close association with the school through its authors, its publication committee, and its Board of Trustees. According to its by-laws, six of the ten trustees must be nominated by the President of Columbia University. The University also provides the Press with office space near the

campus and limited grants for certain publications. Otherwise, the Press derives its income from sales, bequests, and gifts from individuals and various organizations. Recently it has started to raise an endowment, named in honor of former Acting President of Columbia Frank D. Fackenthal '06 and sponsored by the Society of Older Graduates. Gifts to date amount to slightly more than \$22,000.

The Press has a London office (shared with Yale University Press and McGill-Queens University Press) which handles distribution in Great Britain, continental Europe, Asia Minor and Africa. Distribution in Asia and Latin America is done by a book exporting firm; in Canada, by McGill-Queen's.

Under the leadership of alumnus Barnes and fellow-alumnus Henry H. Wiggins '32, who has been with the organization for 35 years and now serves as Assistant Director, the Press will continue to function as a conduit for bringing scholarly knowledge to the world.

Hope on the Bowery

Three years ago, the paddy wagon was a familiar sight to the homeless denizens of the Bowery in New York City. Twice daily, it swung along the broad thoroughfare which was once the principal highway of old New Amsterdam, rounding up derelicts from doorways and curbsides. For most of its passengers, arrest was merely the first station of an often-repeated Calvary which led from the police van to the station house to magistrate's court to prison for a ten- or fifteen-day period—and finally back to the streets again, where the vicious circle began anew.

"The police were under pressure from the community to 'get the bums off the streets,'" explains Robert Goldfeld '61, "and there was no alternative to making arrests. We set out to provide an alternative."

"We" is the nine-year-old Vera Institute of Justice, a private agency which is funded by the Ford Foundation. In the spring of 1966, two federal courts had held that the imprisonment of alcoholics is unconstitutional, and it appeared that the Supreme Court would shortly do likewise. Concerned city officials, headed by Mayor John V. Lindsay, decided to prepare for the day when it would no longer be possible to "dry out" derelicts in the jails. Vera was asked to study the problem. The result was the Manhattan Bowery Project, which in two-and-a-half years has managed to reduce dramatically the number of arrests for public intoxication and related offenses, thereby freeing the courts for more pressing duties while simultaneously providing better facilities for detoxification and eventual rehabilitation than are normally available in prison. In the summer of 1968, Goldfeld resigned from his position with a Wall Street law firm and joined the Project as its administrative director.

The Project is directed not by Vera, but by the Manhattan Bowery Corporation, which Vera organized for the purpose of establishing and supervising the program. Headquarters are located in the New York City Men's Shelter, an ancient six-story building just east of the Bowery. From

nine a.m. until nine p.m., two-man teams consisting of a plainclothes policeman and a civilian rescue aide who is himself a reformed alcoholic cruise past the bars and flop-houses of Skid Row in unmarked police cars. When they see a derelict who is in "public distress"—that is, who is so obviously intoxicated that he would be vulnerable to arrest—the civilian member of the team steps out and invites him to come to the Shelter. If the derelict refuses, the rescue team simply moves on. If he accepts—and Goldfeld estimates that more than two-thirds do—he is brought back to the Shelter for a five-day program of detoxification which, at the very least, will cleanse his system of life-threat-

ening toxins, and may in some cases lead to a more or less permanent cure.

The principal facility of the Project is a 48-bed hospital on the fourth floor of the Shelter, where approximately 60 men are treated every week. After a preliminary screening followed by a physical examination, a shower, and delousing, the alcoholic is placed in an "acute ward" for three days. There he is kept under 24-hour medical supervision and treated with drugs and therapy to ease withdrawal symptoms. Delirium tremens, the agonizing and sometimes fatal product of withdrawal, are rarely a serious problem when there is proper care. "The movie *Days of Wine and Roses* created a myth," scoffs Goldfeld. Of the more

RESCUE OPERATION: Bowery Project aide bends over sleeping derelict.



WARREN JOHNSON

than 2,000 alcoholics who have passed through the hospital, only about half a dozen have become so unmanageable that they had to be restrained.

On the third day, the patient is transferred to the recuperative ward, where recreation facilities are available. Perhaps the most important part of this phase of the treatment is the interview with the caseworker, who tries to arrange for jobs and aftercare once the five-day period has ended. Approximately sixty per cent accept referral to some other rehabilitative facility, usually the psychiatric or rehabilitation unit of a state hospital. In any event, all but the most acute cases must leave the Shelter after five days, to make room for others. Commitment is voluntary at every stage: the patient may walk out at any time he wishes.

In addition, the Project sponsors two important auxiliary services. One is an out-patient clinic, which provides aftercare for detoxified alcoholics who have been discharged from the hospital and are unable or unwilling to receive further institutional treatment elsewhere. The clinic is staffed by two nurses and two social workers who dispense, under a doctor's prescription, vitamins, tranquilizers, and antabuse, a drug which induces a violent physical reaction to alcohol, and thereby inhibits drinking. Goldfeld estimates that fifteen per cent of the hospital patients remain in touch with the clinic after release.

The Men's Shelter includes a public room where alcoholics can come in to sleep or get warm. In the early days of the program, Project officials offered occupants free medical treatment. According to Goldfeld, 150 were found to have serious untreated medical problems. One reason for the high incidence of undiscovered illness is that alcoholics who go to regular hospitals with physical complaints of any kind are often told simply to go home and sleep it off. The Vera Institute reported the results to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital, which responded by opening an emergency clinic on the first floor of the Shelter where alcoholics can obtain treatment for other ailments.

These combined services have been so successful that police have put a halt to the twice-daily round-

ups which were once part of the Bowery routine. Arrests in the area for alcohol-related offenses have fallen off from 2,718 during the last nine months of 1968 to 530 during the equivalent period in 1969.

Another result, according to Goldfeld, has been to dispel the myth that alcoholics don't want to be helped. One of the first problems which the Project faced was whether care should be voluntary or compulsory. Officials opted for the former, partly because of legal difficulties involved in involuntary commitment, partly because patients brought in against their will are likely to prove resistant to treatment. Today they feel vindicated. "We've proved," Goldfeld declares, "that if you want to get these guys off the street, you don't need coercion to do it. All that is necessary are proper facilities."

Goldfeld concedes, however, that the Project has not been able to solve the problem of recidivism. Of the 2387 men who were admitted to the hospital during its first year of operation, nearly forty per cent had been there before, and ten per cent had returned at least four times. "Five days of detoxification won't cure a man who's been drinking for 20 years," points out Goldfeld. "The permanence of the cure depends on the quality of the aftercare." All that the Project can do, he explains, is take care of the alcoholic's immediate problems, possibly save his life, and give him the opportunity to go elsewhere for extended treatment. "What we really need," he argues, "are facilities for long-term care in a controlled environment." He looks forward to the establishment of "halfway houses," similar to those which are presently available for some narcotics addicts, where, in his words, "you can structure the patients' lives."

What makes a successful young Wall Street lawyer leave corporate practice to work with alcoholics? "I got tired of intellectual puzzles," answers Goldfeld. "In a law firm, you deal with problems which are structured by somebody else. I wanted to make things happen."

What Goldfeld has made happen has brought new hope to the 6,000 derelicts who throng the dives and alleyways of the ancient Bowery.

Grinding Wheels

"The Alumni Association? But what does it do?"

This is the question which is often asked by perplexed alumni, who are bombarded annually with a multiplicity of fund-raising appeals from a seemingly infinite number of College- or University-related sources.

Responds Executive Director Max J. Lovell '23: "Plenty."

From his offices on the fourth floor of Ferris Booth Hall, Lovell supervises a busy operation whose many-faceted activities are all directed toward a single ultimate objective. This, says Lovell, is "to restore the College to its proper eminence in the University scheme of things."

Perhaps the proudest accomplishment of the Association during the past year has been the publication of a comprehensive 120-page report entitled "Columbia College Tomorrow." The report, which grew out of a study triggered by the student disorders of 1968, is the work of a special committee headed by Victor Futter '39. Its recommendations cover a wide range of issues: student housing (it calls for reconstruction and modernization of residence halls and the establishment of coeducational living facilities); student power (it urges that students be given an influential role in decision-making); administrative structure (it argues that students and faculty ought to be able to elect certain members of the Board of Trustees); and faculty and administrative salaries (which, say the authors, should be "slightly higher than those paid at the best of our peer institutions" because of the greater cost of living in New York City). To meet student demands for "relevance" in courses, the report advocates a compulsory "dialogues program" for freshmen, in which students would meet in groups of twenty under the guidance of two teachers, two alumni, and one administrator, to study topics which they would select themselves.

The report was released on March 9, 1970. It received prominent coverage in that morning's edition of *The New York Times*.

Among its other projects, the Association has established a series of joint student-alumni committees and



Alumni Association Director Max Lovell at his desk in Ferris Booth Hall.

sub-committees to study such subjects as faculty-student relations, minority student concerns, and undergraduate housing. There is, moreover, a "Current Campus Conditions Committee," described by Lovell as "a catch-all committee which is on tap for any on-campus question or emergency not within the purview of the other groups." The Association has also been seeking representation on two College Committees: the Planning Committee and the Student Advisory Council. Its efforts in this area have so far proved unsuccessful. However, says Lovell, "we keep punching away at it when we can."

Some of its most effective work in the field of student relations has involved unheralded but significant aid to assorted extracurricular programs. For example, it has helped to obtain funds for emerging groups such as the hockey and filmmakers clubs. Nor has it neglected the more established

activities. When the Board of Managers held a dinner to award the Mark Van Doren Prize, the Association made a special mailing to New York alumni, soliciting their attendance. It also sent out circulars to Brooklyn alumni, advertising a band concert in that borough.

The Association, which has long taken an interest in campus housing conditions, is credited with helping to bring about the redecoration of the dormitories and the creation of lounges on each floor. These were among the recommendations in a joint report to the President by the Association and the Undergraduate Dormitory Council in the spring of 1969.

Lovell, who not only coordinates these activities but supervises, in addition, the administrative busy-work of the Association—dues collection, sponsorship of class functions,

circulation of class newsletters—nevertheless finds time to edit and distribute a newsletter which keeps alumni abreast of recent campus developments.

He is the first to recognize that the Association is still a long way from attaining its principal goal. "We started out as a College and remained one until the turn of the century," he explains. "The University began with Butler and became, ultimately, the prime consideration to the derogation of the College. We want a system like the one at Yale, where the college is the chief school around which the rest of the university revolves."

The task may take a while to accomplish. The former Wall Street lawyer, however, is addressing himself to it with his customary energy and resolution. On the fourth floor of Ferris Booth Hall, the wheels grind slowly but exceedingly fine.

Young Turks of Manhattan...

A handful of young graduates who began their political careers as strong team swimmers for McCarthy in the good old "Dump Johnson" days have now emerged as the youngest Democratic district leaders in New York history.

Columbia proved the ideal diving board for these political aquatics, who swim only toward the left. The sea of reform Democratic clubs on Manhattan's upper west side made it easy for them to plunge into political waters while they were still undergraduates. Attaining positions of leadership was not so easy.

The present group of Columbia degree-holding district leaders consists of Simon Barsky '68, Jerrold Nadler '69, and slightly older Frank Barraff '65 who was elected to his leadership at the age of 22 and is also Press Secretary to Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. Joel Berger '65, an attorney for Legal Aid, is a recently retired district leader, and Richard Morris '67 is the generally acknowledged mastermind of the young reformer maneuvers and campaigns on the west side.

Waving the new reform banner on the east side is Mark Siegel '65, vice-chairman of Manhattan's New Democratic Coalition (an association of reform clubs and citizens' groups) and the aspirant for the Democratic and Liberal party nominations for state senator. If he wins the seat, he will represent the east side area which runs from 4th to 93rd Street.

Morningside and the adjacent west side areas have been cluttered with reform clubs since the Eleanor Roosevelt-Herbert Lehman-inspired revolt against Tammany Hall in the mid-fifties. Columbia's young Turks, however, believed that the old reform leadership had gone stale, and that many older Democratic leaders who were labeled "reformers" were too self-serving to pay attention to community needs.

Barsky, Nadler, and Morris all came to Columbia from Stuyvesant High School intending to become involved in local politics. Once arrived, they concluded that the existing reform clubs were doing little to better the lot of their constituents. They, together with other Columbia and Barnard students and community residents, initiated such grass roots projects as tenant associations to fight malevolent or negligent landlords (among them, Columbia), block associations to attack problems of housing, sanitation, and safety, and draft counselling services.

Their extensive community work plus their volunteer efforts in the Eugene McCarthy and Paul O'Dwyer campaigns won them local as well as some state and national recognition. In the spring of 1969, the youngest reformers decided to put their local strength to the test. Usually a Democratic club's endorsement for district leader is tantamount to election. By drawing old McCarthy supporters into his district organization, the Franklin Delano Roosevelt-Woodrow Wilson Club, Nadler captured the nomination.

The older reformers refused to accept the decision and put their own candidate in the June primary. Although Nadler's opponent was supported by the Congressman, state senator, assemblyman, and city councilman from the district, the young alumnus swept the primary and became district leader. Jerry attributes his victory to his grass roots efforts which brought new voters to the primary.

In a neighboring district, Morris and Barsky worked almost 24 hours a day to set up a new political club, Community Free Democrats. The club entered its own slate of candidates, including Barsky, in the primary against the candidates of the old reform organization, the West Side Democrats. Barsky and his allies triumphed, and the West Side Democratic Club died.

The newest reformers believe they are as radical as they can be without renouncing the system. They favor a liveable guaranteed minimum income, increased government spending for cities and education, vastly extended

addict rehabilitation centers, inexpensive legal abortion, and a complete overhauling of the courts. They are against the Vietnam war and harassment or prosecution of dissenters.

Dedicated to local group action, they nevertheless abhor violence, while understanding the frustrations which motivate the revolutionaries. They did not occupy buildings in spring '68 but sympathized with the rebels and were horrified by Columbia's decision to summon the police.

All insist that their personal ambitions are subordinate to their commitment to governmental reform, and maintain that the two are entirely compatible. District leaderships carry no salary and, according to ex-leader Joel Berger, "There isn't any graft around even if you want it." Barsky works as a junior high school teacher while attending law school in the evenings. Nadler is a legal assistant for the Corporation Trust Company, and Morris works for the non-partisan Citizens Budget Committee. Each says he is ready to run for public office or accept a reform administrative appointment as the opportunity arises.

One of them quipped that the rooms in which they meet to discuss political strategy are more likely to be filled with the scent of marijuana than with the aroma of cigars. Mostly, however, these new style politicians don't smoke anything. They jokingly called themselves the "chocolate milk and cookie contingent" at a reception given by John Lindsay to solicit reform Democratic support in his last mayoralty campaign. They could afford to chuckle, having just won their primaries while the Mayor lost his. Most of the young reformers backed Eugene Nickerson in his aborted bid for the governorship, while the old reformers seemed to line up with the regulars in support of Arthur Goldberg.

The veterans from '65, Barraff and Berger, refer to the new district leaders as the "kids." A small generation gap exists in tone although both groups concur on most issues. The kids seek the advice of their elders, and the latter are frankly impressed by their junior partners in political crusade.

...and Trudeau of the Bronx

Reform also blooms in the Bronx, and for the first time has penetrated Borough Hall. Robert Abrams '60 became Borough President in November 1969 without the blessing of the regular Democratic party. His press secretary, Ethan Geto '65, has worked with reform officials and legislators since his undergraduate days, and was an unsuccessful reform candidate for a state assemblyman's nomination in the Bronx Democratic primary of 1968.

Abrams and Geto don't have any youngsters with whom to get chummy. Geto at 26 is an elder statesman. Abrams at 30 is practically ancient. But to the regular party in the Bronx they're both upstarts. Although the upstarts are likely to agree with Manhattan's young reformers on most points there is little personal contact between them.

Abrams never had an old reform house to clean. Instead, he used his political broom against the old line unreformed Bronx Democrats. Sponsored by the relatively weak Bronx-Pelham Reform Democratic Club, he was 27 when he won a primary battle against a machine politician for nomination to the State Assembly. In the Bronx the Democratic nomination ends the game. His successful 1969 primary bid brought him the Borough Presidency, much to the chagrin of the regulars.

Bob attributes his success to his reform platform and his strenuous campaigning efforts. He was at subway stations at 6:30 a.m. to bid voters good morning and back at 5 p.m. to say good night. In between he patrolled shopping centers with outstretched hand, and in the evening he addressed kaffee klatches and meetings of every conceivable description.

Now, safely in office, he worries about building up the Bronx reform movement, paying off his campaign debts ("I didn't get a cent from the party"), and getting City Hall to remember that the Bronx exists.



WHO OWNS NEW YORK? Frank Baraffi, press secretary to Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, pictured here with his district co-leader.

AND WHO OWNS THE BRONX? Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams and press secretary Ethan Geto, both Columbia alumni.



PARKWAY STUDIOS

His associates worry about his being single, and so, apparently, does every Jewish mother and grandmother in the borough. He is the Trudeau of the Bronx. As a 30-year-old Jewish bachelor and big politician he is at once a heretic and the most desirable male within a 15-mile radius of the Grand Concourse.

Ladies sidle up to him on the street to tell him of their eligible granddaughters and nieces. He is accustomed to receiving letters like the one signed by a real Mrs. Portnoy, which began: "My daughter doesn't know I'm writing this..." His political foes took an ad in the *Daily News* during his last campaign in which they claimed that a bachelor couldn't possibly understand the problems of families in the Bronx.

His aides' objections to Bob's bachelorhood are practical rather than moral. They simply don't like keeping up with Abrams' 18-hour political day. A wife might keep him at home.

Abrams isn't opposed to getting married. He just has trouble finding the right girl between political engagements. He does not date daughters of the Bronx, in order to avoid doorstep entanglements.

The genesis of Ethan Geto's career more nearly resembles that of his Manhattan counterparts. He was already a political animal when he entered Columbia. However, he took one look at the reform-minded undergraduates who were descending in multitudes upon the local west side clubs and boarded the subway back to the Bronx. He remained an active volunteer in reform Bronx politics throughout his college days, and after a few short research stints graduated to become Assistant to the then Commissioner of Buildings, Charles Moedler. He went on to various other positions, including Assistant to Congressman James Scheuer, before joining Abrams' staff.

Geto insists that all the Columbia political reformers in the Bronx and Manhattan have the same goal. "I'd like to be Mayor someday," he declares, "and even if they won't admit it that's what the rest of them want too."

Fund-Fair

As the 18th Annual College Fund drive draws to a close, it is becoming apparent that total contributions will fall below the million mark for the first time in recent years. In mid-June, with a week of solicitation remaining, the drive had collected slightly less than \$700,000 in gifts and pledges. Executive Director Alfred J. Barabas '36 predicts that intensive campaigning during the last few days will raise the figure to \$800,000. Others, less hopeful, indicate that \$700,000 is more realistic.

Thus, the proceeds of the Fund continue to plummet in a downward spiral which began six years ago. Gifts have dropped steadily, from \$1,275,000 during the Thirteenth Fund to \$1,022,000 last year. The percentage of contributing alumni has also declined, from a peak of 40 per cent in 1964 to a nadir of 20 during the last two campaigns. The only increase over last year has been in unrestricted donations, which already total \$450,000. This too, however, is considerably less than the half a million dollars received in 1968.

The present drive, moreover, has already been extended twice past its original deadline of April 30. Some alumni argue that any moneys collected during the grace period are actually being taken away from next year's Fund. "It's a classic case of robbing Peter to pay Paul," complained one. Barabas, in rebuttal, points out that previous drives had always run until June. "We'd hoped we could wrap this one up sooner," he said. "But it was no surprise for us to discover that we needed more time."

Among the schemes which fizzled was a plan to raise \$100,000 from selected alumni in matching gifts. The project stalled before even a third of the necessary sum had been pledged.

The Fund, of course, provides nearly a quarter of the scholarship money for the College, and it is feared that one result of the diminished flow will be a decrease in financial aid. Last year, Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde issued, for the first time, a report to College alumni describing how Fund contributions are used. In it, he acknowledged that the College was forced because of money shortages to

deny assistance to 35 applicants admitted in the spring of 1969. If the squeeze becomes worse, a few predict, it may also become necessary to tighten up on aid allocated to students already here.

The decline in contributions is attributable to several factors, no one of which can be singled out as the principal villain. The University Capital Gifts Campaign has doubtless siphoned off donations which would otherwise have gone to the College. Last year, in fact, Fund officials agreed to curtail drastically their own activities, in order not to compete with the University drive. There was, however, one significant exception to this agreement: the New York area, where, apart from a few wealthy alumni toward whom they were instructed to pursue a hands-off policy, they were free to campaign as before. But they were slow to take advantage of the latitude thus afforded them.

A persistent problem has been the multiplicity of appeals to which College alumni are subjected—from the Fund, from the Capital Gifts Campaign, from the Alumni Association, to list just a few. The situation is exacerbated by the physical remoteness of the Fund's 43rd Street offices from the campus, which complicates the task of record-keeping. As a result, it is not unusual for an alumnus who has just made a substantial contribution to, say, the Capital Gifts Campaign to be reproached the following week by a Fund volunteer for ingratitude to his alma mater. Alumni, understandably, are frequently annoyed. "You ought to synchronize your records," wrote one. "Why don't you cross-check?" snarled another.

A third problem is more recent. This is the reaction, chiefly among older alumni, to campus disturbances, and what some believe to be excessive leniency on the part of the University in dealing with the perpetrators. Fund officials have addressed themselves to this difficulty by appealing to the conservative sympathies of potential donors. One letter, dispatched to alumni who contributed in the recent past but have not given to the current drive, warns that those who withhold support are unwittingly playing into the hands of the extremists. Barabas indicated that this appeal would not be

mailed to alumni who have graduated since 1940.

There are hopeful portents for the future. Talk is in the air of adding students to the Fund's Board of Directors, although no concrete steps have been taken. Conceivably an upswing in the market will loosen alumni purses. But the vital issue is still how to make alumni aware of institutional needs. The College cannot meet rising costs with lagging contributions.

Cinch on the Moon

What do you call an anthology of avant garde poetry and prose culled from Columbia's oldest student literary magazine? *Boogaloo Down Broadway? Sons and Lovers? Irresistible Poison? Snot Noses?*

These were a few of the possibilities the editors toyed with before settling on *A Cinch: Amazing Works from the Columbia Review*. Published in December by Columbia University Press, the collection is drawn from the *Review* of the sixties. It was put together by former *Review* editors Leslie Gottesman '68, Hilton Obenzinger '69, and Alan Senauke '69. Most of the 23 writers represented were undergraduates in the College at the time they contributed to the magazine. Five have since published books of poetry, one has authored a novel, and virtually all of them have been published in other literary periodicals, such as *Paris Review*.

The *Columbia Review* is miles apart from the usual college literary magazines, so many miles that the *Cinch* editors claim it's on the moon, "in the outer spaces of humor." Their flashback introduction traces the magazine's breakaway from conventionality to the spring of 1963, when an issue assembled by Ron Padgett and Jonathan Cott (both Class of '64) so alarmed the administration that it was censored. But the administration eventually gave up fighting the inevitable, and the next year the *Review* emerged victorious, dirty words and creative freedom intact.

Not that freedom merely provides the serious young *Review* writers with

with an excuse for scatology. Taboos are frequently, even gleefully, violated in some of the selections. But the contributors seem to be mainly interested in using language in new ways. One may find individual pieces self-conscious, grotesque, or opaque—but hardly ever pedestrian. Among the more easily described works in the anthology are a poem consisting of the names of wrestling holds; a child's-mind perception of grade school; a poem in a made-up dialect; and a satiric account of a mixer at Sarah Lawrence, as seen by several participants. Political polemic is strikingly absent from the selections. Influences discernible in various pieces range from the French surrealists to *nouvelle vague* writer Robbe-Grillet.

But the most pervasive influence on the Columbia literati is not so obvious. It is no coincidence that the renaissance of the *Review* came during the years when poet Kenneth Koch began teaching in the College. Most of the writers represented in *A Cinch* took his "sparkplug writing course." Gottesman et al. call Koch an "indescribable white light" and ascribe to his inspiration the "madcap adventurousness," "sober professionalism," and "eclecticism" of the writing in *A Cinch*. Koch returns the compliment, giving the book his ultimate accolade: "Terrific!"

Working on *A Cinch* was a novel experience for Harry Segessman, the editor at Columbia University Press who helped get the collection out in a record six months. He found the *Review* writers such a change from the Press' usual scholarly authors that he kept notes on the progress of

the book. "Decisions on the contents, design, and jacket were all made by the editors," he said, pulling out a file stuffed with information forms collected from each person published in *A Cinch*. Answers to questions on the form suggest the sort of things he found noteworthy. Take the standard request, "Please describe your new book briefly, including important points to emphasize in promotion." Phil Lopate '64, who had of course not seen the book, described it as "an average-sized volume of 300 pages, comfortable in the hand, and with a cool texture not unlike salamander skin." Commented Ted Berrigan, one of the few non-Columbia graduates in the collection, "It's a hell of a book."

Do the critics agree? Not surprisingly, they don't entirely agree even among themselves. A reader for the *Library Journal* found the introduction "such a clever and wild piece of writing that it nearly overshadows the text proper" and singled out individual pieces as "entertaining, and occasionally admirable, if not always amazing."

The reviewer for the *Saturday Review* Syndicate, on the other hand, deplored the "flip title, the sophomoric humor of the jacket copy, and the clowning of the editors' introduction" and suggested that the reader "go to the contributors themselves, some of whom have talent as writers."

Other reviewers have found the collection "exciting" and "strange." Judge for yourself, and find out what makes Columbia a center of literary experimentation. *A Cinch* is \$7.95 hardbound, \$2.95 in paper.

Leslie Gottesman, Alan Senauke, and Hilton Obenzinger, editors of *A Cinch*.



NANCY WEINER



Youthful Grover Loening stands next to early biplane.

AVIATION'S FLYING START

By Peter Salzberg

Peter Salzberg '64 former associate editor of Columbia College Today, is presently Columbia's varsity golf coach and directs the College's athletic recruitment program.

It was the spring of 1909. Dean John H. Van Amringe was about to retire, South Field was being sodded with turf for baseball and football competition, and *Spectator* was running advertisements for fur coats and \$50 pocket watches.

A group of College men, many of them from New York's "better" families, decided that campus life wasn't exciting enough. "They were a fast crowd, interested in racing-cars and women," one of their contemporaries recalls.

"We thought that life at Columbia just wasn't what it used to be," explains Robert L. Fowler '09, "so we organized what we called a high life club." Another member of the group, a short, wiry, and intense senior named Grover Loening, suggested that the cavalierish tendencies be channeled into aeronautics.

The idea was enthusiastically received, and Fowler was elected president of the new Columbia Aero Club, which included 23 of the more affluent and daring students on campus. They chose five faculty members, including President Nicholas Murray Butler, and named them faculty affiliates. In the presumptuous, magnanimous way of students, they then awarded honorary membership to six men who had already begun to make aviation history: Leon Delagrang, a French balloonist who also experimented with gliders; Augustus Post, a daring pilot of the flimsy biplanes of 1909; A. Leo Stevens, another famed balloonist; Orville and Wilbur Wright, the two bicycle builders from Dayton, Ohio, who in 1903 at Kitty Hawk, N.C. made the world's first powered flight; and Count Ferdinand Zeppelin, the German who pioneered lighter-than-air dirigibles. Loening was elected first vice-president.

Initially, the organization undertook nothing more ambitious than a series of sumptuous banquets, at which distinguished scientists and aviators often spoke. Loening began to grow disillusioned with the social pretentiousness and apparent aimlessness of the enterprise. "I liked the excitement, the interest, the talk about flying," he later wrote in one of his many books, "but soon got fed up with the intrigue and petty politics." So he got together with some of the more serious-minded members of the group, and they laid secret plans for a project more challenging than a banquet.

"COLUMBIA MEN BUILDING AEROPLANE" headlined the *New York World* on April 12, 1909, after news had leaked out:

Rapidly taking form in the Gould boathouse on the Hudson (at 116th St.) is an aeroplane, which will have its first trial in about 15 days.

The airship is being constructed by members of the Columbia University Aero Club.

Great secrecy has been maintained, and the work has progressed behind closed doors, with only a few of the boys being entrusted with the knowledge of what was underway.

"At that early date I quickly learned two things about aviation," Loening would write in *Our Wings Grow Faster* (1934): "how easy it was to get publicity, and how hard to avoid it."

It was Loening's first opportunity to put to practical use the technical know-how he'd acquired through tireless study and talks with many of aviation's pioneers. "I have always liked to sort of sit in the back room and tell the boys what to do," he recalled recently at his home in Key Biscayne, Fla., where he has lived for the past 30 years. "Many of the fliers in those days were rich playboys, and with our Aero Club I let the others take all the publicity while getting them to work on my plans. The club was an amusing stunt for them, and they were willing to do almost anything for excitement. But for me, it was serious business."

Work progressed rapidly on the biplane, a glider, during the evenings that spring. Only eight Columbia men actually built the aircraft, but it took the efforts of most of the 23 members to finance the operation. "We had several who came from rather wealthy families, including Jay Gould," Loening remembers, "and they got most of the money to buy materials from their parents." The eight who worked on the plane were, in addition to Loening, Harold Henderson '10, Edward Hinman '10, Francis Ives '09, George Warren '10, Ernest Werndl, Ben Willis '09 and club president Fowler.

The wings were built with bamboo spars and wood strips, covered with silk, and braced with piano wire. The fuselage was mounted on a racing shell (borrowed from the crew) which had been covered over with canvas, except for a small opening where the pilot could sit. It was probably the

first attempt anywhere to construct a flying boat.

The young engineers were confident that the project would succeed. "We expected to take off and land on the Hudson regularly once we all mastered flying technique," Loening says. Long-range plans even included the purchase of a motor after motorless flights had become routine.

In late April came the initial attempt to get the new glider airborne. Loening's plan was to have it towed by a motorboat until it was sailing fast enough to ascend. With Loening seated in the racing shell, clutching the crude controls, the motorboat started off. Aero Club students looked on anxiously from the dock as the tow line pulled taut and the biplane began to move over the water. "It was pretty discouraging," Loening concedes. "The faster it was towed, the more the shell dug in and clung to the water. The spray, of course, went right over my head. Not a sign of lifting at all."

Eventually, dwindling funds, the imminence of final exams, and interference with the rowing crew forced the young enthusiasts to abandon the experiment. The club survived, however, through the 'teens and into the early twenties, as long as the glamor and the novelty of flying endured. In the first intercollegiate aeroplane races, held May 3, 1919 in Atlantic City, Columbia's A. L. Smith took first place in the land plane division. In the seaplane division, the crew of M. S. Martin '21L and Lt. R. M. Craigmyle '20, who would later serve as a University trustee from 1957 until 1963, won second place honors.

Grover Loening went on to become one of the great pioneers of the aviation industry, a creative force whose advice has been sought continuously by private corporations and government for almost 60 years.

* * *

Loening was born in 1888 in Bremen, Germany, where his father was U.S. consul-general. When he was still very young, his family returned with him to America, settling in Manhattan. At Columbia he was on the swimming team, active in the rowing club ("That came in handy when I wanted to use the boathouse for building the plane"), and a member of the Alliance Française ("It was great for dirty French plays with the Barnard girls.")

Loening's mother introduced him to aviation by taking him to "aeroplane demonstrations" at Morris Park, then a racetrack in the Bronx. In the fall of 1909, while he was starting

work toward an M.A. at the School of Mines (now the School of Engineering), she got him a pass to the Hudson-Fulton air demonstration on Governor's Island, through banker Augustus Belmont. (*Takeoff Into Greatness* is dedicated to his mother—"whose early interest in flying put me on the right beam.") The Hudson-Fulton exhibition saw the first public flying appearance of Wilbur Wright, whom Loening met that day. The two men corresponded until Wright's death in 1912.

Loening's M.A. program, with a major in aerodynamics, was worked out by special arrangement with President Butler and Prof. Richard C. McLaurin, head of the Department of Mechanics, since Columbia offered no courses in aerodynamics at that early date. (McLaurin became president of M.I.T. two years later, and promptly set up the nation's first technological course in aeronautical engineering.) In June, 1910, Loening's thesis was accepted, and he became the first man in America to receive the degree of Master of Arts in Aeronautics.

The thesis, entitled *Monoplanes and Biplanes*, was a 6,000 word effort in three sections. The first dealt with the lift forces created by the movement of horizontal surfaces through the atmosphere—the physics of flying; the second described existing aircraft; and the third suggested improvements in engineering and piloting techniques. "With the present motors and types of airplane structure available," Loening concluded, "a racing machine capable of making 85 to 90 miles an hour could be designed with ease."

Scientific American magazine ran the thesis in installments, after purchasing the publishing rights from Loening for \$50. Later that year a London publishing house printed the work in book form, and sold 2,000 copies. It was quite an accomplishment for a young man who had not yet flown in a plane.

His first flight finally came in the fall of 1911, at an air meet on Nassau Boulevard in Queens. Since the aircraft was only a single-seater, Loening had to sit on the edge of a biplane wing, clinging to a wing strut. It was a harrowing trip, lasting only a few minutes, and Loening remembers it as the most exciting he's ever taken.

The meet also brought him his first job, for there he met Willis McCormick, who offered him a position as engineer with the Queens Aeroplane Company, at 197th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. In June, 1912, Loening made some test runs for

Queens in an "aeroboot" on the bay waters at Bayonne, N. J. "In those early hops," he wrote, "I was trying to kill two birds with one stone: taking due care not to kill myself while teaching myself how to fly—and experimentally testing a new airplane."

A year later, he took a job with the Wright Brothers in Dayton, Ohio, as an engineering assistant. He had to hock his pocket watch to raise railroad fare for the trip to the company offices. One of his assignments was to represent the Wrights when the Navy was moving its flight operations from Annapolis to Pensacola, Fla. in February, 1914. It was his first contribution to military aviation, and by no means his last.

The Army was having serious problems with maintenance and pilot training at its base in San Diego, Cal. By offering him \$3600 a year, double the salary he was receiving from the Wright Brothers, the Army engaged Loening as its first aeronautical engineer, a civilian post. When he arrived in San Diego in July, 1914, eight of the fourteen officer pilots licensed in 1914 had already died in aviation accidents.

Loening and Lt. Thomas DeWitt Milling, a friend whom he'd met at flying meets, established a "construction and repair" department to deal with engineering problems of Army aircraft. One of their first moves, after they had gathered all the facts on the aviation mishaps, was to rule all the Curtiss and Wright planes unsafe to fly. ("Lord knows they were, although it might have been disloyal of me to say so.") Loening and Milling visited the small Los Angeles plant of Glenn L. Martin, who would become the world's most successful manufacturer of military aircraft, and worked out with him the details of a new Model T. It featured dual controls, and was, according to Loening, the Army's first "really safe and satisfactory" training plane. A few weeks later, the new aircraft was delivered to San Diego. In the six-month period which followed, the pilot school turned out 29 officer-pilots with only one fatality: a drowning after a forced landing during a violent storm at sea.

Out of his lectures at the Army

(Top) A CAREER TAKES OFF: Letter confirming young Loening's appointment to the Wright Company.

(Center) THE GRAND DESIGN: Blueprint for the Wright brothers' aircraft which made the world's first powered flight.

(Bottom) Grover Loening sits at the controls of a Wright airplane.

OSVILLE WRIGHT,
PRESIDENT
ANDREW FREEDMAN,
VICE-PRESIDENT
ALFRED P. BARKER,
SECRETARY & TREASURER

THE WRIGHT COMPANY

11 PINE STREET

NEW YORK, July 10, 1913.

Mr. Grover Cleveland Loening,
297 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Confirming our conversation of this date, our Company proposes to employ you at a salary of \$1800. per year, payable monthly.

Your duties shall be such as shall be assigned by the President.

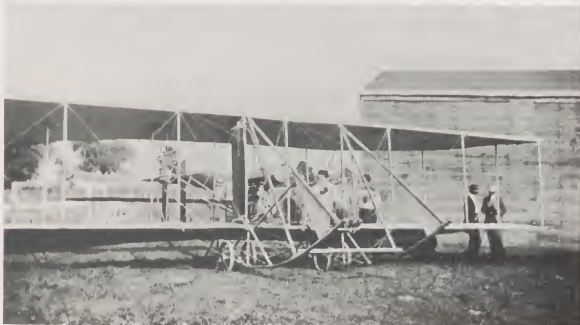
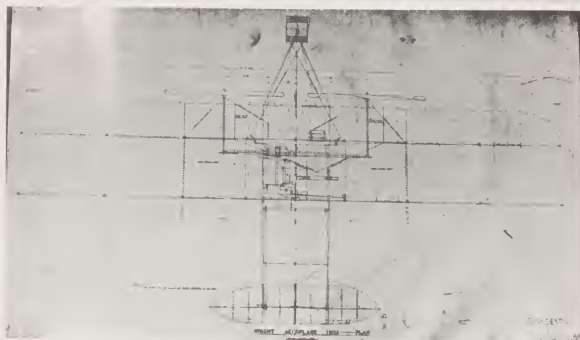
You will please report at Dayton, July 14th.

Yours very truly,

THE WRIGHT COMPANY,

Oswille Wright
President.

OW/B.



base came his second published work, *Military Airplanes*, printed in 1915. Within three years 43,000 copies were sold to such customers as the British RAF and the Canadian RAF, as well as the U.S. armed services. The volume cost about a dollar a copy to produce, and sold for \$4.75, so Loening's profit was well over \$100,000. He was not yet 30.

Shortly after the book was published, Loening resigned his position with the army to become vice-president and general manager of the Sturtevant Airplane Company, which he helped to organize. When war broke out, he left Sturtevant and offered his services to the Navy. For a time he served as consulting engineer to the Aircraft Board. Then, with the capital from his book royalties, he formed a company of his own, in order to design and produce a highly specialized light plane which the Navy badly needed.

The Loening Aeronautical Engineering Corporation moved into offices on the fifth floor of a factory building on West 52nd Street in New York City, and set promptly to work on the new aircraft. The Armistice intervened before the plane could be completed, and plans were dropped. But within a few years, Loening came up with three other aeronautical innovations: rigid strut bracing for monoplanes, retractable landing gear, and the Loening amphibian plane, the first craft capable of setting down on land or water.

In 1921, he was awarded the Collier Trophy for "the most meritorious development successfully proved during the year," following the successful production of the Loening Flying Yacht. The new flying boats were quickly sold to such prominent figures as Harold Vanderbilt and Vincent Astor. Shortly afterward, the company began receiving Navy contracts for new-style amphibian planes, which the Navy used throughout the late 1920s and into the 1930s. In December, 1926, the U.S. Army dispatched a squadron of five amphibians on the Pan-American Good Will Flight, a 22,000-mile series of hops which started in San Antonio, Texas, touched down in each country along the coastlines of Central and South America, and finally returned to Washington, D.C. five months later.

Publicity from the Pan-American flight and the subsequent Lindbergh transatlantic flight created a boom in the airplane industry in 1928. (Charles Lindbergh, Loening recalls, "was a singularly human and sensible guy, an

occasional guest at my flat in New York City. He was annoyed, and rightly so, by all the publicity incidents woven around him and by the adulation of people he didn't know and had no interest in. The most surprising thing I found about him was his technical ability. He was a born engineer.") It was a time of mergers and big Wall Street investments in the industry, and Loening sold his firm to the Wright Company for several millions, just a year before the crash of 1929.

He then embarked upon the second stage of his career in aeronautics, as a consulting engineer, a capacity in which he serves even today. He has been a progressive voice in an industry which occasionally lapses into what he calls "unimaginative conservatism." On March 10, 1965, he appeared before a Senate aviation subcommittee to urge the development of a plane which can travel in any direction— forwards, backwards, or sideways. Such a plane, he pointed out, would help to solve holding pattern problems which plague major airports. He has long advocated the construction of city heliports for purposes ranging from intercity mail transportation to treatment of hospital emergency cases. Three years after he told the subcommittee that hospitals should be equipped with rooftop heliports, a helicopter rushed a diver— suffering from the bends— from the Jersey shore and landed in Central Park. As a result, the victim was transferred to a decompression chamber just in time to save his life. The effort was hailed as a breakthrough in hospital technique.

Loening's principal criticism of the air industry has been the same, he says, since Aero Club days. "There's a ten-year lapse between initial presentation of an idea and the time work starts. There's a five-year negative period, with everyone saying 'it can't be done,' followed by another five years of a 'maybe it will work' period, then finally everyone says 'let's get busy.' In 1912 I wanted metal props for my planes, but they weren't commercially available until 1922.

"What we need now is a fast plane that can take off and land vertically (the so-called VTOL— Vertical Takeoff and Landing). The engineers today are too conservative, and I can't explain their poor thinking. Maybe the industry depends too much on the military, and the military won't buy new ideas.

"It's an ignominious experience to be traveling in a helicopter, and because of 25 or 30-mile-an-hour head-

winds, you can look down below and some automobiles are going faster. The Army has finally learned in Viet Nam that that's the Achilles heel of the helicopter, it's too damn slow.

"I need a vehicle that has a minimum speed of 250 miles an hour, seating five, that can take off and land vertically. I still can't get a plane that I can really use," he complains, frustrated by the aviation industry's reluctance to keep pace with his progressive ideas on the VTOL.

Loening has served on the board of directors of Pan American Airways and of New York Airways, the company which uses helicopters to shuttle passengers between the metropolitan area's three major airports. "A quarter of a million people in two years of operation, without a single accident," Loening proudly relates. He also served as one of the two civilian members of the advisory board of the National Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, to which he was appointed by President Truman and reappointed by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. The Museum will be built in Washington, D.C., across the Mall from the National Art Gallery.

"In 1935," he recounts, "the Library of Congress induced me to send them my papers, on the theory that I was all through. (Loening was 47 at the time.) I've retired three or four times, but after a few boring months I have to get started again. I haven't retired recently because I've realized that the word 'retiring' means getting away from something that is a burden. Working with aeronautics has never been that for me."

He has been keeping his publishers busy as well as himself. Always a prolific writer, he has increased his output in recent years. Last spring, when he was past 80, he published *Takeoff Into Greatness*, his fourth major book on aviation. And in April of 1970, at the age of 81, he turned out his first novel: *The Conquering Wing* (Chilton Book Co., Philadelphia), which recreates the excitement of the flying exhibitions of 1911 and 1912. "It's one of the new 'faction' novels," Loening explains, "because it's built around real people." A week after it appeared, the author was already looking ahead to the publication of his second novel late in 1971.

That is typical of Loening, who is always looking ahead. His mind is on the future even as he reminisces about the old Aero Club days. "The past bores the hell out of me," he says. "We haven't even gotten started yet in the real development of the air."



PIONEERS: Grover Loening (l.) with Orville Wright.

Dr. Loening today at his Key Biscayne home, surrounded by photographs of other aviation greats whom he has known.





ANOTHER COLUMBIA

In 1917 Few Reasoned Why

Few of the antiwar demonstrators who paraded last fall along the red-brick paths and concrete sidewalks of Morningside Heights realized it, but the Moratorium to End the War in Vietnam had a special meaning for Columbia. It signified almost a complete reversal of the policies of the University dominated by President Nicholas Murray Butler during the First World War. For when the United States marched off to war in 1917, the moratorium declared at Columbia and throughout the rest of the nation was not on the war, but on opposition.

University authorities began to gird for combat and move against dissent within days after Woodrow Wilson broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. Early in February, 1917, Butler convoked a special assembly of the University and pledged Columbia's loyalty to the President. Within a week, a faculty committee began preparing plans for a survey of the strategic skills of some 50,000 Columbia officers, alumni, and students. A mass meeting of Columbia students, after ejecting several pacifists, vowed to support the government if war came, and voted in the meantime to form a military training unit on the campus. Soon, students and alumni





ANOTHER WAR

By John Chambers

were practicing close-order drill in the gymnasium and on South Field in the area where Butler Library stands today.

As the war fever grew in March, the faculty and trustees joined in the militant enthusiasm which swept the country. Some five hundred Columbia professors signed a wire to President Wilson demanding "energetic resistance to Germany's lawless attacks [on American shipping]," and urging recognition of a state of war. The trustees formally committed the University to the national defense and complimented Butler for taking steps to mobilize the institution. Then, in an apparent attempt to root out radical or pacifist professors, the trustees voted to launch an investigation of the faculty to determine, in their words, "whether doctrines which are subversive of, or tend to the violation or disregard of, the Constitution or the laws of the United States . . . or which tend to encourage a spirit of disloyalty to the Government of the United States, or the principles upon which it is founded, are taught [at Columbia]." Thus, the trustees placed themselves in the vanguard of what eventually became a nation-wide witch-hunt against all those who did not extend whole-hearted support to the war.





SHAPING UP: S.A.T.C. cadet hangs laundry outside University Gym while comrade sweeps the grounds.



FOR THE HOME FRONT: Army cinematographers learn to produce stirring war movies in the basement of Havemeyer.

TWO DAYS IN MAY: On May 10, 1917, these Columbia men packed Low Plaza as President Butler conferred degrees on French marshals. On May 4, 1970, students congregated in the same area to hear President Cordier denounce the Vietnam war.



When hostilities broke out in April, 1917, Columbia stepped up its mobilization. Students drilled outside, studied to become officers as Butler suggested—and indeed encouraged by eliminating tuition fees for military science courses—and joined the alumni to form a Columbia battalion, which the Governor of New York eventually accepted into the State National Guard. Other students, clad in blue uniforms, crawled through hatches and peered at guns and instruments aboard the U.S.S. *Granite State*, docked in the Hudson River at the foot of 97th Street. “The thrill of service is in the air these days,” a student editor exulted. Within two months after the declaration of war, nearly one-third of the 1,500 Columbia College students had signed up for some form of national service. Towards the end of the spring semester, the first contingent of 300 Columbia men left for the reserve officers’ training camp at Plattsburgh, New York, after a three-day send-off which included a speech by the mayor of New York City and a salute to the West Point band.

University authorities bestowed an institutional blessing upon the allied cause. At a special outdoor convocation in May, President Butler formally received the French and British delegations which had come to this country to seek military and economic assistance. As Butler conferred honorary degrees upon Marshal Joffre, Lord Balfour, and other high-ranking officers, he announced that Columbia “associated itself as completely as possible with the consecrated courage and devotion of the two great nations . . . [which] have borne the brunt of the attack . . . upon the ordered and advancing civilization of the modern world.”

Not all of President Butler’s fellow-citizens were so devoted to Britain and France, or convinced of the wisdom of U.S. policy. Many Americans from Ireland, Germany, and Austria, as well as pacifists, socialists, and others were opposed to intervention. Before the declaration of war, they had been vocal in their opposition. Afterwards, however, many former critics supported the government or else kept quiet. Those who did neither were usually silenced by intimidation or coercion. The Committee on Public Information, the Justice Department, and the semi-official American Protective League moved forcefully to suppress dissent and whip up unanimous support for the war.

While these groups rooted out skeptics across the country, the Columbia administration acted with equal vigor against the disaffected on campus.

Amidst the flags and band music of Commencement Day, Butler decreed an end at Columbia to the debates of the prewar period. No further criticism of the war or the government would be permitted. “What had been tolerated before becomes intolerable now,” he said. “What had been wrongheadedness is now sedition. What had been folly is now treason . . .” To ensure that the faculty and students understood, Butler admonished them that “this is the University’s last and only warning to any among us, if such there be, who are not with whole heart and mind and strength committed to fight to make the world safe for democracy.” Nicholas Murray Butler, an active member of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, had culminated his metamorphosis from peacetime pacifist to wartime suprapatriot by ordering a moratorium on dissent.

The Columbia community had not been united on the war or on Butler’s mobilization of the campus. Many on Morningside Heights had fought intervention and, after war was declared, opposed the mobilization measures which followed. Even the rupture in diplomatic relations did not prevent two-thirds of the Barnard Undergraduate Association from voting for a resolution condemning the war, and the main campus had several outspoken pacifist students and an active chapter of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League. Such professors as John W. Burgess, then emeritus, and Carleton J. H. Hayes spoke out publicly against intervention. Henry R. Mussey, an assistant professor of economics at Barnard, privately expressed his concern over Butler’s February pledge of loyalty which, he felt, committed the University in advance to whatever the government might decide, and renounced Columbia’s traditional function “of serving as a center for sober and thoughtful discussion.”

Far from serving as a center for thoughtful discussion, the University took active measures to restrict it. The first victim of the new order was Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the famous Russian writer and pacifist. Shortly after the February loyalty convocation, Professor J. D. Prince barred Tolstoy from speaking on campus to the International Law Club. Prince explained that Tolstoy, who had been lecturing in the United States on his

father’s gospel of love and nonresistance, might belittle patriotism. Despite protests from many professors and students, Butler sustained the decision, and Columbia was saved from Count Tolstoy and his pacifist doctrine.

The next casualty was the campus humor magazine. Appalled by Butler’s “jingoistic” February convocation speech and the exclusion of Count Tolstoy, *Jester* editor Morris Ryskind attacked Butler as a “czar” and denounced his “autocratic measures.” In the furor that followed, the magazine’s managing board removed Ryskind for “ungentlemanly and treacherous” conduct, and the University expelled the young senior from the School of Journalism. The next editor apologized for his predecessor’s behavior, and, for the duration, the magazine shunned political criticism and indeed neglected the war altogether except for some crude jokes and cartoons. One limerick entitled “Another Piece Movement” and accompanied by a drawing showing the Kaiser being scattered out of a canon, read:

There was a young man
from Berlin
Who was tall and extraordinarily thin,
Till one day just for fun
He crawled into a gun
And the way he did spread
was a sin!

To a great many students at Columbia and elsewhere in 1917—young collegians in suits, vests, high collars, high button shoes, and broad-brimmed peaked hats—war still seemed a humorous game.

The few Columbia men who actively opposed intervention and mobilization were dealt with swiftly and severely by University authorities. In May, 1917, while Congress debated the first conscription law since the Civil War, three Columbia students joined delegates from other colleges at the New York headquarters of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League to organize opposition to the draft. One of the League’s projects was to prepare pamphlets attacking conscription. When Owen Cattell, a College senior and the son of a Columbia psychology professor, tried to have the pamphlets printed, Justice Department agents arrested him and two companions: Charles F. Phillips, of Columbia’s extension school, and Eleanor W. Parker, a Barnard senior.

All were accused of advocating resistance to the new draft law, which had been enacted just a few days before.

When Butler learned of the indictments and read the pamphlet, which denounced conscription as "abhorrent to any true conception of democracy. It violates the fundamental rights of man—liberty and conscience," he refused to allow the three back on campus. At the June Commencement, he withheld diplomas from the two seniors. "No person convicted of a conspiracy against the United States government," he told reporters, "will ever receive a diploma from Columbia University." The campus newspaper, *Spectator*, applauded Butler's decision and denounced the draft resisters as "morally guilty of treason."

Of course, no conviction had yet been handed down at the time that the President spoke. In the case of at least one of the three defendants, moreover, his words were premature. The indictment against Miss Parker was later dismissed on the ground that all her activities had taken place before the draft law was passed. She received her diploma in July.

Yet another Columbia student, Leon Samson, told an off-campus rally sponsored by anarchist Emma Goldman's No-Conscription League that "as much as we hate the German Kaiser we hate still more the American Kaiser [Woodrow Wilson]." Butler summoned the junior to his office, where Samson pleaded his right to free speech. The angry administrator expelled him anyway, reporting afterward to the trustees that "the dishonestly assumed mask of the constitutional right of free speech will never be permitted by any people or by any institution that retains its sanity, to protect those who wage subtle war upon private morality, or public order, or public safety." The New York courts agreed, and dismissed Samson's suit for readmission.

At the beginning of the fall semester in 1917, the University shifted its attention from student to faculty dissenters. Dr. Leon Fraser, an instructor in politics at the College, was one of the first to go. During the preparedness campaign in 1916, he had criticized the military training camp program for civilians at Plattsburgh, and he had worked for the pacifistic Association for International Conciliation. Ironically, he had obtained his position with the Association through President Butler himself. But in the

wartime hysteria of 1917, the trustees refused to renew his contract. He then served as a major in France, became president years later of the First National Bank of New York, and—as a crowning irony—was appointed to the Columbia Board of Trustees.

Crusading governing boards fired professors suspected of pacifism or pro-German sympathies at colleges and universities throughout the country: Wisconsin, Michigan, Wellesley, Virginia, Oregon, Nebraska, Rice, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania. But the most famous expulsions occurred at Columbia. In early October, 1917, the trustees made front-page news when they ousted J. McKen Cattell and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. Cattell, a full professor, was one of the leading experimental psychologists of the period, and the father of Owen Cattell, the senior who had lost his diploma the previous spring. Dana, an assistant professor of comparative literature, was the grandson of the famous poet. In their formal statement, the trustees declared that the two professors "had done grave injury to the University by their public agitation against the conduct of the war."

Both professors had actively opposed the draft during the spring and summer of 1917. Dana, a leader of the pacifist People's Council of America for Peace and Democracy, had spoken at meetings of the Collegiate Anti-Militarist League and had posted bail for the Columbia student draft resisters. Cattell, the descendant of an old Quaker family and an ardent opponent of the war, had written on Columbia departmental stationery to several congressmen urging them to "support a measure against sending conscripts to fight in Europe against their will," and warning that "the intent of the Constitution and our consistent national policy should not be reversed without the consent of the people." The congressmen had complained to Butler that it appeared Cattell was "sowing the seeds of sedition and treason with the sanction of the institution."

At Columbia, as elsewhere, the war frequently offered an excuse to attack old enemies. Butler and the trustees had been trying for years to get rid of Cattell, a leader in the movement for faculty self-government whose irascible manner perturbed even his own colleagues. "We have got the rascal this time!" exulted the clerk of the trustees in a letter to Butler. Few faculty members supported

the pair; many, indeed, had actively sought their dismissal. Students seemed for the most part to agree with the editor of *Spectator*, who called the trustees' action "in the highest degree justifiable," and asserted that "the good name of Columbia has already suffered enough from the action of these two men."

The campus consensus began to crack, however, when Prof. Charles A. Beard announced his resignation a week later. Beard was a renowned historian, political scientist, and progressive, and a tenured professor in the Department of Public Law, and his resignation shocked the university community. Although he actively supported the war and disagreed with Cattell and Dana, Beard was angered by the dismissals, which he considered to be the latest in a series of arbitrary actions by the administration. "The University is really under the control of a small and active group of trustees," Beard declared, "who have no standing in the world of education, who are reactionary and visionless in politics, narrow and medieval in religion . . ." Speaking from personal experience, Beard charged that Columbia professors "have been subjected to humiliating doctrinal inquisitions by the trustees, they have been expelled without notice or hearing, and their appointment and promotion depend upon securing, in advance, the favor of certain trustees . . ."

Only a few faculty members supported Beard publicly, but many worked to reorganize the administration and reduce trustee control over the faculty. Henry Mussey later resigned in support of Beard, and Ellery C. Stowell, an associate professor of international relations, left the University claiming that free speech was suppressed at Columbia.

Charles Beard had been voted the most popular teacher on campus for several years and the students deeply regretted his departure. Most, however, bore it with passivity. The loyal students, as the newspapers called them, far outnumbered the handful of dissidents. When some of the so-called radicals tried to channel pro-Beard sentiment into demands for free speech for Professors Dana and Cattell and student Leon Samson, their demonstrations were disrupted by chanting and egg-throwing students and servicemen. A threatened strike failed to occur, and two protest meetings produced nothing more militant than a plea for Beard to reconsider his



resignation and a resolution urging "a desirable spirit of co-operation" among the trustees, faculty, and students. The vice president of the senior class, C. Perry Ivins, spoke in terms totally alien to the campuses of the 1960s when he said, "We do not undertake, being as we are the youngest and most inconsequential part of the University—we do not undertake to advise our guardians what they shall do." James D. Livingston, a retired trustee and a leader of the Columbia battalion, attended the meeting, and told a reporter afterward that he found absolutely nothing in the students' declarations of which he could disapprove.

The Columbia administration was obviously in full control of the campus in 1917, and during the academic year "the whole University," in Butler's words, "went upon a war footing." Led by Dean of the College Frederick Keppel, who went to Washington to become Third Assistant Secretary of War, some 400 professors and administrators left Columbia for some form of wartime service, while hundreds of students poured into the officer training camps. Moreover, many who remained on Morningside sought just as eagerly to serve. Some faculty members outlined ways in which citizens could help the government in the *Columbia War Series*, a collection of pamphlets which ultimately reached an estimated 20 million persons; others served on draft boards or civil defense councils. A few students had spent the summer digging trenches and firing rifles at Camp Columbia, the University's old surveying camp near Litchfield, Connecticut. More joined the Columbia Battalion when school began and drilled under the direction of a wounded and decorated Canadian officer, Captain R. Hodder-Williams, who had been hired to prepare the young men for the reserve officers' program. The martial spirit was so strong among the students that Columbia's fencing instructor decided to add lessons in the bayonet to those in the saber and foil, and he anticipated some active bayonet clashes with Harvard and Yale during the coming season.

Even the face of Columbia changed during the war. The President and the trustees opened the campus to the armed forces, and soon Marines and blue-jacketed sailors joined the students marching on the green under the glare of the recently installed electric floodlights on South Field. Under



(Top) ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR: Today it's One-two-three-four, free the Panthers, stop the war. (Left) Capt. R. Hodder-Williams writes out the words to the *Marseillaise*. (Below) Naval trainees march down 116th Street, now College Walk.



faculty supervision, Navy engineers and mechanics pulled apart new gasoline engines for sub-chasers and airplanes, while in the basement of Havenmeyer Hall, Army cinematographers practiced splicing film and learned how to produce combat movies to stir the patriotism of the folks back home and the young draftees in army cantonments. The trustees called for donations and erected, on University property on Gun Hill Road in the Bronx, a 500-bed Columbia War Hospital which the War Department filled with patients from the army camps around New York City. At the foot of 116th Street, the Columbia Boat House was converted into a festive canteen for servicemen, with Barnard girls serving as hostesses. *Deutsches Haus* at 419 W. 117th Street, the pre-war campus center for the study of German history and culture, fell victim to the war effort and became instead a draft board and a center for Americanizing adult aliens. The University renamed it Columbia House.

Reviewing the first wartime academic year in June, 1918, President Butler reported to the trustees that "the effects of the war have been felt on every hand, so much so that the normal development of the University's life and work has been for all intents and purposes suspended." But, he added, "We would not have had it otherwise. Columbia University . . . could have no end or purpose of its own to serve that would for a moment compare with its duty to assist the Government in the prosecution of the war to a victorious conclusion."

The government would soon call

upon Columbia for even greater assistance than before. That fall, the war department virtually requisitioned the entire institution, and, in October, Columbia actually became an army camp, complete with student-soldiers, barracks, post exchange and parade ground. The transformation stemmed from the General Staff's call for an additional two million soldiers, including 70,000 officers, by the summer of 1919, and from Congress' decision to reduce the minimum draft age from 21 to 18 in order to raise the necessary men. With congressional authorization, President Wilson ordered all male college students who were 18 years old, and not deferred for medical, dependency, or occupational reasons (there was no student deferment in those days) to be inducted into the army and to serve on active duty in the Students' Army Training Corps (SATC) at participating colleges. There they would remain until they were assigned to training camps for officers, NCOs, or specialists, or to cantonments as privates, depending upon their abilities. The government both directed and financed the program; it prescribed the curriculum and paid the colleges for tuition and other expenses, and gave the student soldiers a stipend of \$30 a month. The main purpose of the SATC, as the general staff officer in charge of the program explained, was "to utilize the executive and teaching personnel and the physical equipment of the colleges to assist in training our new armies." In the three months before the armistice ended its usefulness and Congress its appropriations, the SATC established units at 500 colleges, where it trained some 150,000 soldiers. It was the most massive federal intervention in higher education in American history up to that time, and as Charles Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, observed, the nation's colleges "became like the [wartime] railroads, essentially government institutions."

At Columbia, students had been expecting some form of compulsory military training since early in the year. When Captain Hodder-Williams announced in February that a program would be instituted in the fall, the editor of *Spectator* accepted the news with equanimity. "Since the trend toward compulsory training has been steady and inevitable," he wrote, "it remains only to consider how such training will fit in with the college work and especially with athletics." The answer was that it would fit in totally. As the Dean of the College con-

cluded after the war was over, "the resources of the College were placed at the disposal of the Government." Lectures, classrooms, dorms, newspaper and even the football team "were temporarily conducted in the interest of the SATC."

On "Observance Day," October 1, 1918, as the band from the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station piped out the National Anthem and martial music, 2,200 Columbia men—nearly one-third of the University students and two-thirds of the Columbia College student body—were inducted into the SATC and marched in formation off South Court into a drastically new life on Morningside Heights. For the next three months, they lived under military supervision and discipline in Livingston and Hartley Halls, which had been requisitioned by the army and converted into barracks, ate together in mess halls, stood guard duty at the entrances to the post at Broadway and Amsterdam Avenues, submitted to room and uniform inspections, and followed the same daily routine. They awoke to reveille at 6:45 a.m., drilled for two hours after breakfast, marched in formation to academic and military classes, studied under enforced silence in the evening, and enjoyed just one hour of free time a day before turning in at taps at 10 p.m. Private Robert M. Vogel, editor of *The Columbia SATC Spectator*, bragged that "Columbia SATC is the best of all the collegiate training camps in the country."

Others adapted less readily to military life. The historian of the Class of 1920 later noted in *The Columbian* how much the SATC students had welcomed the armistice and the end of the program: "No longer the prohibition against crossing Amsterdam and Broadway, no longer the standing on cold corners in the dead of night watching drab, uninteresting people flit past in the dark, no longer the arrival at every class exactly on time—the bitterest blow that the war had dealt [the Columbia student]. Once more he was a free lance able to come and go at will—a real Columbia man."

Although President Butler hoped the government would continue some kind of universal training for national service after the war and allow the colleges to participate, the draft and the SATC were totally dismantled by Congress. Student officer training reverted to the voluntary, much less demanding, and infinitely smaller Reserve Officers Training Corps program established in 1916. Although Colum-

Prof. J. McKeen Cattell



bia established an NROTC unit for the Navy in the mid-1920s, it was never more than a token force.

SATC did, however, leave a more important legacy to Columbia: the Contemporary Civilization course which has been required of the thousands of freshmen who have entered the College since World War I. "CC" grew directly out of the "War Issues Course," an early cross-disciplinary effort which attempted to explain the causes of the war and the conflicting philosophies and forms of government of the belligerents. As the war ended, several faculty members developed a similar course on "Peace Issues" to examine post-war problems—especially the threat of Bolshevism—in the perspective of Western history. Thus "CC" was born.

World War I had enveloped Columbia like a rising tide, and the University in its chauvinism had embraced it. In mounting waves of enthusiasm and dedication, the University authorities had increasingly committed the institution to the war effort until the campus had been converted into an army camp and most of its students into soldiers. Columbia itself literally went to war during 1917 and 1918.

Today, 52 years and three wars later, there are different students and different administrators at Columbia, and, probably most important, there is a different war. This combination has produced a sharp departure from the policies and practices of the past. The Butler-dominated monolith which barred dissent and banished dissenters and enlisted the University in the war effort has given way to a more decentralized, less authoritarian institution. Since the Americanization of the Vietnam war in 1965, the campus has

been the scene of mounting antiwar protest, to which the administration has responded, in most cases, with tolerance. During the past five years, Columbia students have held rallies, teach-ins, and demonstrations against the war, NROTC, and military recruiting on campus, and have seized University buildings partly because of objections to institutional involvement in Pentagon-sponsored research. The campus community overwhelmingly opposes the war. A poll by the Bureau of Applied Social Research in the spring of 1968 showed that approximately 70 per cent of the faculty and students favored American military withdrawal from Vietnam.

The University administration itself has been caught up in the antiwar movement. In 1967, President Grayson Kirk's University Council agreed to stop sending class rankings to draft boards, and, the following year, the Dean of the College announced that draft resisters who went to prison would be readmitted without loss of credit, in the same manner as draftees returning from the army. In the spring of 1969, the trustees voted to terminate the NROTC program within four years. Last fall, the new, student- and faculty-dominated University Senate called for an end to the war and "immediate withdrawal" from Vietnam; President Andrew Cordier signed an appeal to the President of the United States for "a stepped-up timetable for withdrawal;" and the administration permitted students, faculty and other University employees to hold the largest antiwar demonstration at Columbia since the massive peace rallies of the 1930s. More recently, the University Senate prohibited institutional participation in classified research projects.

And in May, the administration cancelled classes for several days, while faculty members and administrators took advantage of the impromptu recess to join their students in antiwar activities.

Both America and Columbia have changed greatly since the long-ago days of World War I. Yet, a comparison of 1917 and 1969 provides some valuable perspective for the present. It indicates, for example, how the governing machinery of the University has to some extent broadened, how the President's role has been altered in the new framework, how the University has responded gradually to new forces, and, perhaps most amazing of all, how relatively legitimate peaceful wartime opposition has become on the campus. The student antiwar activity of the 1960s is without precedent in America's wartime past, and it has helped produce some modification in policy, rather than the swift repression of World War I.

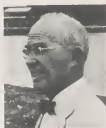
But to most of the demonstrators at Columbia and other campuses last fall, the past was unimportant, and there was only the present and the lingering war in Vietnam.

John Chambers is on leave from California State College at Hayward, where he is assistant professor of history. He is completing his dissertation at Columbia on the draft during World War I. Mr. Chambers received the B.S. degree from Temple University and the M.A. from San Francisco State College.



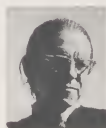
Alumni Authors

The Conquering Wing by Grover Loening '09 recreates the daredevil days of aviation's beginnings in a whirlwind story of two young, intrepid pilots who join in a risky venture to manufacture airplanes for a new age. (Chilton, \$5.00)



Hofe's Instant College Selector by George Douglas Hofe '14 attempts to provide an instant guide—based on median SAT scores of present college student bodies—to aid the high school student in gauging which colleges and universities are likely to consider him a strong candidate. (Carteret Press, \$5.00, cloth; \$3.00, paper)

Boil My Heart for Me by H. Baxter Liebler '11 means "recharge my battery" in modern Navajo idiom, and is the story of Rev. Liebler's quiet struggle to establish a church, mission house, school, and medical clinic on a remote Navajo reservation in Utah. (Exposition Press, \$6.00)



Plato: Dramatist of the Life of Reason by John Herman Randall Jr. '18 offers a personal analysis of the significance of the Platonic dialogues as dramatic portrayals of the life of the mind, stressing that Plato's ideology is not synonymous with that of Socrates and that one can understand Plato's philosophy only when aware that the ironies and ambiguities of his dialogue method are essential to discovery of the truth. (Columbia University Press, \$7.50)



The Day Jean-Pierre Joined the Circus by Paul Gallico '19 is the tale of how a talented pet guinea pig belonging to a little French girl becomes an entertainment star and brings fame, cheer, and an affectionate kangaroo home to his eleven-year-old mistress. (Franklin Watts, \$4.95)



Psychological Problems in the Father-Son Relationship: A Case of Eczema and Asthma by Harold A. Abramson '20 gives the psychotherapeutic case history of a 23-year-old toolmaker whose intractable allergies were directly related to his destructive emotional relationship with his father. (October House, \$7.50)



Al Smith: Hero of the Cities by Hannah and Matthew Josephson '20 is a biography of the fiery New York politician based partially on the papers of his friend and sometime colleague in reform, Frances Perkins, and stressing Smith's impressive accomplishments as Governor. (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95)



The Time of Our Lives: the Ethics of Common Sense by Mortimer J. Adler '23 is a philosophical treatise dealing with the concept of finding "a good life" for oneself and assessing favorably the quality of American society in the 20th century. (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95)



A 13-21 by Louis Zukofsky '23, the second volume of this unrelentingly modernist poet's "lifetime work in progress," is a rich record of the poet's vital concerns, expressed in a mosaic of the delicately lyrical and flatly documentary. (Paris Review Editions, \$5.95)



The Business Cycle in a Changing World by Arthur Burns '25 chronicles the nature and causes of prosperity and depression, and diagnoses and interprets economic problems in a series of essays resurrected to commemorate Dr. Burns' election as Honorary Chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research. (Distributed by Columbia University Press, \$6.50)



The Flight of the Wild Gander by Joseph Campbell '25 expounds the thesis that myths are a function of nature as well as culture, and are not to be judged as true or false, but as effective or ineffective catalysts of psychological and spiritual well-being. (Viking Press, \$7.50)

Myths, Dreams, and Religion edited by Joseph Campbell '25 is a collection of essays contributed by theologians, psychiatrists, and orientalists to enable the reader to explore the links between imagination and religion. (E. P. Dutton, \$2.35)



The Virginia Dynasties by Clifford Dowdley '25 recounts in leisurely and fond fashion the evolution of Virginia's homegrown pre-Revolution aristocracy which produced such gentlemanly sons of liberty as Washington, Jefferson, and Henry. (Little, Brown and Co., \$10.00)



Colonial Massachusetts by James Playsted Wood '27 outlines in colorful detail, sometimes in the words of the colonists themselves, the first 160 years of Massachusetts history, beginning with the Mayflower and ending with the formal establishment of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1780. Primarily for young adults. (Thomas Nelson, \$3.95)

Crisis in the Skies by Joseph Lawrence Marx '30 is a disquieting exposé of the hazards and inconveniences of modern air travel which analyzes tie-ups, safety records, and collisions, and discusses solutions which have already been adopted – and those which still need to be discovered – to prevent catastrophe in commercial aviation. (David McKay, \$6.95)

Men, Money, and Medicine by Eli Ginzberg '31 with Miriam Ostow examines the changing structure of health services in the United States during the last 25 years and indicates the changes which must be made in our values and institutions before the health industry can be restructured to cope with our still unsatisfied medical needs. (Columbia University Press, \$8.50)

The Dream Songs by John Berryman '32 gathers in one volume 385 of the poet's prize-winning song-poems which together constitute a master elegy on the contemporary human situation. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$10.00)

High on Foggy Bottom by Charles Frankel '37 recounts Professor Frankel's experiences as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs between July 1965 and December 1967, and describes the commonplace events and curiosities of everyday life inside the United States government. (Harper & Row, \$6.95)

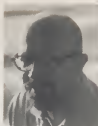
Opus 100 by Isaac Asimov '39 is a potpourri of selections chosen by Asimov from his first 99 books along with a medley of personal comments about the origins of these samples and the flukes and fortunes of his career to date. (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95)

From the Letters of Robert S. Gerdy '39 edited by Donald Harrison is a posthumous selection of letters written by Gerdy to his parents while he was serving as a public relations officer in the Army Air Corps during World War II. The letters forecast the literary conviviality Gerdy later displayed as an editor for *The New Yorker*, and give a personal view of wartime England, France, and Germany. (Dorrance, \$5.95)

The Man Who Was Afraid by Edward LeComte '39 is the frightening and frightened exploration of a fictional 47-year-old man into the origins and manifestations of his fears of women, life, and death. (Crown Publishers, \$5.95)

The Communist Party of Venezuela by Robert J. Alexander '40 charts the history of the Partido Comunista de Venezuela and illustrates how a government carrying out social reform can undercut a Communist movement and how disaster can overtake a Communist party which resorts to violence and fails. (Hoover Institution Press, \$6.00)

Self and Society in Ming Thought edited by William Theodore de Bary '41 contains 11 essays by leading scholars of Chinese civilization dealing with the cultural and intellectual life and moral and philosophical precepts which flourished during the Ming Dynasty, 1369-1644. (Columbia University Press, \$17.50)



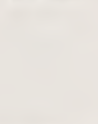
From Generation to Generation: The Story of Reproduction by John Gabriel Navarra '49, Joseph S. Weisberg, and Frank M. Mele answers the question "Where do babies come from?" scientifically and thoroughly, and puts human reproduction in the context of the continuity of all living organisms. The book ends with mention of responsible behavior choices for teenagers and gives brief descriptions of social diseases and contraceptive devices. For ages 9-13. (Natural History Press, \$3.95)



Masque of Honor by Edward Linn and Jack Pearl '50 unfolds the modern tale of a black man, Captain David Walsh, who has been undeservedly acclaimed as a Vietnam war hero, and must choose between accepting false glory or impaling his new fame on the painful horn of truth. (W. W. Norton, \$5.95)



Whistler Landscapes and Seascapes by Donald Holden '51 includes 32 full-page color plates of later works by America's first avant garde painter, along with Mr. Holden's extensive narrative re-evaluating the full development of Whistler's abstract vision. (Watson-Guptill, \$17.50)



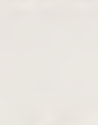
Film 68/69, edited by Hollis Alpert and Andrew Sarris '51, is a collection of reviews and essays by leading American movie critics about 1968's most noteworthy films and cinematographic idiosyncrasies and trends. (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95)



Management Guides to Mergers & Acquisitions edited by John L. Harvey and Albert Newgarden '52 brings together examples of the many kinds of information management needs to make decisions regarding business combinations and describes techniques for developing such data. Contributors include attorneys, accountants, investment bankers, and corporate executives. (Wiley-Interscience, \$14.95)



Environmental and Cultural Behavior edited by Andrew P. Vayda '52 is a source book of ecological studies in cultural anthropology, with special emphasis on making cultural practices intelligible by relating them to the environment in which they develop or occur. (Natural History Press, \$4.50)



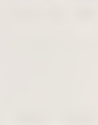
Issues of the Populist and Progressive Eras, 1892-1912, edited by Richard M. Abrams '53 contains 32 selections from the most important documents, speeches, contemporary descriptions, reports, etc. concerning events and issues of the populist and progressive eras. (Harper & Row, \$3.25)



Betrayal from Within: Joseph Avenol, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, 1933-1940 by James Barros '53 provides a profile of the conservative French diplomat who was Secretary-General of the League of Nations during the critical years which led to World War II and analyzes the role Avenol played in hastening disaster. (Yale University Press, \$10.00)



Sick Friends by Ivan Gold '53 is an easy-reading novel about a doomed love affair between a balding playboy-writer and an earthy American-Armenian girl. Both lovers recognize their need for each other but are unable to invest the faith needed for lasting commitment. (E. P. Dutton, \$6.95)



At the Edge by Michael Goldman '53 is a volume of artful brooding poems which vary in form from epigrams to long finely-wrought interweaves of verse and prose, and which vary in subject from the topical to the deeply personal. (Macmillan, \$4.95)



Fractions by Andrew Field '60 is a novel which perceives and dissects the irony, pretense, and half-knowledge permeating the lives of a young literary critic and his wife. (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95)

The Cult of the Ego by Eugene Goodheart '53 analyzes spirit emancipation in fictional artist-heroes drawn by nine writers from Rousseau to Joyce, and argues that the authors' failures to master the ego confusion they portray has helped unleash the seeds of modern nihilism. (University of Chicago Press, \$6.95)

My Year in the White House Doghouse by Ralph Schoenstein '53 reveals with biting humor the tale of the author's tribulations in attempting to write a book about BJ's best friends, a beagle and a collie. Part of his original manuscript as censored by Lady Bird's press secretary, Liz Carpenter, is included. (David White, \$4.95)



Education in the Twenty-First Century edited by Arnold Spinner and Herbert London '60 is a fascinating collection of papers first presented at a symposium sponsored by New York University. Discussed are such topics as home plug-in computerized education, genetic control and child development, sex education for children who will be physically mature in their pre-teens, and new creative approaches in all areas of instruction. (Intertate Printers & Publishers, paperback)

John Morley at the India Office, 1905-1910, by Stephen E. Koss '62 reassesses the ideology of the British Liberal theorist and author and later Indian Secretary who was accused of betraying his own principles in dashing Indian Nationalist hopes. Koss absolves Morley of charges of ideological treachery by concluding that he was a consistent disciple of Gladstonian liberalism—a liberalism which did not envision its export to non-European societies. (Yale University Press, \$8.50)

Poems and Texts assembled by Serge Gavronsky '54 is an anthology of contemporary French poems, translations, and interviews with philosopher-poets: Ponge, Follain, Guillevic, Frénaud, Bonnefoy, Du Bouchet, Roche, and Pleyne, whose work—influenced by the thinking of Marx, Lévi-Strauss and others—reflects some of the radical changes which are occurring in France's cultural and intellectual life today. (October House, \$7.50, cloth; \$2.95, paper)



Rejoice by Samuel Astrachan '55 parabolizes a suburban lawyer's quest for identity and a meaningful existence, which takes him from his Long Island home to France, and finally to a small Greek island where a miracle takes place. (Dial Press, \$4.95)



The Structured Vision of Norman Mailer by Barry H. Leeds '62 contends that Mailer's two major themes are social ills and the plight of the individual in contemporary society, and that in the course of 20 years the writer has grown increasingly effective in presenting these concerns to the reader. This first full length study of Norman Mailer's work also hazards answers as to why Mailer has not yet written the second great novel which has long been expected of him. (New York University Press, \$6.95)

War Is Heaven! by Keith Mano '63 piercingly examines the significance of human life and death in a tale of American jungle-patrol soldiers engaged in helping to crush a guerrilla insurrection in a fictional South American republic. (Doubleday, \$5.95)

The Old Northwest edited by Harry N. Scheiber '55 is a collection of essays treating the development of the old northwest territory (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin) in the frontier and post frontier stages, 1797-1910. (University of Nebraska Press, \$7.95, cloth; \$3.25, paper)



Great Balls of Fire by Ron Padgett '64 is a varied volume of poetry which includes quiet impressionistic verses, vivid city poems, and nonsense lyrics drawn with a strong comic sense. (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95, cloth; \$3.50, paper)

Twentieth Century Pittsburgh by Roy Lubove '56 examines and evaluates this city's post-World War II urban reforms, which were initiated and directed largely by Pittsburgh's business and professional elite, and reflect their limited concerns. (John Wiley & Sons, \$7.95, cloth; \$3.95, paper)



Rock 'n Roll Trivia by Edwin Goodgold '65 and Dan Carlinsky '65 challenges all pop song addicts, big beat boppers, mellowed juke box fanatics, and trivia aficionados by providing them with over 400 questions and answers about vintage rock saints and discs. (Popular Library, \$6.00)

Andreas Vesalius: Father of Modern Anatomy by Jerome Tarshis '57 is a biography of the famous sixteenth century physician who quietly revolutionized medicine by publishing the first anatomy texts based on observation—the result of years of publicly and privately dissecting animal and sometimes stolen human bodies. For young adults. (Dial Press, \$3.95)



The Tales of Hoffman edited by Mark Levine '66 George McNamee, and Daniel Greenberg documents the courtroom confrontations of the trial of the Chicago Eight, later Seven, in a 320-page condensed version of the official 22,000-page trial transcript. Dwight MacDonald introduces this collection of courtroom scenes and the volume includes illustrations of the defendants, attorneys, and judge. (Bantam, \$1.50)

Corky's Brother by Jay Neugeboren '59 is a collection of short stories dealing mainly with New York boys: Black, Puerto Rican, and Jewish, and full of urban tension, sidewalk pathos, and quiet humor. (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, \$5.95)



The High School Revolutionaries edited by Marc Libarale and Tom Selligson '68 is a collection of narratives by disaffected high school students across the country describing the intolerable conditions they are discovering in their schools and lives. Selections include "My Teacher is a Racist," by a Black girl honors-student; "Jewling Down South," by a North Carolina boy; and "Andover: Even the Best are Bad," by a disenchanting young Philadelphian. (Random House, \$6.95)

Obituaries

- 1896 Nathan I. Bijur
December 5, 1969
Herman F. Senter
July 20, 1966
- 1898 Lewis Einstein
Charles Machen
July 28, 1969
- 1899 Lawrence M. Simonson
January 14, 1970
- 1900 William M. Morgan
October 21, 1969
- 1901 George Adams
William Van Cise
November 16, 1969
- 1902 John K. Fitch
July 6, 1969
Chapman Kopes
Charles W. Kennedy
July 14, 1969
- 1903 Walter Frank
December 28, 1969
Albert B. Garcelon
September 6, 1969
William F. Hills
July 1969
Edward K. Judd
December 1969
Harry C. Wilmot
December 5, 1968
- 1904 Albert L. Kahn
- 1905 Mervin E. Lyle
May 1969
- 1906 Frederic E. Gilbert
October 3, 1969
Carl Haner
October 24, 1969
- 1909 Albert L. Baum
November 15, 1969
Andrew M. Child
Herman L. Heide
Edgar J. Kates
September 1968
- 1910 G. Hinman Barrett
August 27, 1969
John B. Brittain
January 10, 1970
Jonathan Force
April 18, 1969
Ernest V. Frerichs
November 29, 1969
Royce Paddock
November 5, 1969
Ralph L. Roeder
October 22, 1969
Leslie S. Webster
- 1911 Max Frank
September 27, 1969
Herbert S. Goldstein
January 2, 1970
- 1912 Benjamin Bernstein
May 20, 1969
- 1913 Harold W. Crandall
May 5, 1963
Andrew J. Gahagan
October 12, 1969
- Phillips Houghton
December 17, 1969
James O. Parsons
August 25, 1969
Elmer Roberts
January 17, 1970
- 1914 Guy A. Cheney
August 28, 1969
George M. Dawson
July 29, 1969
Cornelius W. Hearn
April 15, 1969
Charles M. Knapp
March 15, 1969
Michel M. Konarski
February 20, 1970
Garibaldi Laguardia
November 19, 1969
John W. Love
October 18, 1969
George B. Murphy
September 11, 1969
Dwight Tenney
January 26, 1970
Samuel H. Vallance
August 13, 1969
James L. Wilson
October 18, 1969
- 1915 Douglas L. Dunbar
July 26, 1969
Edward D. Ettinger
January 18, 1969
Philip W. Russ
Samuel C. Spalding
January 23, 1970
Joseph Talamo
January 20, 1970
J. Julian Tashof
December 31, 1968
- 1916 Kimball C. Atwood, Jr.
June 1969
Morris Berick
December 1969
William H. Corbett
May 23, 1966
Wendell G. Fogg
February 25, 1970
Sidney M. Kraus
Thomas H. Ormsbee
August 4, 1969
Henry B. Smith
December 1965
Frederick T. Van Aukun
- 1917 Clarence R. Halter
July 29, 1969
Sansfield J. Sheridan
December 25, 1969
Meyer M. Stone
February 27, 1970
- 1918 Paul S. Dreux
April 4, 1969
Samuel Gaines
October 18, 1969
Robert K. Lippmann
June 8, 1969
Roland L. Loiseaux
November 11, 1969
Payton W. Spence
January 5, 1969
- Francis R. Toombs
February 14, 1970
- 1919 M. Taylor Bard
September 3, 1969
Luther B. Beck
John F. Condon
October 7, 1969
Julius H. Golding
October 19, 1969
Roberto Gonzales
James D. Herbert
March 3, 1970
Joseph M. Rothschild
July 27, 1969
- 1920 Francis M. Brady
October 26, 1969
Francis J. Canapary
July 18, 1969
- 1921 Denzil Bagster-Collins
October 1, 1969
George R. Brighton
Charles B. C. Carey
January 24, 1970
Sidney Franklin
June 29, 1969
Roswell H. Nye
May 30, 1969
- 1922 Milton K. Breslauer
George J. Hirsch
November 22, 1969
Morrell S. Lockhart
March 2, 1970
Samuel C. Perlow
- 1923 George Adams
September 23, 1969
Lenwood H. Bowman
August 15, 1969
Francis J. Brennan
Samuel Kaplan
June 20, 1969
Frank P. Luongo
June 28, 1969
Nathaniel H. Mandelker
April 1966
Kenneth K. Mills
Ralph B. Magraw
September 10, 1969
Joseph R. Margulies
August 5, 1969
Burton B. Mazur
January 11, 1970
Powell M. Rhea
August 1969
Richard Ronder
January 19, 1970
Marcus A. Stone
William H. Wright
Theodore V. Zavatt
June 1969
- 1924 James L. Anderson
November 20, 1969
Frederick H. Fechtig
November 9, 1969
Arthur Franzen
October 18, 1969
William T. Gibb
May 10, 1969
- David H. Hausman
December 23, 1968
Bernard B. Hoffman
E. Leroy Johnson
Albert S. Mayo
October 5, 1969
Hyman B. Warshall
July 23, 1969
- 1925 James K. Bradley
June 25, 1969
Albert S. Hollander
December 12, 1969
Ervin G. Kenyon
Lisle Small
December 7, 1969
Herbert Spurway
January 1, 1970
Miles Tierney
April 1969
Herman Winter
October 29, 1969
- 1926 Bruce E. Grunden
May 6, 1969
Charles G. Lockwood
December 24, 1969
- 1927 Maurice Halpern
- 1928 Paul Haun
October 15, 1969
Walter K. Pick
Frederick Ray, Jr.
August 1963
William U. Rikford
August 19, 1969
Francis B. Stoddert
October 1, 1969
Richard T. Wilbur
May 6, 1969
- 1929 Alexander S. Bing
November 12, 1969
William T. Childs, Jr.
January 3, 1968
- 1930 Harry T. Tieteneberg
April 6, 1967
Edmond R. Zaglio
January 9, 1970
- 1931 Charles J. Frehner
February 12, 1970
Nathan B. Hirschfeld
November 8, 1969
Leon McMin
August 21, 1969
John Penek
October 30, 1969
Herman H. Ridder
September 16, 1969
Carl A. Ronne
June 6, 1969
John Webb
August 4, 1969
Donald E. Williamson
June 9, 1969
- 1932 Herman Anfanger
January 5, 1970
Riutaro Matsushita
September 8, 1969
Donald McNaughton
December 15, 1969

1933 Frederic P. Bartlett
January 10, 1970

Bartley M. Howley
May 20, 1969

Arthur A. Jacobsen
Thomas A. McKay
July 23, 1969

Pietro Soldano
March 13, 1970

1934 James B. Lackey, Jr.
June 1969

Alexander E. Reidel

1935 Roger C. R. Miller

Mario E. Sciorsci
June 28, 1969

Edwin C. Steinach, Jr.
May 2, 1969

1936 Peter M. Brown

Richard A. Johnson
August 1, 1969

1937 Carl L. Fabbri
September 19, 1968

1938 Arthur T. Rowe, Jr.
October 27, 1969

1939 Charles L. Grimm
June 24, 1969

Hilary H. Holmes
January 3, 1970

1940 Frederick E. Robin
August 14, 1969

1942 Ralph L. Mezger
January 5, 1969

Albert C. Sherwin
July 14, 1969

John S. Sjostrom
October 15, 1969

1943 George W. Biow
October 28, 1968

1944 Stephen Birch
February 19, 1970

Neil E. Ganz

1945 George R. Landwehr
November 15, 1969

Laurence S. Maynard
July 18, 1969

John N. Rabiecki

1946 William N. Kanehann, Jr.

1947 Philip Keppler, Jr.
January 29, 1970

1948 Peter Ceike
October 13, 1969

Thomas J. Seedorff
December 20, 1969

1949 Edwin K. Catchell
September 29, 1969

Robert A. Lomberg
December 4, 1969

Millard C. Sappington
August 18, 1969

1955 Harold P. Mitrani

1958 Essam M. Alireza
December 25, 1969

1959 Howard R. Weisz
July 1969

1963 Edward P. Katz

1966 William A. M. Von Muffling

1969 Stephen M. Fhrenber
August 18, 1969

Mark Herman
December 18, 1969

1970 Robert E. Ratemann
April 7, 1970

Harold Korn '01, a John Jay Associate and past director of the New York State Chamber of Commerce, who travelled abroad during the fifties on many missions for the American Association for the United Nations. Died July 7, 1969.

Oscar R. Houston '04, specialist in Admiralty Law and mountaineer, who represented cargo interests in the disasters of the *Titanic*, *Lusitania*, and *Andrea Doria*, and who in 1950 climbed the southern slopes of Mount Everest and planned the route by which later parties reached the summit. Died December 1969.

Benjamin M. Kaye '05, founder of the law firm of Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays & Handler in New York City, and author of several successful plays including "She Didn't Say No," "The Curtain Rises," and "On Stage." Speaking of the last play, Brooks Atkinson said Mr. Kaye "writes better than Pirandello because he and his actors have managed to make themselves understood." Died March 25, 1970.

Alexander Holtzoff '08, the conservative and controversial U.S. district judge for Washington, D. C. who advocated "the shock and jolt" of prison sentences for youthful offenders and who heard motions in such prominent cases as the prosecution of Bobby Baker and the libel suit by Senator Thomas Dodd against columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. Died September 1969.

Bernard A. Rosenblatt, '08, a one-time New York City magistrate and ardent Zionist for over 60 years, was an assistant to Felix Frankfurter at the Versailles Peace Conference, and the first American representative on the World Zionist Executive in Jerusalem in 1921. He pioneered the selling of bonds for Palestine, the development of business enterprises in Israel, and authored several books concerning the establishment of the modern Hebrew nation. Died October 14, 1969.

Mortimer Brenner '10, Brooklyn attorney and civic leader, served as a county committeeman, was a member of the Executive Committee of the Synagogue Council of America, and held many other significant volunteer posts. Died July 1, 1969.

George W. Cronyn '10, writer and teacher who during the Depression served as associate director of the Federal Writers Project, and at various times was a copywriter in New Mexico, teacher at the University of Montana, and editor with the U.S. Information Agency. He was the author of various books including an anthology of Indian chants and a best-selling novel in 1934, *Foot of Venus*. Died May 9, 1969.

Donald V. Lowe '11, Alumni Class President, was Chairman of the Board of the Lowe Paper Company at the time of his death. He was a former chairman of the Port of New York Authority and Delegate to the United Nations Commission on Transport and Communication. Died December 10, 1969.

Roscoe Ingalls '12, a Wall Street leader, was a former governor of the New York Stock Exchange and a former president of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms. A member of the College Council, he was one of Columbia's most devoted fund raisers, and served as a trustee of the university from 1956 to 1962. Died November 21, 1969.

Roscoe Ingalls '12



Alfred Sturtevant '12, winner of a National Medal of Science in 1968 for his work in genetics, was the first scientist to map the location of chromosomes of the genes associated with particular inherited characteristics. He also discovered that the arrangements of blocks of genes varies in different species, and used this finding to trace the evolution of species. Died April 6, 1970.

Archibald Campbell Denison '17, founder of the Department of Architecture at Ohio University and author of *America's Maritime History*. Died January 20, 1970.

Wilfred May '19, a former foreign correspondent specializing in economic affairs for *The New York Times* and *The London Financial Times*, also served as an economic expert for the Securities and Exchange Commission in 1935 and 1936. At various times he was a faculty member of Columbia, the London School of Economics and the New School of Social Research. Died November 12, 1969.

Henry Proffitt '19, counsel for the University and a specialist in banking and real estate law. Active in College and Law School affairs, he received a University Alumni Federation medal in 1944, served as president of the Law School Alumni Association from 1951 to 1953, and as a University trustee from 1955 to 1959. Died November 1, 1969.

Henry Proffitt '19



Schuyler Wallace '19

Schuyler C. Wallace '19, former dean of the School of International Affairs, director of Columbia University Press, and author of several political studies. Died July 9, 1969.

Arthur Wiesenberger '19, a financial advisor to royalty and business, was a pioneer in the field of mutual funds, and as a senior partner of the New York firm bearing his name introduced Madison Avenue advertising techniques to Wall Street. Died January 12, 1970.

Samuel West '20, former governor of the New York Stock Exchange who received the Columbia Alumni award in 1958. Died October 22, 1969.

Samuel Rothbard '21, leading New Jersey labor attorney, who at one time or another represented almost all the unions active in his area, often in fierce fights against staid political leaders. Died July 12, 1969.



Frank Tannenbaum '21

Frank Tannenbaum '21, Director of University Seminars for Columbia, was a John Jay Associate and an expert in many areas of the social sciences. He was the author of several books including *Crime and the Community*, *Ten Keys to Latin America*, and *The Balance of Power in Society* which appeared last year. Died June 1, 1969.

Leroy Lance '22, a former editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and real estate broker who served as director of the Columbia Alumni Federation and was awarded the Columbia University Distinguished Service Medal for his fund-raising efforts. Died August 29, 1969.

Corey Hitchcock Ford '23, sportsman, humorist and author of more than 30 books and 500 magazine articles. As a humorist he believed in comedy bigger than life and as a satirist he took on William Faulkner, John Galsworthy and Ernest Hemingway, the latter in a well known story called "Corto y Derecho" which featured Hemingway fighting and dryly conversing with a bull. Ford was in on the founding of *The New Yorker*, creator of the *Rover Boys* books, and an editor and columnist for *Field and Stream* magazine at the time of his death. Died July 27, 1969.

Corey Ford '23



Guy Endore '24

Guy Endore '24, author of numerous books including *King of Paris* (a novel about Dumas père), *Satan's Saint*, and *Synanon* (the story of the unique communal center for curing dope addicts). Died February 12, 1970.

Edwin Bernard Matzke '24 was a faculty member at Columbia for over 40 years and Chairman of the Biological Sciences Department until 1967. A member of the Board of Managers of the New York Botanical Garden, he wrote frequently on botanical subjects in encyclopedias and journals. Died September 28, 1969.

Jack Weinstock '26, medical director of the United States Life Insurance Company and noted urologist, was co-author of the Broadway musical, "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" which won the 1961 Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Award. Died May 23, 1969.

Edward Lumsden '29, former director of Latin American operations for Time-Life and consultant and contributor to *Fortune* magazine and *The London Financial Times*. Died December 21, 1969.

Arthur Shapiro '30 was one of the country's leading investigators into the meanings of dreams and origins of sleep. As a pioneer in psychophysiology he used computers, instruments, and scientific methods to establish correlations between the mind and body and to probe the causes of dreams, insomnia, and psychosomatic disturbances. At the time of his death he was a professor at Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia and medical director of Investors Overseas Services in Geneva. Died September 29, 1969.

Frederic P. Bartlett '33, diplomat, who was the first United States ambassador to the Malagasy Republic and who retired in 1964 as director of the Bureau of West African Affairs in the State Department. Died January 10, 1970.

Leon Frechtel '33 was a member of the Department of Justice who served as one of the two civilian prosecutors at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials. Afterwards, in 1947, he abandoned legal practice to head the Harry Frechtel Company, an apparel concern founded by his father. Died February 19, 1970.

Erwin Henry Leiwant '41, owner of a Jersey City insurance brokerage firm bearing his name, class treasurer, and recipient of a John Jay award. Died June 30, 1969.

Jack Kerouac '44, beatnik hard who is credited with having bestowed the name "beat" (in the sense of beatific) upon the roving drop-outs of the fifties, and author of many semibiographical best sellers, the most universally known of which is *On the Road*. Died October 21, 1969.

Robert H. Reid '46, an educational consultant in Washington, D.C. and former director of George Mason College had also been a United States representative to a seminar on human rights in the Netherlands and a founding member of the American Council on NATO. Died February 9, 1970.

William Cumming '50, a Columbia psychology professor, was best known by students for teaching introductory psychology from a behavioral viewpoint which he extended to many problems in modern psychology. Dr. Cumming was especially concerned with perceptual processes of discrimination in animals, and in one experiment he trained pigeons to inspect transistors. Died January 8, 1970.

Theodore T. Gold '68, former vice-chairman of the University S.D.S. chapter, killed in an explosion at 18 West 11th Street, New York City. March 6, 1970.

John T. Norton, Jr. '68, Navy Ensign aboard the USS *Frank E. Evans*, missing at sea and presumed dead after his destroyer was cut in half by the Australian aircraft carrier *Melbourne* during SEATO training exercises in the South Pacific. June 1969.



No News from My Lai

A Visit to a Haunted Place

By Arnold Abrams

Life in Song My is largely back to normal now, free of the turmoil created late last year by hordes of correspondents and public officials pressing for facts most villagers would prefer to forget. The story has been written and sent around the world. There is no longer any news here, for all this village has to offer is a pocket of burned-out ruins and a legacy of horror.

The horror of My Lai 4, where an unknown number of Vietnamese civilians were massacred by a company of American troops, lies abandoned in marshy lowlands half a mile from Song My's refugee camp. It is a ghost site whose former inhabitants are either buried or scattered, trying to reshape shattered lives. Forces of man and nature, running amuck, have reduced My Lai 4 to piles of blackened bricks overrun by jungle foliage. But the orgy of violence which devastated this place did not purge it of the poison between American soldiers and Vietnamese civilians. Hate still has a home here.

The U.S. Army's Americal Division still operates in this region, as it did in March 1968, when Company C of the First Battalion, 20th Infantry, applied its unique brand of pacification to My Lai 4. But American army personnel don't have sole responsibility for Song My any more. They have been supplemented by U.S. Marines who work with South Vietnamese irregulars in what is called a "combined

action platoon."

Changing troop assignments, however, has not solved any problems at Song My, a village complex of six hamlets named My Lai, 350 miles northeast of Saigon. The 48th Local Force Battalion, a crack contingent of Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars, still dominates this part of the Quang Ngai province; the marines, under constant pressure, still harbor their army predecessors' enmity toward the populace; the villagers still are hostile and implacable.

This has always been forbidding territory with a rebellious history, seemingly destined to remain forever insecure. It had to be cordoned off by special troop detachments, which lost five men to booby traps before American army investigators could work in safety. But on-the-scene probing ended several weeks ago and the security detachments have departed, leaving Song My as sinister as ever.

The weather at this time of year is foul, befitting a village whose history is so grim. It is the rainy season, constantly cloudy and cold, and the land is a morass of mud. The marines stationed in Song My subsist on C-rations and huddle in soggy tents. Remaining dry or clean is out of the question. Their sole concerns are caring for weapons and staying alive. Winning the villagers' hearts and minds is a concept only outsiders have the luxury of contemplating.

Twelve marines originally were assigned here in early December; only nine were left at month's end. They were particularly edgy. One of their compatriots had been killed and another seriously wounded the previous day, when an allied patrol blundered into an enemy ambush. "We spotted a couple of dinks and took after them," said Sergeant Milton Vasquez, the platoon commander, using the idiom American troops commonly employ to describe Vietnamese, North or South. "We ran smack into a bunch of their pals in the bushes. They pumped a whole load of stuff into us before we could pull back. Cost us two good men."

Other marines had gathered around listening to Vasquez, patrol leader, six-year veteran and unit elder at 27. One of them gestured toward huts in Song My's refugee settlement, some of which are inhabited by former My Lai 4 residents. "Those god-damned dinks knew what was coming off out there," he said. "Fat chance, though of them telling us."

None of the marines was here in 1968 but they were familiar with press accounts of the My Lai massacre. They believed those accounts. "The same thing could have happened here yesterday," said Pfc. Len Nixon, 21. "It's a good thing no dinks came to bother us after the patrol. We lost a good buddy, and it was their friends out there that got him."

Then they began to let it all out,

all the pent-up prejudices, fears and frustrations produced by continual harassment from enemy forces and non-cooperation from hostile civilians. As far as these Americans were concerned, the two groups are one and the same. "We try to help these dinks," said Nixon, a husky rifleman who claims no familial ties with his commander-in-chief. "We provide security, give them food, treat them nice. Then they turn around and kick us in the teeth. When we came back from that patrol yesterday, we couldn't stand to look at them."

Frank Johnson took over. He spoke softly, slowly, as if measuring the gravity of his words. "They're going to prosecute Calley," he said, referring to Lieutenant William L. Calley, the former platoon leader charged with the murder of more than 100 civilians in My Lai 4. "Frankly, I think they should give the guy a medal." A chorus of assent came from his companions.

Johnson, a bespectacled, 22-year-old medic with three years' military service, went on to describe life in Song My. He spoke bitterly of a land laced with traps, and of a populace which either sets the traps or knows about them—and allows American troops to be maimed by them. "What else can you do after a while but want to take revenge?" he said. "None of us knows exactly what happened here in 1968, but we sure as hell understand it."

Vasquez's turn again, this time to tell of the constant pressure and lack of security in Song My. "They're all around us," the platoon commander said. "You probably passed a dozen VC along the road in coming here. By day they're farmers, nice innocent shit-shovelers. By night they're killers—damn good ones too. Night attacks, sniping, mortaring, booby traps. We get up each day wondering whose turn it will be today."

Then it was time to move out. Twice a day the unit goes on patrol, its primary defense against being overrun. My Lai 4 was the object of this sweep. Beneath the hamlet's ruined homes, Vasquez explained, was an intricate network of well-built bunkers still used occasionally by the enemy as a rendezvous.

It was a tense walk in the rain. The half-mile hike between camp and hamlet was a sniper's paradise: in the open and surrounded by high grass, rippling paddies, thick treelines. The pitted dirt road, moreover, was a potential honeycomb of concealed mines and other death-dealing devices: the kind of road you walk in nightmares.

The marines looked formidable. They were draped in bandoliers of ammunition and armed with M-16 automatic rifles, machine guns and grenade launchers. But they moved with taut measured steps, careful to stay in formation, constantly scanning the watery paddies. They knew how quickly routine patrols could explode into violence and death. Their allies, however, were something else.

The approximately 30 South Vietnamese soldiers, regional force troops comprising the rest of the platoon, swaggered along. They spoke loudly, broke formation, carried their weapons with gunmen's bravado. "They're real tigers in the daytime, these dinks," Vasquez remarked. "It's different at night though. When it's dark, you practically have to ram a bayonet up their rear ends before they'll move out. Real tigers."

As the patrol approached My Lai 4, shrouded in thick shrubbery about 50 yards from the road, a volley of small arms fire suddenly sounded. Nobody ducked. The South Vietnamese were doing all the firing, mostly with weapons pointed skyward. "That's just in case there are any VC in there," Vasquez explained. "The dinks want to give them plenty of warning that we're coming."

The platoon advanced without incident to the hamlet's outer edge, marked by a pile of broken bricks, the hulk of a once-fine home. All was peaceful. It seemed inconceivable that this deserted patch of decaying ruins could be the object of international infamy. There were no bloodstains, no bodies, no screams: only the suggestion.

Then a strange thing happened. It started with the South Vietnamese. Like a bunch of boisterous schoolboys, they charged with gay abandon through the hamlet. They kicked at bricks, pounded still-standing walls,

fired weapons and set fires—whooping all the while at the top of their lungs.

At first, the marines laughed contemptuously at their allies' antics. Then something snapped. Suddenly, they started to follow suit. Without a word, veteran marines also began rushing about, bent on destruction. They too stomped on bricks, toppled walls, attacked shells of houses and set fire to straw-thatched structures. But there was nothing schoolboyish about the marines' manner. They did not whoop it up. They moved with quiet fury.

The effect was startling. Once again, My Lai 4 was wracked by sounds of death and destruction: a thrashing and pounding and firing of weapons. The smell of smoke and gunfire tainted the air and tormented the lungs. It was a scene of pure catharsis. Venting their hate and frustration, the marines in their minds were avenging their buddies, recreating what had happened here once before. If, amid that frenzy, any Vietnamese civilians had been unearthed from the ruins, they might have been slaughtered on the spot.

It lasted about ten minutes. Afterward, the marines rested in the remains of a front yard, smouldering straw scattered about them in the foliage. "We're going to level this place," Sgt. Vasquez said. "That will keep the VC from using it." The reasoning was so sound, the sergeant seemed genuinely surprised when asked if he had seen anything strange about the way his men had started the job. "They were just clearing the place," he said. "I don't think they were thinking of anything."

Ironically, the South Vietnamese troops, sitting apart from the Americans, professed total ignorance about the hamlet's history. They had heard nothing about any massacre in My Lai 4, they told an interpreter; they knew nothing about the people who had lived—and died—here. This once had been a VC hamlet, they said, and whatever had happened here—well, that's what happens to VC hamlets.

Then Vasquez ordered the platoon to its feet and headed back. "Negative contact," he radioed to his superiors. Another day had passed, and there was no news from My Lai 4.

Arnold Abrams '61, former Spectator managing editor and Newsday reporter, is presently a freelancer living in Hong Kong. This article, which was written late last winter, is reprinted from the Far Eastern Economic Review. The author has traveled extensively throughout Southeast Asia, and has paid a personal visit to the scene of the much-publicized slayings.

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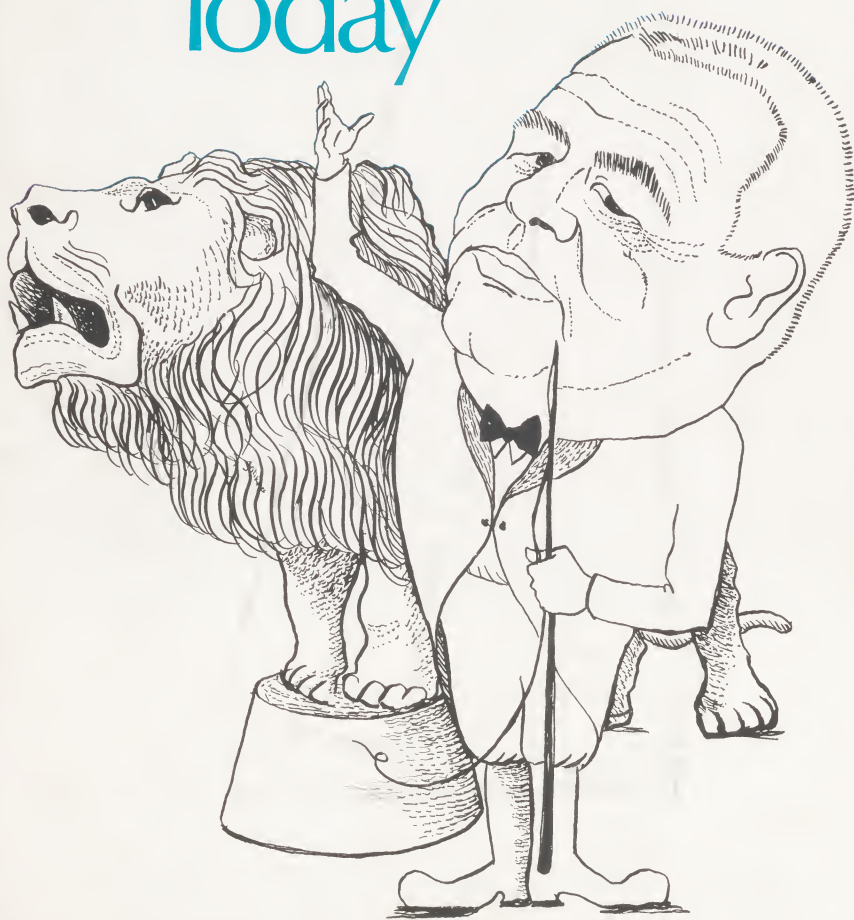
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HALLMARK OF A GENERATION: Columbia sophomore Andrew Ames took this photograph at a New Haven rally in support of the Black Panthers.



Columbia College Today

FALL 1970



WILLIAM MCGILL:
THE FINDING OF THE PRESIDENT



COLUMBIA NEEDS YOU!

19th Annual Columbia College Fund

Within the Family

It is true, if banal, to say that President William McGill faces awesome problems, not of his own making. Just as he didn't create them, he doesn't always have a free hand in dealing with them, especially when they originate outside the University.

Consider, for example, the recently-imposed guidelines for political activity on campus, promulgated by the President after approval by the Board of Trustees. These guidelines provide, in essence, that political groups which use University facilities will have to pay for them.

It may be, of course, that the President believes that such rules are inherently sound, and would have called for their implementation if there were no outside pressures whatsoever. That is beside the point. The President was not free to act as if there were no outside pressures, because there were plenty of these, and they so narrowed his options as to leave him with no meaningful choice. The pressures derive from thinly-disguised warnings that Columbia will forfeit its tax-exempt status if it permits the free use of its facilities for partisan purposes.

Now, the law does prohibit tax-exempt institutions from becoming involved in politics. And no-one suggests that the enforcement of laws is repressive per se. But selective enforcement is another matter. For decades, organizations such as the Young Democrats and Young Republicans used University facilities, without charge, to advance causes which were highly partisan indeed, and there were no rumblings then. Why the sudden solicitude for the letter of the law?

Manifestly, the guidelines will operate with particular harshness against splinter groups, those with small memberships and limited funds. Where, for example, will the Young Socialists obtain the nearly \$250 needed to rent out McMillan Theater, or even the \$58.80 required for Harkness? From Patrick J. Frawley? From H. L. Hunt? True, if an especially famous speaker is to be featured, the group can charge admission. But often the purpose of meetings is to recruit new followers from the mildly curious among the audience. How many of these will pay the price of a ticket?

It may or may not be desirable for such groups to increase their membership rolls. That is not the issue. The issue is that the denial of facilities to recruit and propagandize lawfully triggers precisely the sort of violent response which moderates fear.

Our students are not naive. They will not blame President McGill for the guidelines, for they know whence the pressures come. They also know that the zealous calls for letter-perfect law-enforcement date back to the radical political activities which swept the campuses last May, and they are too intelligent not to perceive the connection. How can one expect them to respect the law, when they see legal instruments used so cynically? Such practices reinforce the suspicions of the young, who believe that dissent will be countenanced only as long as it is "responsible"—which is to say, as long as it does not question the basic principles of American policy, or else is carried on in such a way that there is no chance of its being effective.

MBM

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COVER DRAWING BY NANCY GRILIKHES



Around the Quads

FRESHMAN WEEK

The beanies were gone, the dreary, formal welcoming speeches largely absent from the program. But facial expressions, reflecting bewilderment, anticipation, and apprehension, were the same as ever when some 725 freshmen gathered on campus last September 15 to begin a week of orientation.

The list of events ran to seven typed pages. Some of the items would startle even an alumnus from the early or middle 'sixties: a drug workshop at Barnard, a draft counseling session in

Ferris Booth Hall, a huge "Be-in" on South Field. But Professor Dwight Miner delivered his timeless lecture on the history of Columbia College, and placement exams, the bane of generations of incoming freshmen, were administered daily.

At the Residence Halls Office in Livingston Lobby, the wide-eyed looks gave way to grimaces, first of boredom and then of annoyance, as students endured seemingly endless waits to arrange room and fee adjustments. And on the evening of

the 15th, more than 50 black freshmen crowded into Livingston's main lounge, where a hand-lettered sign proclaimed, "Lounge Reserved for Black Students Only." "Don't cut your hair," one speaker admonished them. "Be yourself. Don't worry about being collegiate." (College officials, informed afterward, disclaimed responsibility for the poster. "It's not only against our policies; it's illegal," exclaimed one.)

Since the admissions office does not maintain any quota system, geo-

THEY ALSO SERVE who only watch and wait.



COLUMBIA DAILY SPECTATOR



NO REDCAPS: Dad gives the kids a helping hand.

graphical or otherwise, it is natural that the 1970 class profile should vary somewhat from that of its immediate predecessor. Representation from the New England states has dipped from 114 in 1969 to 68 this year. There has also been a drop in the number of midwesterners — 35 instead of 61 — but the Middle Atlantic contingent is up from 406 to 475. Admissions personnel can offer no reason for the shifts, although some speculate that the rising costs of higher education have prompted youngsters to seek

out colleges closer to home. Perhaps the most significant fluctuation is in the percentage of minority students — Black, Latin, and Asian — which has jumped from about 13 per cent to 20 per cent.

The portfolios of the newcomers attest to a wide range of achievements. One enterprising 17-year-old, who has dabbled in stocks since he was ten, is currently an over-the-counter trader for a listed Wall Street brokerage firm, as well as the senior partner of his own investment com-

pany (with a sales volume of over a million dollars in 1968, and an estimated volume of twice that in 1969). His ambition is to be a millionaire by his junior year. Another lad co-hosts a radio discussion program on WRVR, the FM radio station of Riverside Church; a third has published music reviews regularly in a New York rock magazine. And there is the usual assortment of exotic hobbies, including, of all things, a spider collection.

THEY KEEP THEIR SILENT WATCH AND WARD:
For some, Orientation Week is one long wait.



COMPARING NOTES: Freshmen leaf through 1974 directory.



AROUND THE QUADS



THE MIDDLE WAY

Perspectives sometimes change with the seasons. Last May, at the height of the disturbances generated by the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State killings, University Senate voted overwhelmingly for a ten-day pre-election recess in late October and early November. The purpose of the recess, which has been instituted at other schools, was to permit students to work for political candidates. Although the proposal originated with two students, several faculty moderates, including Dean of the College Carl Hovde, joined in co-sponsoring it.

The trustees were expected to act on the measure in June. When June went by without any word from Low Library, undergraduates and some of their teachers were heard to mutter that the trustees would probably reject the motion, thereby rebuffing the Senate for the first time. Such action, it was felt by many, would demonstrate conclusively that the trustees would never permit the Senate to become an instrument for truly meaningful reform.

In fact, the trustees did ask the Senate to reconsider the resolution at their meeting on July 7, warning in a seven-page letter that "the increased political activities on the campus which would almost inevitably follow from the establishment of an election recess" could jeopardize the University's tax-exempt status. However, the Executive Committee of the Senate turned down the request a month later, although it acknowledged in its own letter that individual committee members shared many of the apprehensions voiced by the trustees. On Monday, September 14, the trustees gave in, and accepted, reluctantly, the Senate's plan.

But the debate, already four months old, still wasn't over. All that the trustees had done was to authorize the Senate to adopt a new academic calendar in which a recess would be included. Meanwhile, passions, like the weather, had cooled considerably since the preceding spring. Many had begun to question

whether the majority of students would use the ten-day break to promote political causes. Some feared that student political activity would actually be counterproductive, given the growing nationwide backlash against the young. Newly-installed President William McGill came down hard against the proposal, warning that it was "dangerous to our role as a scholarly community," and Dean Hovde, one of the original co-sponsors, acknowledged that he was thinking of calling for a University-wide referendum, though he later supported the recess on the Senate floor. An unofficial poll of more than 1100 Columbia College students showed that over a third still favored the ten-day plan, fewer than a third thought five days were adequate, and the remaining third wanted no recess at all.

On Friday, October 2, Senate met to consider the matter for the last time. The legislative body, consisting of students, faculty, administrators and alumni, gave the University community a working lesson in the politics of compromise. Instead of reenacting the ten-day recess, or abolishing it altogether, Senate voted for a four-day recess, to run from October 30 until November 2. The lost time will be made up during the Christmas vacation period, which will be shorter this year than in the past.

In other political news, President McGill issued a set of guidelines governing the use of campus facilities for political purposes. The guidelines, which were approved by the trustees, follow recommendations put forward during the summer by the American Council on Education. They require all partisan groups to pay for the use of University space, telephones, and materials according to a specified fee schedule. Under this schedule, rooms are rented for 20 cents per seat per day, which means that McMillan Theater would cost \$242.40, and Harkness, \$58.80. The guidelines reflect widespread fears, shared by the President, that the University would risk losing its tax exemption if it tolerated the sort of political activity which allegedly went on in some of the buildings last May. Campus organizations have announced plans to challenge the new regulations in court.

MASTER PLAN

The legacy of Spring 1968 includes both the eyesore of a useless excavation in Morningside Park and the fresh vision of I.M. Pei & Partners' master plan for the University. The events of that fateful May surprised both friend and foe of Columbia, but in their aftermath one fact became glaringly clear to all: the University could not continue to expand off-campus without incurring the wrath of many in the Morningside community. There could be no peace on the Heights unless Columbia radically revised both its image and future building plans.

The University's apparent insensitivity to an increasingly vocal and distrustful, if decimated, community was not the only problem. Columbia had had no plan for overall physical development since the one formulated in 1898 by the original master architect, Charles Follen McKim. McKim had sketched in future buildings, but as time went on his essentially sound scheme was ignored. The cohesiveness of the campus had fallen victim to ad hoc planning and economic compromise.

In the fall of 1968 the University created the position of Assistant Vice President for Physical Planning and appointed John Telfer, an experienced engineer-architect and administrator, to fill it. Telfer worked rapidly at completing the negotiations the administration and trustees had begun the previous February with renowned architect I.M. Pei. In November 1968 Columbia signed a contract with Pei. The agreement gave the chief architect and the other members of his firm an extremely broad mandate. They were to talk to administrators, faculty, students and community groups and prepare a master plan which would serve the best interests of everyone. The plan would then be thrown open to University-wide discussion. If any of its features were adopted, Pei would remain available as chief consultant to the University and to the individual architects chosen to design specific buildings.

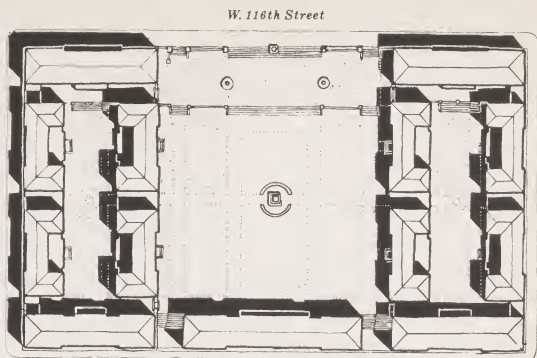
Last spring the Pei firm submitted its report, which immediately produced controversy, both because of its author's concern for the needs of

the community, and because of the designs themselves. Pei had taken his research seriously. If there is any departmental, campus, or neighborhood constituency with which his firm did not speak, its members must have been on an eighteen-month vacation in Siberia. In considering both the University and the community his "clients," Pei was not only following then-President Andrew Cordier's directive, but also harking back to the advice President Seth Low gave when he dedicated the campus in 1896.

A university that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. I count it a matter of no little moment that here, in its new home, Columbia cannot escape the observation of the city, nor can the city escape from it. In the desire to be of service to the city, the university must ever find a potent inspiration. The university cannot be indifferent to what is going on in the great city of which it is a part. . . .

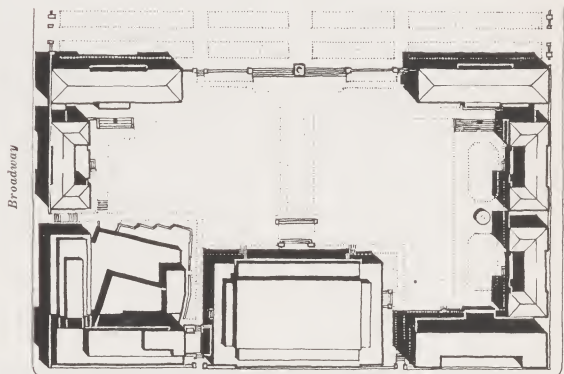
Pei quoted this advice in his introduction and followed it in his plan. With one exception, he urged that all future housing be shared by community and University people. He also outlined how such new residential units could be financed by drawing upon a variety of government subsidies available to each group. Such housing would be built on Columbia-owned properties along the curvature of Morningside Drive between Amsterdam Avenue and 121st Street, and would include a small park and child care center on the ground level of a 320-apartment tower. The Trustees have not yet approved this plan, although another joint town-and-gown residential project is expected to be endorsed soon.

Interestingly, a survey of student housing preferences undertaken by the University's Bureau of Applied Social Research showed that only Columbia College and Engineering students strongly objected to having children or elderly people as neighbors. To please them, Pei suggested that Ruggles, a decrepit residence hall on 114th Street, be renovated into four- and six-man suites (allowing each student a separate bedroom and



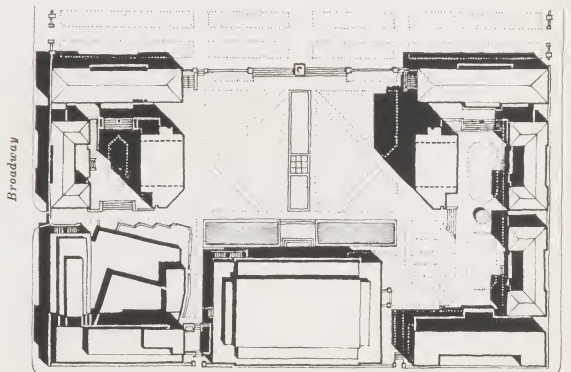
W. 114th Street

The McKim Plan



W. 114th Street

South Campus Today



W. 114th Street

The I.M. Pei Plan

including a lounge and kitchenette) and thus transformed into a model undergraduate dormitory. Pei also recommended that part of the ground floor of Ruggles and the adjoining half of a Columbia-owned apartment house across a dark courtyard be converted into a café, with the court area enclosed to provide an informal theater inside. This project will cost an estimated \$1,450,000, and has drawn scant comment within the University.

What has been vociferously discussed is the fact that, with these two exceptions, Pei ignored all Columbia properties beyond the campus. Critics, including a few administrators and some alumni, believe that this hands-off attitude concedes far too much to the community. The criticism may be unfair. The principal reason why Pei wants to confine new academic structures to the campus is because the University does not own a consolidated lot of property large enough for the institutional buildings which he has in mind. (The 121st Street site is a possible exception, but it has tenant relocation problems, which explain in part why Pei hopes to develop it as an ideal university-community living facility.) Pei's underlying assumption, which many campus officials share, is that any further land-grabbing by Columbia would be ruinous to its already strained relations with its neighbors. Nevertheless, his plan does not call for the sale of present off-campus holdings. Rather, he hopes to use them for future University-community residential projects. Pei reckons Columbia owns enough land to build over one thousand housing units.

By eliminating off-campus sites for new non-residential buildings, the master planners left themselves only two directions in which to go: up and down.

Going up, Pei envisions two 23-story office towers positioned on the east and west flanks of South Field, a new Life Sciences Building on Broadway between Chandler and Pupin, and a tomb-shaped Chemistry building elevated on pillars above the Uris library.

Going down, he places under South Field a new gym and a two-level arcade for student lounges,

shops, cafés and additional facilities for Butler Library. The master architect also endorsed a plan for subterranean expansion of the School of Architecture.

The Towers

The towers would face, respectively, Fernald and Hartley, on sites which McKim had set aside for future buildings. They would reduce the width of South Field to 360 feet—the exact width planned by McKim in 1898. At ground level each tower would have a two-story high opening to provide spatial links across South Field. The towers would be used for academic and administrative offices, enabling the generously proportioned rooms of Hamilton, Dodge, and other buildings to revert to classrooms. Freed space in Low Library might become museum, display, and conference facilities for the whole University. The new buildings would contain underground pedestrian passageways to the proposed arcades and to the subway.

Proponents of the plan maintain that the twin buildings will improve the aesthetics of the South campus, provide badly needed office space, and ensure that the College remains the heart of the University.

Those who argue against the proposal charge that the towers would wreck the glorious vista of South Field, cause congestion in the area, and create more office space than is needed. Some administrators have privately expressed fears of being too near-at-hand targets in the middle of the College campus.

The controversy has underscored the difficulty of Pei's assignment to construct a master physical plan when the University has no master academic plan. Pei was forced to accept at face value estimates by the various units and departments of space required to serve present needs and allow for future growth. President McGill has now made preparation of a master academic plan his first priority. Assistant Vice President Telfer, who will be mainly responsible for coordinating the physical and academic plans of the University, acknowledges that "Dr. McGill and I have to dope out academic matters. We have to figure out where we're going, which units we're going to strengthen and

what units to wipe out." This is no easy task. Until administrative and academic priorities are resolved, the tower proposal is not likely to receive serious consideration. At this point, both the will and the cash to proceed with it are almost totally lacking.

Life Sciences and Chemistry Buildings

Warner Burns Toan Lunde, Architects, have already completed preliminary plans for a Life Sciences building at a cost which may exceed 30 million dollars. If construction is begun on Life Sciences, it is likely that as a temporary economy measure only the bottom half of the building and the shell for the upper stories will be completed initially. The Chemistry building, predicts Telfer, is at least 20 years in the future.

South Field Gym and Arcades

Eggers Partnership, the architects who planned the Morningside Park gym, have designed an underground facility somewhat smaller than the one sketched by Pei. Their most recent blueprint calls for a basketball arena seating 4000, with an adjacent auxiliary court which can be used for additional seating. Wrestling rooms, fencing rooms, running tracks (nine laps to the mile) and a swimming pool seating 800 are also included. However, the Eggers scheme leaves only 13,500 square feet available for purposes not related to the gym.

Assistant Vice President Telfer and President McGill both feel that extra space for student use is critical. Comparative studies by Columbia's Office of Space Utilization show that Columbia has 196 square feet of non-residential floor space per full-time student, comparing unfavorably with Harvard or Chicago (268 square feet), Yale (436 square feet) or Princeton (500 square feet). Additional underground space adjacent to or above the gym, as suggested by Pei, could provide more lounges, strolling areas, and cafés for students. Pei will meet with Jackson Smith of Eggers to discuss the possibility of including increased facilities for recreation in the gymnasium plan. But College alumni who have taken a strong interest in the gym from the beginning are understandably itchy to see construction under way. A few have threat-

ened to stop contributing money if bulldozers do not appear soon, and any alteration of plans causes delays.

Some College alumni are also touchy about the use of the proposed gym by students from other divisions of the University or by neighborhood youth. The University, nevertheless, must favor a facility built with the future in mind. Engineering now has women undergraduates and college-wide co-education in some form is surely on the horizon. The final gym design will probably allow for instant conversion of locker room and other facilities for use by women members of the University, and the completed building will perhaps be open to community residents as well. The new gym may well cost 5 or 6 million dollars more than the 8½ million already raised in cash and pledges.

School of Architecture

The Pei plan has been refined in detailed designs prepared by architect Alexander Kouzmanoff, who, after some squabbling, was unanimously selected from the ranks of the architecture school faculty to head its expansion program. Work will probably be delayed pending a court ruling concerning the money donated to the School of Architecture by Samuel Putnam Avery II in 1913. The sum has shrunk during the present stock recession and more funds will be needed. Nevertheless, Architecture appears to be the most affluent of all the University divisions which are planning construction.

* * *

The future — in terms of the administration's willingness to think realistically about University planning — looks good. The future — in terms of Columbia's present financial state — looks grim. President McGill has met with I. M. Pei and given him his vote of confidence. There is every indication that Pei will be retained as master planner to supervise and help implement his proposals. Pei's guidelines are long-term, and new buildings, as well as renovations of the existing plant, can be spaced out over a reasonably lengthy period of time. If the necessary funds can be found, it may yet be possible to meet present and future needs while preserving architectural integrity and community good will.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

"Dawn," proclaims the gaily-colored, psychedelic poster. "A Place to Go, A Place to Talk, A Place to Be."

The "place" is not some East Village haunt, but John Jay's own Half-Crown Room, converted into a coffee house every night between the hours of ten p.m. and seven a.m. The non-profit enterprise, which first opened last May, was the brainchild of four College students — Duncan Darrow '71, John Losk '70, Richard Marcellino '71 and Jay Waller '71 — and is managed and staffed by undergraduate volunteers from Columbia and Barnard. Administrators, convinced that the project was worthwhile, provided the group with funds for equipment.

"We have a lot of night people on this campus," explains one official. "The idea was to create some facility for them." Darrow elaborates: "Primarily what it is is that people are just damned lonely — and loneliness leads to insecurity, not being able to talk, and taking drugs." Dawn, as the coffee house is called, aims to combat loneliness with generous

doses of coffee, music, and companionship.

The visitor enters a small, well-lit room with about a dozen round tables. ("Some people suggested that a coffee shop ought to be dark, but we thought that was ridiculous," snorts Darrow.) Rock or country western music plays over the stereo, while two coffee pots percolate in the corner. There is no charge for the coffee, the only refreshment available on the premises, but a sign near the dispenser invites guests to make a voluntary contribution of a dime. At a few tables, a card game or a chess match may be in progress, while at others, young men and women talk quietly. During peak hours, between ten and two, as many as a hundred people may filter in and out of the room for study breaks or before retiring.

The visitor does not remain alone for very long. Eventually, a student — one of the volunteer staffers — will detach himself (or herself) from a group nearby and sit down next to the newcomer. "But we don't force ourselves on people," emphasizes one of them. "If somebody wants to be by himself, we can tell quickly enough." The volunteers do not wear any distinctive garb or insignia, because, it is

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT: Piles of coffee cups suggest it's been a long study session at Dawn.



SID SATTLER

HANGING ON

Fraternities, like all structured activities, are having their problems these days. But several Columbia chapters have demonstrated remarkable flexibility in keeping pace with the times, and a hardy handful have managed to retain their traditional image without suffering any noticeable diminution in membership.

Of the former, Alpha Delta Phi, once ranked among the more formal and conservative of houses, has taken particular pains to reach out to a more varied constituency than in the past. The meal plan has been thrown open to outsiders, candidates can begin their pledging period at any time during the semester, and the rigid etiquette which used to prevail at the dinner table and official functions has all but vanished. The price which the brothers have paid, however, has been a drastic falling off in alumni support. One officer questioned whether the chapter had the money to re-open this fall.

Innovations elsewhere include the establishment of weekly sensitivity group sessions at the Tau Epsilon Phi House, under the leadership of Adviser to Fraternities Howard Mann. And Phi Epsilon Pi, whose national has been absorbed by Zeta Beta Tau, inducted four Bernard women last year, including two seniors. Prior to that, women had rented rooms in the house, but had not been permitted to join the brotherhood.

Although the Zeta Beta Tau national organization has swallowed up both Phi Epsilon Pi and Phi Sigma Delta (each of which, however, maintains a separate chapter here), the ZBT local has gone out of existence, the victim of disastrous rushing and an overly-ambitious meal plan which drained the fraternity's resources. The fate of ZBT, whose very name in past years was almost a synonym for stability and affluence, symbolizes the decline of establishment activities at Columbia and on other campuses. Today the chapter house stands empty, its windows broken and covered with dust. "It is," remarked one alumnus, "like seeing grass growing in the streets of the Roman Forum."

A few houses, as if defying the winds of change, have continued



SID SATTLER

IN FULL SWING: Dawn is
"A Place to Go, a Place to Talk,
a Place to Be."

felt, this would make the encounter seem forced.

Staff members are wary of publicity, and with reason. "We've already been depicted in the press as some sort of drug clinic," Darrow complains, "and that just isn't true." What is true, however, is that one purpose of Dawn is to provide assistance to students with problems, drug-related or otherwise. In fact, Dawn traces its ancestry to encounter sessions at Phoenix House, a rehabilitation center for addicts, to which students were invited. "Those sessions convinced us," says Darrow, "of the therapeutic value of talking about whatever is on your mind." Staff members meet regularly with Director of Counseling Services Dr. Anthony Philip, and there is a direct telephone connection to the emergency room of St. Luke's Hospital. "We don't get hard core addicts," Darrow explains, "but we do see dabblers in drugs who are having physical or psycho-

logical reactions to a bad trip, and while we obviously don't try to treat them ourselves, we have to know how to recognize serious problems and deal with them until help arrives." Such cases, of which there have been several since the coffee house opened, usually appear in the waning hours of the morning. Troubled youngsters seek out Dawn because they know that it is one place on campus where they can count upon finding sympathetic peers, and because the more structured surroundings of the emergency room arouse their suspicion and mistrust.

For most students, however, Dawn is simply a place to play bridge, give an improvised poetry reading, play the guitar, or just relax and listen to the music. Its sponsors, meanwhile, continue to plan ways to make the surroundings more interesting. One idea is to change the telephone extension to 3296. That spells D-A-W-N.

resolutely to sponsor beer blasts and Saturday night parties. An alumnus from the 'fifties or even the 'thirties would probably not feel out of place at Beta Theta Pi, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Nu or Nu Sigma Chi (formerly Sigma Chi). Moreover, the membership rolls of these organizations hover fairly consistently in the 40s — a high figure these days — although, as one brother acknowledged, "we have to work three times as hard as we once did" to attract and keep new candidates.

Other fraternities, however, have dwindled to a shadow of their former size. Typical is the case of Sigma Alpha Mu, which from a peak of some 70 members a decade earlier has shrunk to 17. Sammy, like other houses, has taken to renting its rooms to outsiders, and has abandoned its meal plan as too costly. In fact, of the 16 remaining chapters, fewer than a third still serve meals on the premises. Although there are no precise figures, informed sources guess that only about 15 to 20 per cent of Columbia undergraduates join fraternities, compared to 30 or 35 per cent in the not-too-distant past.

The prevailing anti-establishment mood is cited as just one of several reasons why at least four locals are in deep trouble. Another is that the conversion of double rooms into singles, the institution of floor lounges, and the abolition of parietals have made the dormitories more attractive places in which to live, thereby depriving the fraternities of one of their principal selling points.

"Fraternities used to be a great place to meet girls," points out one officer of Pamphratia, the interfraternity council, referring to the "open house" parties which the chapters used to sponsor on Friday evenings. But today, he explained, many young women are afraid to travel in New York City, even in large groups. "If we want to invite unescorted girls to a social," he said, "we have to make arrangements in advance, meet them somewhere, and even pay their expenses." Another fraternity man complained of the large expenditures required to maintain the chapter buildings, a number of which are quite old. At the same time, he added, it is necessary to keep the rents low



SID SATTLER

ICHABOD: Shuttered windows bear silent testimony to the demise of Zeta Beta Tau, once one of the wealthiest fraternities at Columbia.

in order to compete with the dorms. Moreover, many alumni, worried lest the fraternities be swept away altogether in the wake of some future University expansion program, have refused to help defray the costs of upkeep. In an effort to reassure them, Dean of the College Carl F. Hovde has issued a statement announcing that there are no plans afoot to dislodge the houses from their present locations.

Other signs of the times include the disappearance of the annual songfest and the spring carnival. A carnival was scheduled in 1968 and 1969, but each was cancelled at the request of the Dean's Office for fear of disruption. "We still have about \$1000 worth of stuffed animals stored away somewhere," grimaced one fraternity man. Although several of the older chapters have fallen by the wayside, two new ones, both predominantly black, have sprung up in their place: Omega Psi Phi and Alpha

Phi Alpha. The two rarely participate in Pamphratia activities. "We recognize that we draw on different segments of the community, and as a result there's very little contact," explains Pamphratia president James McHaney '71, who acknowledges that he doesn't even know where their headquarters are located. In fact, he adds, one problem which plagues Pamphratia is that most of the houses differ so markedly from one another that they have trouble finding any common ground.

To adviser Mann, this diversity is all to the good. "One of the advantages of modern Columbia fraternities," he declares, "is that they offer alternative life styles, rather than only one, and a secure base from which to experiment with different ways of living." And to the articulate, low-keyed McHaney, they provide both a home and a "stable element" in the lives of today's bewildered youngsters.

NEW DIRECTIONS

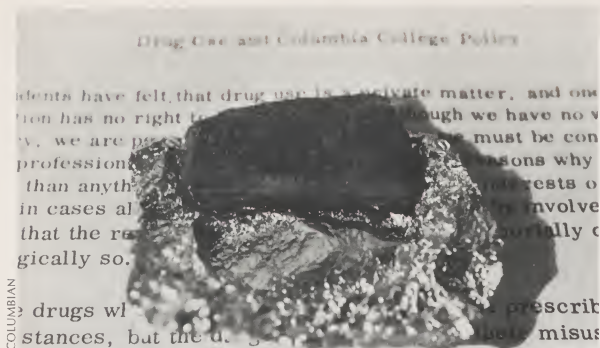
When, years from now, members of the Class of '70 turn to their *Columbians*, the memories which the yearbook will evoke will differ considerably from those brought to mind by any *Columbian* of the past.

The editors of the 1970 edition were faced with a difficult task. In no four-year span in the history of the University had changes occurred so rapidly. Within three years, Columbia had had three presidents, created a University Senate, and witnessed many large and sometimes violent demonstrations. These, coupled with significant alterations in the life styles of undergraduates, made a standard presentation impossible.

So, in place of the usual pictures of fraternities and campus scenes and articles about football and social events, the 1970 *Columbian* delves into sex, drugs, political protests, race relations and many other facets of contemporary life at the College.

"Many Columbia students are too sophisticated and cynical for a straight yearbook to go over well," commented David Bogorad '70, the editor. "What we tried to do was present a balanced view and show what Columbia meant to different people." To this end, the book is divided into four parts: "The Academic Experience," "The Political Theater," "The Social Gesalt" and "The Alienating Environment." There are 29 articles by 26 different people, including some searching interviews with faculty members and administrators.

The interviews, which come at the beginning of the book, set the tone for what follows. Gone are the trite eulogies of favorite professors. Instead, chairman Robert Bush of the psychology department is quoted as saying that "All drugs should be available in a democracy, providing full, accurate information is available about their effects." Professor of Russian Robert Belknap warns, however, that "drugs, for people who get heavily involved, cut down on drive." Black history professor Charles Hamilton gives a skeptical appraisal of efforts by Ivy League schools to recruit minorities, and Sociology professor Emmanuel



PUT-DOWN ONE: *Columbian* photo of hash on Dean's drug statement.



PUT-DOWN TWO: *Columbian* rated neighborhood restaurants by cockroaches instead of stars.



PUT-DOWN THREE: In their section on environmental pollution, *Columbian* editors dug up plenty of dirt.

Wallerstein speaks even more bluntly. "Columbia's name is mud in the local community," he announces. "It has ignored New York City for twenty years and now it's got a residue of antagonisms and angers."

The section entitled "The Political Theater" contains a mocking, anti-S.D.S. account of politics and protest at the University during the 1968-69 academic year, a description of a draft physical, a critique of University Senate by a radical student senator, and an article about the problems of Earl Hall, a focal point for radical activity on campus. Included is an essay by outgoing President Andrew Cordier, who singles out community relations and finances as the University's two most serious problems, and calls for reduced expenditures, improved investment practices, and new fund-raising mechanisms. In an article entitled "Making It," a black student tells what it is like to attend a predominantly white Ivy League institution. "The more I realize how much whites have," he writes, "the more I realize how much blacks have not."

The most surprising section, and the one which caused the greatest ripples around Columbia, is "The Social Gesalt," which deals with various aspects of extracurricular and social life. Here, no holds are barred, as sex, drugs, coeducational living, the football team and fraternities are all treated with frankness and candor.

"Sex and Drugs are What You Eat," proclaims the headline of one story. "Columbia is impersonal, encroaching, alienating," the author observes. "So drugs of all kinds are big at Columbia." In another piece, entitled "The Arrangement," a Barnard sophomore describes how she lived with her boyfriend in Furnald Hall. "This is the first time we have treated sex forthrightly," Bogorad explained, "and there certainly is a lot of forthright sex going on."

An analysis of fraternities examines their efforts to change with the times in order to survive. "We cut the dance parties," states one brother. "No-one dances anymore. I'd rather take a chick up here and smoke." Many fraternities, the writer notes, are becoming more like "a shabby boarding house" than a fraternity. Even the articles on Kings Crown Activities



TWO PART HARMONY: This Barnard girl wrote a *Columbian* article about life in Furnald Hall.

probe more deeply than in the past. One seeks to explain why relatively few students are attracted to such groups today.

Three sports articles, "The High Cost of Losing," "Heartbreak House," and "Twelfth Row, Third Seat" explore the sports scene at Columbia from the vantage points of administrator, player, and spectator. "The High Cost" deals with the problems involved in recruiting, financing, and building winning teams. Harland Hoisington, Director of Financial Aid for the College, declared that "if Columbia continues to lose eight or nine games a year for the next few years, there should be an agonizing reappraisal" of the game. Football coach Frank Navarro observes that "the Columbia community has a sense of doom about sports." Athletes, he says, "tend to drop out of varsity programs if the surrounding society doesn't honor the athlete or honors something more. But I'm not sure what it is that pulls people away around here."

The growing concern over ecological issues is reflected in the final section, entitled "The Alienating Environment."

In another break with the past, the editors all but renounced still photography and experimented instead with new and imaginative visual techniques. "I don't think that static group pictures are of interest to many people," Bogorad explains. "We tried

to make this as slick and professional as possible." One series of photographs which raised some eyebrows depicted a nude couple and accompanied the article "Sex and Drugs are What You Eat." The choice of content was left entirely to the students, Bogorad declares, and there was no administrative censorship. Director of Kings Crown Activities Frank Safran concurs, adding that there have been "no repercussions whatsoever" from the publication of the book.

Not surprisingly, the 1970 *Columbian* has been the most popular in recent history, with its entire press run of 900 copies already sold. Perhaps even more significantly, it has been praised by administrators and outsiders as well as by students. In a letter to the editors, thanking them for sending him a copy, President Cordier wrote that "the contents reflect the achievements of a fine group of young men and represent for me a very hopeful picture for the future of this nation." The *New York Times* and the *Newark News* have each devoted a feature article to the yearbook. The Columbia Scholastic Press Association gave *Columbian* a medalist award (the Association's highest rating)—but conspicuously declined to display the book at its recent convention. Sums up Bogorad: "Much of the contents consists of 'memory material.' People dig it now and will dig it even more twenty years from now."

COLUMBIAN



SID SATTLER

NUMBERS GAME: Draft counselor Sonya Weil '64B advises a client at the office of the Draft Information Service.

ADVICE AND DISSENT

The shadow of Selective Service touches the lives of college students from the time they turn 18, and causes otherwise sensible and strong-willed young men to lose their nerve and even their wits. Many act impulsively, without adequate information, and do themselves irreversible injury. Others, paralyzed with fright, do nothing at all, in the vain hope that the specter of conscription — like the spot on the X-ray — will somehow vanish by itself.

Fear is compounded by confusion and uncertainty. Nor, in most instances, can the young man go to his local board for reliable advice. Selective Service regulations, ambiguous and artlessly written, frequently puzzle professionals who specialize in the field. And draft board personnel are not professionals, but part-time volunteers, or — in the case of clerks — laymen who are ill-equipped to fathom the complexities of the rules which they administer every day. Almost every draft counselor can tell horror stories of clients who

were led astray by well-meaning (or, sometimes, not so well-meaning) selective service officials.

"It's incredible how the draft can dominate your life," says one June graduate, who recalls that, before he obtained his present deferment, he used to walk the streets without bothering to look at traffic signals. "I figured that if I got hit by a truck, so what?" he explains. Then, in the course of seeking his own deferment, he came to realize that the draft was vulnerable, and decided that he wanted to help others like himself. Today he is one of the counselors who work at the Draft Information Service in 602 Dodge Hall.

The service dates back to the summer of 1967, when it was founded by a divinity student with an office in Earl Hall. Today, it claims about forty counselors, mostly from the College, Teachers College, and General Studies, although only about ten of them come in more than once a week. "There was a big upsurge in interest after the Cambodian invasion," one reports. During the last summer alone, he and his associates trained between 30 and 40 candidates. All, however, have since dropped out of the program.

Training, for a prospective counselor, consists of four three-hour sessions, one of which is devoted entirely to the problems of conscientious objection, followed by an "internship" in which he observes an experienced counselor, and some practice periods when the counselor watches him. Role-playing is an important part of the preparation, as the instructor frequently places himself in the position of a client seeking help. Counselors estimate that only about a fifth of the candidates remain in the program after their training period is over. Of the remainder, however, at least some go on to do counseling elsewhere. "We trained a whole group of people from Plattsburgh, N. Y.," says Peter Grossman '70, who has counseled since the beginning of his senior year. Other trainees have included practicing lawyers who want to handle selective service cases in their own offices.

Quarters are cramped, but adequate. The office functions under the auspices of the University Placement Service, which provides space, a telephone, and money to buy books and hire a secretary. The biggest problem is the number of clients, estimated at 25 to 40 a week, and as many as 60

during peak periods, with perhaps eight or nine coming in during the course of an average day. (The office is open from nine to five on weekdays, and in the evening by appointment.) "It's amazing how many guys come in to ask 'just one question,'" chuckles one volunteer, "and find out that they have all sorts of grounds for deferments which they'd never even imagined."

In spite of the heavy case-load, the service has compiled an impressive record of successes. "There are so many loopholes that it's easy to get out, once you know where to go for information," comments one adviser. Usually, he says, the only ones who can't be helped are those who deliberately challenge the system, or wait too long. "A lot of people come in here after they've taken some action and realize they've blown it," he says ruefully. "But otherwise there's seldom any problem — as long as you're articulate and have money." The fact that deferments come more easily to the well-educated and well-to-do has discouraged many counselors, and has even caused some to leave the program. "You feel differently about helping a college kid when you realize that his place is being filled by an impoverished black," one explained.

Moral dilemmas such as this one cause the counselors to differ among themselves in their approaches to their work. All oppose the draft ("Obviously, we're not doing this because we think it's a groovy extracurric"), but some view their activities as a means of fighting the Selective Service system, while others believe that their principal purpose is to protect individuals from being treated unfairly. All, however, are careful not to impose their views on their counselees. "Our job is to elicit their beliefs, not to make their decisions for them," Grossman emphasizes. "If, say, a kid wants to go to Canada (which — contrary to popular impression — is not against the law), all that we do is tell him what he's up against and point out the problems involved in finding work and adjusting socially." Also, Grossman adds, the service will counsel anyone, not just conscientious objectors. "Many of our guys are business school types, self-proclaimed hawks who just don't

want to interrupt their educations or careers." He acknowledges, however, that C.O.s usually get more attention, not only because the counselors are sympathetic toward them, but because their cases take more time to prepare. Only a few of the counselors are deferred as conscientious objectors themselves, but several have applications pending, and others would have been classified as C.O.s if they hadn't been eligible for other deferments.

The counselors check with a lawyer on unusually complex questions, but otherwise rely upon their own knowledge of the regulations, asking one another for assistance when in doubt. Selective Service law is sufficiently self-contained so that laymen can master it without much difficulty. "Our toughest clients, though, are law students," laughs Grossman. "They want to check everything themselves."

In 1967, a Presidential commission reported, with President Lyndon Johnson's approval, that there was great need to disseminate more information about the draft among the young. The men and women who staff the Draft Information Service are carrying out the Presidential mandate.

WHAT PRICE POLITICS?

The *Columbia Daily Spectator* was investigated by the Internal Revenue Service over the summer, to determine whether it had violated the terms of its income tax exemption.

Several educational institutions have faced similar investigations in the wake of campus political activities last May. However, *Spectator* controller Robert Hunt '71 and I.R.S. officials agree that the present close scrutiny has nothing to do with the spring protests. "This is a perfectly normal audit," insisted Milton A. Waldman, of the I.R.S. Manhattan public information office. "The real problem is that it took us four years to get around to it." In fact, Hunt reports, *Spectator* was first notified of the impending investigation as early as November, 1969.

Tax-exempt corporations are not

permitted to endorse candidates for office or take positions on pending legislation, and *Spectator* has admittedly done both on numerous occasions. In 1966, for example, the newspaper announced for Nelson Rockefeller in the gubernatorial race, and supported the New York City civilian police review board. In 1968, the campus daily scored the national anti-riot act and backed Eldridge Cleaver for president. In all, the I.R.S. field auditor found that *Spectator* had violated the tax-exemption guidelines in eleven separate editorials between 1966 and 1968 alone.

What confuses the issue, however, is that *Spectator* acknowledged that it did not comply with the guidelines in a note appended to its original exemption application, filed in 1965. The note read: "Editorial comment as determined by the student editorial Managing Board sometimes deals with pending or proposed legislation and with candidates for political office and sometimes takes a stand with respect thereto." Waldman termed the initial granting of the application "a mistake," in view of the statement attached to the form.

What will happen next is not yet clear. According to Hunt, the editors can choose among three possible responses. They can adopt the suggestion of I.R.S., which is that they simply refrain from endorsing candidates in the future "as if nothing had happened." They can carry on their present policy, in which case it is likely that the exemption will be revoked shortly. Or, they can surrender the exemption voluntarily. Editor-in-chief Martin Flumenbaum '71 states that the editorial board has not yet decided which of the three courses to follow.

I.R.S. officials have indicated that they will not ask for back taxes even if the exemption is revoked, and, since *Spectator's* taxable income is small, future federal taxes are unlikely to involve a significant sum. Far more serious is the possibility that the loss of the federal tax exemption will cause New York State officials to lift the state exemption as well. Such a move, Hunt warns, would cost the newspaper several thousand dollars a year, primarily in state sales taxes, and could deal a decisive blow to *Spectator's* already shaky finances.

OPEN DOOR POLICY

You're a Columbia student, and you'd rather not live with your parents. But the dorms turn you off, you don't care for fraternity life, and you don't want the responsibilities of having your own apartment. What's left? Schuyler Hall.

Schuyler, which is operated by the worldwide Catholic lay association Opus Dei, is the only non-Columbia residence which is approved for College freshmen. In addition, a number of upperclassmen live there, as well as graduate students and students from other city

schools. In all, the building — situated just across the street from the Morningside campus — houses some 75 men, 80 per cent of whom attend Columbia. Only about half are Catholic.

The opulence of the public rooms suggests a mansion rather than a dormitory. The small first-floor lounge, the only area in which women are permitted, is decorated with paintings on loan from a Spanish grandée. (Opus Dei originated in Spain, and its dormitory in Madrid — the first of more than 200 scattered around the world — was among the early casualties of the Spanish Civil War.) The well-appointed libraries, of which there are several, include selections ranging from spy novels to the classics. There is also a chapel.

Upstairs, the residents live in single rooms, which cost \$155 or \$190 a month, depending upon size. The price of the room includes meals, which are served in a spacious dining room downstairs. No locks are permitted on the doors, because, explains Assistant Director Dennis Helming, "we want to establish a home-like atmosphere, and people don't lock their doors at home." Rules are established by a committee consisting of Mr. Helming, Director John Solarski, and two students appointed by the director. Although women guests are not allowed except in the first-floor lounge, there is no curfew for the men. Residents wear jackets and ties to the dinner table, not, says Helming, in obedience to any formal

SYMMETRY: Schuyler Hall provides an orderly environment for living and learning.



SID SATTLER

MAGNUM OPUS: Residents can study in comfortable surroundings at Schuyler Hall, run by the Catholic lay order Opus Dei.



regulation, but because it is the recognized thing to do. The evening meal is occasionally preceded by cocktails and is followed by coffee in the living room.

Officials of Opus Dei dormitories are usually established businessmen who donate a few years of their lives to the Order. Solarski, for instance, is a physicist, while Helming is a public relations man who attended Harvard College and received both a B.A. and an M.A. in philosophy from the University of Navarre. Schuyler Hall itself is supported by donations from private individuals and foundations.

The tone of the place is set by its brochure, which proclaims that it seeks students who wish "to broaden their horizons in accordance with an integral humanistic ideal involving the whole person" and "prepare themselves for the task of responsible professional and social leadership."

"Anyone who is willing to study only enough to get by, who views college as a pretext for every form of gratification, the ideological tyrant whose anarchical bent has more to do with his personal guilt complex than the state of society . . . all of these student types just wouldn't be comfortable at Schuyler," declares the house newsletter. "To admit them would be like inviting them to go the wrong way on a one-way street." Or, as Helming puts it, "We're looking for a gentleman-scholar with an old-fashioned allegiance to the liberal arts ideal: not necessarily an establishmentarian, but one who will effect improvements from within."

There must be more of these at Columbia than many alumni seem to realize. The house admissions committee, which screens candidates carefully in two separate interviews, is usually faced with three or more applications for every vacant place. Among the attractions, residents list not only such amenities as a 22-foot cabin cruiser and country retreats, all provided by friends of the Order, but the quality of the food, the friendly yet serious atmosphere, the strong community spirit. "This place sure is different," says one, summing up the feelings of the others. "It's not a frat, it's not a club, it's not a dorm." And indeed Schuyler Hall aims to be, not any of these things, but a home.



HOME IS WHERE THE HEARTH IS: a lounge in Schuyler Hall.



SID SATTLER

A TIME TO PLAY: students toss a football in front of Schuyler.



GRACIOUS LIVING: Schuyler Hall dinners are sometimes preceded by a cocktail hour.

UNION BLUES

There's going to be a big explosion here. All our grievances are going to explode. SDS and the student groups will be on our side, and they'll be riots and the University is going to have to listen.

A Columbia guard

It sounds like something a student radical dreamed one night. The campus guards will beat their nightsticks into plowshares after joining arm and arm with fellow Columbia workers and students to turn the University into a proletarian paradise. But this statement was not part of an SDS reverie or an administrator's nightmare. It was uttered by a University guard, white and over 30.

This man's grievances are typical: he feels he isn't paid enough to support his family in New York City, which is true; and he feels he is discriminated against because of his skin color. If he were black he would probably feel the same way.

What makes him atypical, however, is his belief in the efficacy of a student-worker alliance functioning to bring about major changes on campus. Many workers, especially those who were involved in the unionization struggles of the 'sixties, are grateful for student support when there is "trouble," but they nevertheless feel that workers are workers and students are students and their interests are not the same. Moreover, even those workers with complaints do not generally view their employer, Columbia University, as Public Enemy Number One.

The object of a gripe is usually specific: a less deserving worker is a job grade ahead and makes more money; a supervisor is "down on me;" a union representative is ineffectual. Most complainants freely admit that similar conditions exist elsewhere.

This is not to deny that much of their dissatisfaction is well-founded. Columbia's wage scales are approximately the same as those of private employers, and most of the 6100 supporting staff members realize that the University cannot pay more than the

going rate. But the going rate is often below the minimum set by the U.S. Department of Labor for decent living in New York City. (The most recent statistics suggest a floor of \$6771 before taxes for a family of four, allowing an often unrealistic \$110 per month for rent.) It is small wonder, therefore, that even unionized workers frequently feel underpaid. Yet, although words such as "injustice" spring readily to their lips, they seem more interested in their own security than in the overthrow of "capitalist exploitation."

The new contract negotiated with Transport Workers Union Local 241 last July shows a weekly salary range (based on 40 hours) of from \$100.40 to \$236.80. The lowest amount goes to maids and attendants, the highest to watch engineers. Elevator operators make \$103 weekly; janitors, \$118; guards, \$126 to \$145; groundsmen, \$118 to \$126; and mechanics, \$137 to \$182.

One Puerto Rican janitor who has been on the job less than six months is delighted with his salary. His English is

poor, and it is unlikely he could get a better job elsewhere. A colleague of his who earns the same wage after more than five years at Columbia is not so pleased. (Both men send money to wives and children who still live in Puerto Rico because they "couldn't support them good here.") The senior man hesitantly suggests, in accented but fairly good English, that perhaps seniority should be worth more.

The union prefers a salary scale which is based on strict job categories rather than the length of service, and criticism of this policy is usually directed against the union.

TWU members who are dissatisfied for a variety of reasons accuse union stewards of being "weak." A few consider their union executives "in cahoots with Columbia."

One cloakroom attendant is a middle-aged Afro-American woman (she considers "black" an insult) who has worked for Columbia more than fifteen years. She has "no complaint with Columbia" but confesses that some of her co-workers call her an



SID SATTLER



SID SATTLER



SID SATTLER



SID SATTLER



SID SATTLER

"Uncle Tom." The woman, who started here as a part-time maid (four hours daily) at \$27 a week, is grateful to the University for finding her a new, less strenuous job after a long period of hospitalization. Fortunately, this lady had carried her own Blue Cross policy which covered a large percentage of her hospital bill. (There was no hospital plan paid by Columbia for workers in her category until 1968.)

She also feels that Columbia has made great progress in hiring minority group workers since she first came. Fifteen years ago, she says, most of the maids were Irish. Today they are mostly black.

University Business Manager Joseph Nye confirms the cloakroom attendant's observations, adding that it is his "impression that before World War II there was a policy of hiring only whites." At present more than 30% of campus workers are from minority groups.

The extent of Columbia's progress in this area is disputed by a black maintenance man who points out that minority workers are concentrated in

the lowest-paying jobs. He alleges that there is an unwritten policy of excluding minority group members from the high-paying maintenance categories of engineers and top mechanics. "Those apprentices somehow never make the grade," he reports.

Female maids sometimes complain of sex discrimination, charging that they do the same job as male janitors who earn \$18 per week more. On paper, the janitors' duties are far more rigorous—their tasks include, for example, the lifting of heavy materials—but some maids insist that in practice the differences are less distinct. No woman has ever applied to be a janitor, as far as administrators can recall. "If any did," said one, "we'd consider her if we thought she was strong enough."

Generally speaking, however, the approximately 650 TWU workers on campus seem better pleased with their working conditions than do the 500-odd members of Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Union. TWU has been on campus since 1943, when the War Labor Board directed Columbia

University to recognize it. Maintenance and some related service workers were the only unionized employees until 1968. Columbia's "union-busting" stance is better remembered by, and the scars are more visible among, members of 1199.

The unionization of cafeteria workers in 1968 ended a long struggle begun in the early 'fifties. At that time, the University vehemently opposed a union for food service workers on the ground that it would jeopardize student jobs. In the spring of 1952, cafeteria employees struck for three weeks with the full support of TWU workers who refused to cross the picket lines and stayed home.

TWU took Columbia to court over the unionization of the cafeteria workers, but lost when the court reaffirmed the exemption of educational institutions from the state law requiring collective bargaining.

The issue, however, was not dead and in the early 'sixties a new rash of picketing erupted. In the fall of 1964, sympathy for the cafeteria workers was so great that President Kirk issued



"ALL RIGHT,
who asked for pheasant
under glass?"

a lengthy memo to the faculty explaining the University's position against unionization and detailing the benefits already available to its non-union workers.

In 1966 the state law prohibiting organization of hospital workers was changed and Harlem Hospital was unionized by Local 1199. In 1968 the exemption for educational institutions was also repealed and 1199 began to organize on Morningside Heights. An election was held in the summer of 1968, and the Drug local won the right over the TWU to represent cafeteria workers.

The spring of 1969 brought further demonstrations and strikes, this time from clerical workers who wished to organize. Six office units held elections and five voted for a union: the Controller's office, Social Work office, Computer Center, Mail Room, and Library. The Alumni Records office and, later, the Bookstore workers voted against unionization. During the same period, 1199 lost a bitter battle to represent willing students who were part-time library workers when the

American Arbitration Association decided for Columbia.

One of the leading organizers of the 'sixties has been Sidney Von Luther, a former student at the School of General Studies. According to Von Luther, "the University was not cynical (in its anti-unionism), just naive. All kinds of social currents were going on outside, but Columbia continued to see its employees as privileged." Von Luther, who was just elected state senator, more than once pitted his wits against those of Joseph Nye, University Business Manager. In retrospect, Von Luther can say: "Dealing with Joe Nye is not the worst thing in the world. He's too sharp to put himself in a bind."

Even today, workers often attribute what one called "out-dated, anti-union attitudes" to the Columbia administration. There are also complaints that union activists are harassed by supervisory personnel. Employees have been heard to insist that such harassment is sanctioned, at least tacitly, by high-ranking administrators.

It is probable, however, that these

officials are too high up on the corporate ladder to be aware of the alleged injustices. Moreover, substantiating any charge of "harassment" is difficult at best. According to a former cafeteria worker and a presently-employed library worker, both of whom are active in employee affairs, being "singled out" by one's supervisor is a subtle process. A clerical worker will learn that he is "timed" when he goes to a rest-room, for example. A cafeteria worker will be scheduled to work week-end shifts more often than usual. Such petty retribution, when it really exists, may be meted out by a supervisor for any one of a number of personal reasons. And although "life can be made hell for a worker," systematic persecution is so difficult to prove that it can rarely be dealt with through union grievance procedures.

Cafeteria workers in Johnson Hall (the only campus dining room run by Columbia instead of a contractor) complain so regularly of harassment that both Nye and Personnel Director Robert Adams are aware of the prob-



A WOMAN'S PLACE:
This typist has
a college degree.

lems there. However, Nye also points out that Johnson Hall has the best food on campus. Noting the level of the competition, most campus diners would grudgingly agree.

Cafeteria workers have other complaints besides harassment. Salaries are deemed low even by workers who say the union got them a good deal. Dishwashers, for example, earn \$100 a week; a head cook is paid \$140.

One cafeteria worker charges that kitchen jobs are segregated by race. ("The dishwashers are Latin, the cooks are black, and up front at the counter where they can be seen the workers are mixed.")

There are also allegations of discrimination against minority group workers in the libraries and Controller's office. In one incident, the Spanish workers who man the bindery department in Butler's basement were ordered to speak only in English. 1199 applied pressure, and the department head apologized.

Clerical workers in 1199 are apt to voice the same dissatisfactions as

their non-union counterparts. Secretaries, especially college-educated ones, are likely to feel that they are working at jobs beneath their abilities because of their sex. Women with B.A.s end up typing for administrators, they claim, while men become junior administrators.

Administrative Assistants, all non-union, found new cause for grief when it was announced last summer that they would no longer be eligible for Secretarial Appointments. This downgrading move meant that for those who did not already hold such appointments, there would be no vested retirement plan. Administrative Assistants tend to be older "company" women who value this type of security.

Some of Morningside's 80 administrative assistants have an additional reason for unhappiness. According to present salary scales, \$10,000 is the top annual salary for assistants except for those connected with the largest departments. For an employee's child to be eligible to have his college tuition at another school half-paid by

Columbia, his parent must earn a salary at least equal to the minimum paid to an assistant professor, \$10,500. "To him who has shall be given" is not an uncommon economic practice, but surely it has a special irony when the commodity is education and the donor a university.

Columbia as an employer has a very different image than Columbia as an educator. The University is probably no less sensitive than other corporations in its hiring and personnel policies. In fact, student and community pressure may serve to make Columbia more responsive than most to the views of its workers. Still, a disparity in attitudes persists. Like other schools, Columbia's commitment to excellence in education is not always matched by a commitment to excellence in working conditions. "Granted it should be," said one administrator, "but it can't be, and a choice has to be made within the limits of available resources. We don't have as much money as we'd like for our faculty, either."

It may indeed be unrealistic to expect any institution with an \$11 million deficit to be a model employer. To a growing number of students and workers, however, it is even more unrealistic in 1970 to believe that excellence in one area can be maintained at the expense of the other.

Columbia's understandable cost-consciousness may well conflict with the growing unwillingness of workers to remain docile when their vital needs are affected. And fewer and fewer students are content to view employees as dependent economic variables. The man behind the broom has a face. The woman behind the typewriter has a college degree.

Even in the midst of their concern with the maimed in Vietnam, the polluted streams in America, and the daily indignities heaped upon their Harlem neighbors, more and more students are thinking about the needs of the non-academic employees in their own campus community. Does that man with the broom make enough to support his family? Couldn't the woman behind the typewriter find a more suitable job?

That impending explosion which the guard predicted may be unlikely, but it is not impossible.

UNCLE SAM STEPS IN

The largest minority group at Columbia University, women, has summoned the long arm of the government to campus to aid its cause. The Women's Equity Action League (WEAL), acting on information provided by Columbia Women's Liberation, has filed a complaint with the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, accusing the University of sex discrimination.

Columbia holds contracts for federal funds worth several million dollars. These are contracts for specific research or work, not federal grants or loans for scholarships. Under amended Executive Order 11246 no federal contracts may be awarded to employers which discriminate because of race, national origin, religion or sex. A statistical imbalance among employees (disproportionate to society at large) in any one of these categories has been considered evidence enough to warrant official investigation.

In its complaint, WEAL was able to cite such a statistical imbalance among the faculty at Columbia, where only 5.2% (falling to 2.8% if Barnard is excluded) of full professors are female. The complaint also charged that examination of graduate school admission policies, fellowship procedures, and personnel practices would reveal other areas of discrimination against women.

Investigators from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Office for Civil Rights must now visit the Columbia campuses to ascertain if such allegations can be supported. All University files dealing with hiring, promotion, admissions and scholarships will be open to them. If the investigators' Letter of Finding reports evidence of discrimination (as WEAL is sure it will), the University — to keep its federal contracts — will be obliged to submit a "plan of affirmative action to remedy effects of past discrimination." In previous cases involving racial discrimination this has meant that the guilty institution must both rectify and recompense. The members of Columbia's Women's Liberation naturally hope that the University will likewise be compelled to

initiate a program of rapid hiring and promotion of women at all levels of the University. As one liberationist put it, "The lower levels of administration, faculty, and staff must stop being a hen party, and the men's club at the top must have more than token integration. The only direction for women at Columbia to go is up."

BEYOND HEALTH ED

The old required course in Health Education was the butt of faculty jokes and the bane of a freshman's existence, with its stodgy materials and true-false quizzes. In recent years it has been revitalized, and transformed beyond recognition. For one thing, it's now called Human Development, not Health Ed. For another, it's no longer required. Its instructors are clinical psychologists, rather than academicians, and several are practicing psychiatrists as well. And it consists not merely of one, but of several courses, all of them exciting, imaginative, and — pardon the expression — relevant.

The changes began in 1967, when Dr. Anthony Philip, the clinical psychologist who heads the Columbia Counseling Service, was asked to take charge of the moribund program, which had already ceased to be a requirement. One of his first reforms was the change of name. "'Health Ed' was an anachronism," he scoffs, dating back to the days when the course was administered by the physical education department. Besides, students complained that the old title drew ridicule when graduate school admissions officers reviewed their transcripts. Next to go were grades, replaced across the board by a pass-fail system. "We're trying to create a classroom climate in which students will talk freely about what's on their minds," explains Dr. Philip. "They won't do it if they think they're being judged."

Meanwhile, he was bringing in new people to staff the program, and encouraging experimentation in the curriculum. The old course, he believed, had been "pseudo-scholarly—just a waste of time. We didn't even try to create a scholarly course. What



INNOVATOR: Dr. Anthony Philip changed the content as well as the name of Health Ed.

we wanted was a clinically-oriented survey which would get the kids to think psychologically about themselves."

Of the present offerings, the one which is probably closest to the old Health Ed is now called "Marriage and the Family." The reading list varies from section to section, with Sigmund Freud and E. H. Erikson the most popular authors among the instructors. There are no exams, but the students are expected to turn in written assignments.

In addition, two new courses have been initiated since Dr. Philip took over. In 1968, Dr. Hugh Butts, a black psychiatrist who was teaching "Marriage and the Family," became persuaded that the problems of the black family were distinctive and important enough to deserve separate treatment. Not only are there differences in feeding and training patterns, he declares, but, more significantly, the psychological manifestations of oppression have affected the family structure. Thus, the so-called



STEVE KATZ

PSYCHOHISTORY IN THE MAKING:

Dr. Robert S. Liebert's Human Development course will explore the radical movements of the day.

"extended family," augmented by relatives and even by non-relatives, is more common among blacks than among whites.

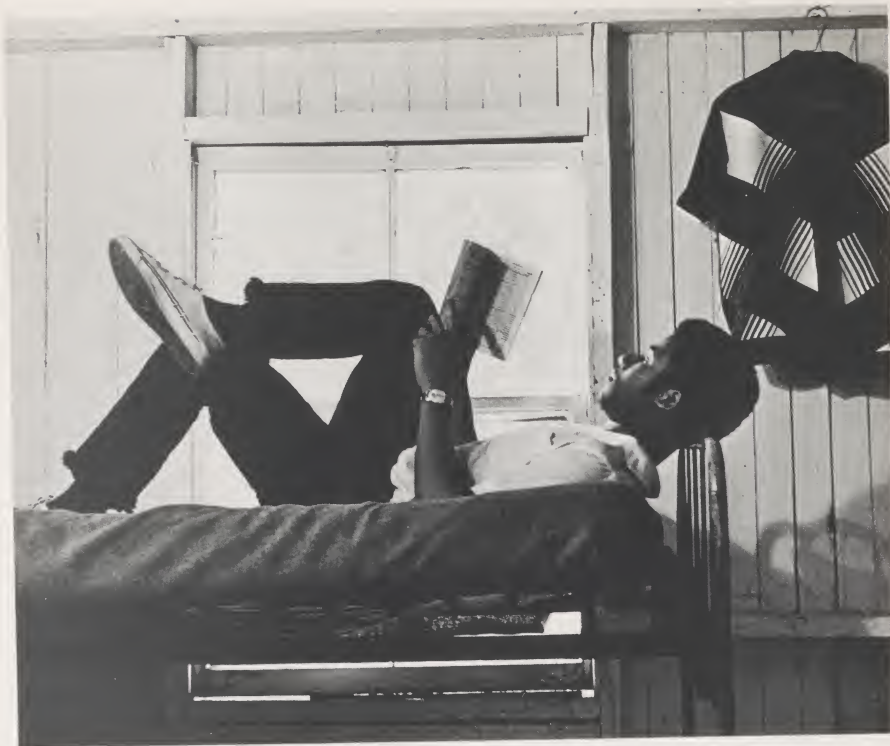
The ensuing debate, Dr. Philip recalls, "was a microcosm of the whole racial question confronting the University." Colleagues within the program voiced fears that the course would become what one called "political window-dressing." Members of the Committee on Instruction questioned whether Dr. Butts possessed the background to deal with the historical materials, and one even wondered aloud whether the readings might not prove so inflammatory as to trigger violence among the students. But the one-term offering was finally approved in time for the fall semester, 1969. Six whites were among the twenty students (the maximum number permitted by the instructor) who enrolled that autumn, but in the spring the number fell to three. Dr. Butts supplements his own lectures by bringing in other professionals—psychiatrists and social

workers — and is toying with the thought of inviting a welfare client.

The other innovation, entitled "Psychohistorical Approach to Contemporary Youth Movements," is the creation of its instructor, psychiatrist Robert S. Liebert, who is offering it for the first time this fall. Psychohistory is the study of the events and forces, internal and extrinsic, which motivate people to turn to different life styles and methods of political behavior: say, to radical political activity rather than drugs, or to one type of radical activity instead of another. Class discussion and student research projects will focus upon the youth movements of the day: the drug culture, communal living, women's liberation, gay liberation, black power and the New Left. "One source of information," Dr. Liebert declares, "will be the students themselves. The tensions and forces which play upon them will provide valid data for the study of the various issues." Other sources include a rigorous reading list, consisting of

theoretical and research studies of various aspects of the youth culture.

Instructors in the program hope in the future to attract more Barnard girls. Cross-registration, they complain, is presently blocked by red tape. "Ours are two-credit courses," Dr. Philip explains, "and Barnard doesn't have two-credit courses. The women must either receive three credits or get none whatsoever." Also, no course can be cross-listed unless a Barnard department sponsors it, and none so far has been willing to do so. "But the girls come anyway," Dr. Philip adds. "They audit, or just sit in, or come with their boyfriends." A few even register and pay fees without receiving credit. "Co-ed classes are important to what we're trying to do," Dr. Philip insists. "We're talking about issues of personal identity, part of which is sexual identity, and classroom interaction between the sexes has much more meaning than lectures on the differences between boys and girls." It beats true-false quizzes, too.



SID SATTLER

CABIN PERUSER: With an iron headboard for a pillow, this Camp Columbia freshman won't fall asleep over his book.

LAKE-SIDE LEARNING

I wrote good in high school. I thought I was a good writer until I came here.

A Camp Columbia student

Three hours away from the urban madness of Morningside Heights lies Camp Columbia in quiet, quiet Lakeside, Connecticut. Twenty-seven members of the Class of 1974 spent up to five weeks there this past summer taking an intensive freshman composition course. Instruction was provided by three College faculty members, and Frank Motley '70, a black student now at the Columbia Law School, was on hand to serve as a counselor.

Three pre-freshmen came because the camp session allowed them to disencumber themselves of the English C1001-C1002 requirement before the school year began. This four week option was open to all incoming first-year students. The fact that so few accepted it probably reflects the over \$400 expense involved.

Another 24 journeyed to Lakeside because they agreed with Columbia that they could profit from a five week intensive program aimed at improving their reading and writing abilities. These men had all been admitted unconditionally despite the fact that their records showed verbal weaknesses. Most of them had SAT verbal scores between 420 and 450. Their math scores were usually higher, and

their motivation and non-academic assets (such as sports ability or community involvement) had been praised as outstanding by readers of their admissions folders. In most cases their lack of strength in English was deemed to reflect environmental differences and inadequate secondary education, rather than low intelligence or motivation. In addition, several foreign students, whose first language was not English, were believed to need further language training before being loosed to grapple with the rigors of CC and Humanities. Of the 40 men invited to Camp Columbia for extra help, 16 chose not to attend.

For some of those who rejected the special help offer, economics may have been a factor. Although Colum-



SID SANTI

LAYING IT ON THE LINE:
Melvin Burwell tells the freshmen
what to expect at Columbia.

bia granted a stipend of \$400 to the disadvantaged students to make up for lost summer earnings (and waived their room and board and tuition charges), some pre-college men can earn more than \$400 during a summer.

A further inducement to come was that students who took the summer course could earn up to four credits. Only three of the under-prepared group earned the four credits, most earned two, and a few received remedial benefit only.

Despite the rural greenery, or perhaps because of it, all was not serene at Camp Columbia this summer. In final papers evaluating the program, almost all the students applauded the results of their intensive English training, but lamented the isolation and

deariness of the camp. There were numerous complaints about the lack of reference books, study areas, snack bars, decent swimming, and women.

The dormitory facilities were decrepit. Rooms lacked doors and desks and chairs. The camp is "smack in the middle of nowhere" groaned one student. Egress, had there been any place worth going to, would have depended on two feet, since the participants were not permitted to bring cars.

One man noted sadly that many of his fellows were not used to "the boring life," and that "practical jokes, noisy radios at night, and fights began to occur."

Although participants came from all areas of the nation, most lived in cities. Otherwise, one would be hard-

put to type them. The group was diverse enough to include one Spanish-American who would "take the streets of New York any day to the weeds of Camp Columbia;" a white football player from New England who "read only one book a year in high school" and "thought it would take five years to get through the nine book reading list," but was pleased to find he was "doing okay;" and an afro-haired black from a northwestern state who "enjoyed camp" but was eager "to be in the center of things on campus." Like most Camp Columbians, this student had been accepted elsewhere. He chose Columbia because of the "good financial deal which takes the burden off my parents." He has ten brothers and sisters.



UNIFORM: Casual summer attire was the rule in Camp Columbia classrooms.

Melvin Burwell, Special Assistant to Dean of the College Carl Hovde, is in charge of the camp program, which has now existed for two years. In 1969 the \$20,000 needed to finance the special summer session for under-prepared students came half from the Urban Center and half from the College. This year Columbia assumed fiscal responsibility alone, with the Higher Educational Opportunity Program contributing some money for New York State residents. Burwell estimates that the program (including the \$400 earning replacement stipend which is applied toward fall tuition) costs about \$1,000 per student.

A follow-up on the mid-term grades of 1969 camp participants showed considerable variance. One



FRATERNIZING: Assistant Professor of English Michael Rosenthal laughs it up with two of his students.



MESS HALL: Students and faculty at Camp Columbia take their meals together.

foreign student with a verbal SAT score in the 200s had achieved a B+ average. A student with a verbal SAT score in the 500s had a C— average. Most camp graduates had received mainly Cs in their courses with a smattering of Bs and Fs.

Burwell reports that at the end of last year, ten per cent of the 78 freshmen admitted with verbal scores below 550 (formerly considered the minimum necessary to do Columbia work) had made the Dean's List.

The three English instructors were all returnees from the 1969 summer program. Associate Professor George Stade, unofficial head of the trio, was originally slated to teach only those students without special problems, i.e. those students with "normally"

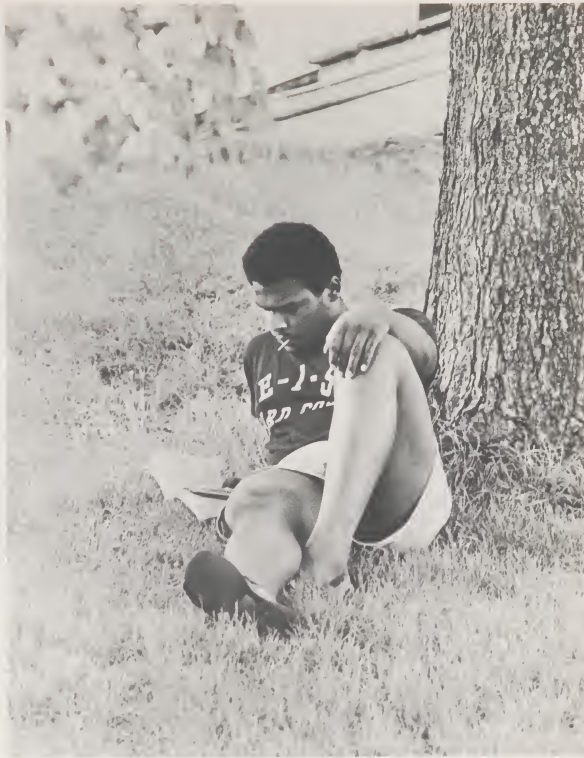
high SATs who had come to get the course out of the way before fall. Since there were only three people in this category, Stade added four remedial students to his group, a move which he found successful. "Poor expressors learned a great deal from the examples of good students," Stade reports. "Good students learned something about the difficulty of expression, and how rough it can be to communicate with people from other environments."

Assistant Professor Michael Rosenthal and Instructor Peter Glassman both instituted some changes in their teaching this summer. Their courses, they agree, were stiffer; and they, personally, were less lenient. "Last year we were too quick to praise,"



SID SATTLER

PASS TENSE: English Professor George Stade joins his students in a football game.



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DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS: Most participants were anxious to do well. Many, like this one, studied in their spare time.

comments Glassman. "This summer we tried to use grades in a more realistic way."


The 1970 Camp Columbia session lasted a week longer than the 1969 program. Students were required to write six compositions weekly, and each participant had a daily tutorial. According to Glassman, improvement was evident in grammar, spelling, and paragraphing, but some participants still began classes this fall with below-par writing skills.

All three instructors, while generally pleased with the results, agree that attempting to compensate for 12 years of faulty schooling in five weeks was a Herculean task. Burwell would like to extend the benefits of Camp Columbia by instituting a "cluster"

system, whereby small groups of academically disadvantaged students who need assistance during the year would meet regularly with an upper-classman to discuss scholastic and social problems. Hopefully, a student in academic difficulty would recognize his problem early and not be ashamed to ask for tutoring before disaster set in.

Prof. Stade stresses that disadvantaged students encounter non-academic frustrations, such as immense economic pressures, which can affect their performances in the classroom. He has also discovered that students from underprivileged areas are likely to enter Columbia with different intellectual data than middle class whites. "I can't allude to as wide a

background in teaching ghetto kids," Stade explains, "but they're more intelligent about the pretenses you need to survive, more forgiving of vanity, and more intelligent about family life and conflict. They also understand implicit class attitudes better." The College, he insists, "needs and benefits from the new points of view these kids exhibit."

Undoubtedly Columbia College does use to its own advantage the diverse perspectives of minority students. The Camp Columbia program is committed to improving the verbal skills of these students so they may better use Columbia. Whether five weeks in the Connecticut wilderness can balance the scales has yet to be proved. 



SID SATTLER

WILLIAM MCGILL: THE FINDING OF THE PRESIDENT

Columbia Has Changed Since Bill McGill
Left For California—But So Has He.

by the editors

During the disturbances last May, a young alumnus struck up a conversation with an SDS member who was passing out leaflets in front of Ferris Booth Hall. They chatted for awhile about the University's problems until, inevitably, one of them brought up the name of incoming President William McGill.

"He doesn't seem like a bad guy," ventured the alumnus. The SDSer eyed him coldly. "You don't understand," he replied, as if explaining something to a child. "The issue isn't whether he's good or bad, but whether he's *smart*."

There are many at the University who would say amen to that remark, even though they don't share the politics of the young radical who uttered it. With the campus still divided by contending political factions, and a deficit of \$11 million during the preceding fiscal year, the last thing Columbia needs is a nice guy in Andrew Cordier's vacant chair. And no-one seems to realize this better than William J. McGill.

"I hope to avoid heavy-handedness," he told one recent visitor. "But I'm not so humane an administrator that I'd find it distasteful to be heavy-handed if that becomes necessary."

ON STUDENTS AND STUDENT UNREST:

"The combination of an open democratic society and an advanced technological state is creating an extraordinary social force unprecedented in our history. This force can be described as an alienated youth culture, hostile to science and technology, and growing at a very rapid pace . . . It is interesting to observe that France has passed beyond its Vietnam and its Algeria, but student unrest persists . . . One major consequence of an automated society is . . . a profound change in the life-styles of young people. More and more time is required for their education . . . Colleges and universities are increasingly used as storage areas for bored young people who have no particular interest in or drive toward learning, but who feel that a college degree is essential to their future welfare. Many of them . . . (are) vaguely interested in helping their fellow man because no other occupations attract them. Those who have clear educational goals find themselves as trainees undergoing a long and arduous apprenticeship with reward only dimly visible and far ahead. They wonder why anyone should work for dimly visible objectives inside the system when all around them the social order seems to be decaying." — Address to the Alumni, Columbia University, June 2, 1970

"We are seeing the basic manifestations of two cultures in American universities. There is a growing gap of mutual incomprehension between the culture of technology and the culture of alienation on campus. This cultural gap obviously reflects the larger problems of a technological society . . . The growth of automation has put immense demands on the disenfranchised segments of American life: youth, the minorities, the aged. Now we are confronting a mass-scale youth movement, based in our universities and patterned after the alienated life of our cities. It is a culture of belief, commitment, and angry protest. It values the rapture of experiences of liberation more than rational discourse." — Testimony Before President's Commission on Student Unrest, Aug. 4, 1970

"It is just not possible to be young in these times and to be apathetic about the world we live in. It is not possible to be young and to fail to seek some kind of personal liberation. Liberation has become a mass movement among young people . . . Unless this movement toward personal liberation and rejection of entrapment by the technology is controlled, directed, and sublimated by those of us who are in a position to give leadership, no one can safely predict what will become of our institutions." — Address to the Alumni, Columbia University

"When I was in college we wore soft tweed jackets and striped ties, and we smoked pipes. The girls in the colleges on the eastern seaboard thirty years ago wore their hair carefully brushed in the style decreed by Café Society . . . It is perfectly apparent that thirty years ago we were seeking to establish ourselves as young members of the establishment we aspired to enter. It is equally apparent that these young boys and girls in long hair and rough clothes are attempting to establish an impression of themselves as romantic vagabonds." — Speech Before the San Diego Historical Society, Dec. 13, 1969

"The subculture displays very considerable mysticism, romanticism, and irrationality. These are visible in the dress, the drugs, the rock music, and the search for transcendental experience. It is almost a secular religion, and because it is almost a secular religion, and because it is a reaction to organization, it defies organization. Hence, those frightened members of the American public who have been denouncing this development as a conspiratorial communist effort can take heart from the thought that the mystical romanticism of our youth culture would drive any well trained communist disciplinarian to distraction." — Ibid.

Such statements, which he has made in one form or another on several occasions since his appointment, come as a surprise to some of his former colleagues in the psychology department, where he taught from 1956 until 1965, and which he served as chairman between 1960 and 1963. "Bill McGill was an active, lively, likeable Irishman," smiles one of them, "always ready to listen to a good story, also to get down to business.

"Maybe," mused the colleague, "he fits the stereotype of the Irishman better now that he's making all these belligerent noises. He never made them here."

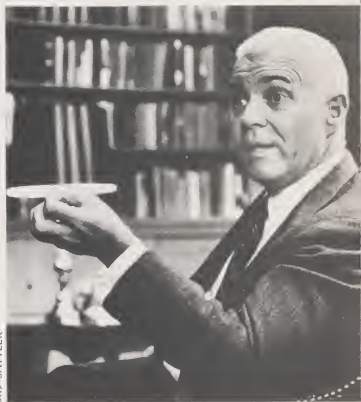
A remarkable transformation appears to have overtaken William J. McGill during his five years at the University of California's San Diego campus — first as professor, finally as

Chancellor. Former associates here speak of his gregariousness, his outspokenness, and his good nature, disarming and contagious — all seemingly spontaneous, but in reality carefully controlled, according to those who knew him well. "Part of his strength was that he came across as your best friend," one recalled not long ago. "Obviously, he couldn't have been everyone's best friend. He's a genuinely warm and considerate person, but his strategies are well-planned in advance, and he does a good job of stage-managing himself."

Several anecdotes from those days illustrate the intensity of the man. Once, the story goes, he and another professor got into a heated debate at a faculty meeting while the chairman vainly called for order. "Bill always enjoyed a good argument," remarked

the narrator, "but on a logical basis. He never used polemics, or took unfair advantage." Eventually the chairman, lacking a gavel, brought a book down hard against the table, and both men stopped in mid-sentence, startled. McGill had become so deeply involved in the discussion that he had lost, for the moment, all consciousness of his surroundings.

These qualities — the basic good nature, the intensity, the surface spontaneity — still persist. But old friends have begun to notice a new side of Bill McGill. "When he was here," according to one, "he never stopped grinning, even during an argument. In recent photos, he's looked grimmer than I'd ever seen him. But I guess that's part of the new image." Another part of the new image, even more startling to many, is



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ON STUDENTS AND STUDENT UNREST:

"We have been forced to recognize that much of what our generation believed naively about opportunity and equality in American life was platitudinous. The war, the violence, the racism, the corruption evident at very high levels of business and government have produced deepening moral concerns. These are conditions that foster radicalism. Those who have had close contact with campus radicals recognize that they are idealists, often misdirected, but governed by ethical considerations that are not always cynically held."

— Speech Before the San Diego Historical Society

"The newspapers and the campus public relations officers are correct in identifying (the revolutionaries) as a tiny fraction of American campus life even in this tortured era. The problem is that these revolutionary groups form a leadership cadre able to capitalize on any difficulty arising on campus. Their effectiveness is greatly enhanced by the fact that the youth culture, that quarter or third of the student body, is alienated in varying degrees from the university and from the values of the American middle class." — Ibid.

"Many of the young people who are so effective in articulating their dissent against the moral evils of modern American society, and who seek to band together in idealistic efforts to change these evils, have themselves fallen victim to that hypocrisy with which they so frequently charge us . . . In the past two years I have seen enough cheating in the classroom, thievery in the dorms, and cruelty to other students to make me a bit skeptical. I express deep concern about the low value placed upon intellectual and personal honesty among students on today's campuses." — Ibid.

"It is interesting that this gap is not so much a generation gap as it is a gap between the colleges and the rest of society . . . For example, the intense opposition to the Vietnam war among young people is one of the most characteristic aspects of the generation gap. But it must be the case that there are very considerable divisions between young people in the university and young people outside the university on this issue. Moreover, any close observer of modern university life will tell you that faculty are picking up the attitudes, language, and informal styles of dress affected by the students. Hence, the generation gap is in some respects a town-gown gap." — Ibid.

"The 'student power' movement . . . is neither violent nor revolutionary, but simply seeks to set up the student body as an adversary element in campus life so that student opinion must be heeded." — Ibid.

the tough tone of some of his statements. A former Columbia colleague remembers that "as chairman, he was energetic and lively, and a perfect gentleman, but none of us thought of him as a takeover guy or a tough nut. In fact, I told the search committee that I didn't see him in the role of strong fighter—although I certainly didn't deny that he had the potential to develop into one."

One of the questions which remain to be resolved is whether the tough talk is indeed part of a new image—cultivated as carefully as the exuberant good fellowship—or represents a true change of personality, or else, perhaps, the emergence of hidden qualities already there: "a throwback to the days when he was a rough kid on the streets," as an ex-colleague suggested. The question

will not go unanswered for long. "I expect to be tested," McGill has said. "People will want to see if I can be scared out of the job. Well, I'm prepared for that."

"There was never that degree of self-reference when we knew him," muses a puzzled former associate. "It's as if he feels himself almost called upon to carry out a role." And indeed there is a sense of mission about the way in which the President discusses his new responsibilities. If he harbors any doubts about his ability to carry out that mission, he hasn't let on to anyone.

There were few doubts, either, among the members of the search committee which selected him. The committee, consisting of faculty members, trustees (who usually met sepa-



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ON MILITANT PROTESTS AT COLUMBIA:

"I sense a feeling of urgency at Columbia pressing us to turn serious attention to major concerns of our own and to avoid symbolic conflict aimed primarily at arousing public opinion . . . Most people here sense a powerful public distaste for strikes, militant picketing and building occupations. Such activities in behalf of peace in Southeast Asia markedly diminish the ability of our faculty and students to convince the nation that our anguish over continuance of the war is a deeply held and responsible position." — Statement to the Press, Sept. 9, 1970

"I have attended no large-scale conferences on security, nor have I discussed proposals to introduce new measures or tactics that are radical departures from those used in the past . . . Our principal means of controlling disruption at Columbia was, is, and will remain the ardent desire of faculty and students to concentrate on educational problems rather than on conflict." — Ibid.

ON THE COMMUNITY:

"Columbia does not seek to wall itself off from the problems of urban society. We cannot simply expand against the interests of the community that surrounds us. Instead, we seek to convince our neighbors that their future and ours are intertwined and mutually dependent. Columbia cannot survive in a state of hostility or even detachment from the problems that afflict New York City. We must begin to contribute to the solution of these problems and therein lies the key to our own future." — Ibid.

ON THE ALUMNI:

"Older alumni, returning to a university campus, must learn the new rules of the game. They must be prepared to shout down the hecklers in fine old-fashioned democratic style. They must, however, remain in control of themselves. They must forbear the delights of swinging at their errant neighbors, and above all they must let us professionals handle the tough situations . . ."
— Address to the Alumni, Columbia University

"College presidents usually speak to alumni in utterly trivial terms. The discussions exhibit a characteristic banality that is fairly well understood by both parties . . . I have always wondered why the president and the alumni should wallow in such triviality." — Ibid.



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rately), and — for the first time in Columbia's history — students was assembled during the fall semester of 1968. A year later, in September 1969, its prospects were in disarray after the stunning and well-publicized rebuff administered by Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard, who turned down the Presidency over the summer. Now the selection process had to be started again from scratch, and some committee members were getting scared.

"We felt," said one teacher, "that this was crucial, that if we didn't get the right guy, there might not be a successor. That's why we took so long. But by last autumn, we were starting to worry. We knew we had to find someone pretty soon."

The name of Chancellor William J. McGill of San Diego had been sub-

mitted to the committee at the very onset of the search the year before, by two members of the psychology department, one of them a former colleague of McGill's. "We didn't follow him up then," a committee member explains, "because he had just started at San Diego, and hadn't built up any kind of track record. He began to look better as he went along."

The process of paring down the list of prospects which emerged in the wake of the Heard debacle was time-consuming. Committee members had agreed upon certain criteria. They were seeking a youngish man, under 55 years of age, who had had some experience in educational administration as a ranking officer of either an institution of higher learning or an educational foundation. They preferred, also, someone who had previously

ON HIMSELF:

"Three years ago I was an honest academic. I worked in a rather remote area of mathematical psychology. I was serious about my work and deeply attached to it. Yet in only three years I have formed a similarly deep commitment to what I am about to do. I gave up my work because three years ago I saw that the scholarly traditions I revere, the kind of humane society that I want to build, are threatened as they have never been threatened before, at least in my lifetime."

— Address to the Alumni, Columbia University

"There wasn't very much of me when I came to Columbia but the standards of this institution made me a mature academic person. I owe this University everything that my later life has become, and I want to repay that debt."

— Ibid.

"A man who is humane in dealing with tough and nasty provocations is just going to be steam-rollered and destroyed. You can see the shattered reputations of college administrators all across the country who tried to make friends with their enemies. I know that, and I'm not going to be taken in by that kind of thing. On the other hand, when I get into that mood and when the tough provocations are coming, I become in some respects a dangerous man who needs to be curbed. You see, I'm looking for trouble, too, and I have to be able to flip that switch quickly enough in order to be able to respond to the anguish — that anguish is real and it's there and it's all over the campus today."

— Quoted in New York Times Sunday Magazine, Sept. 6, 1970

ON THE CURRICULUM:

"Higher education in this country is showing signs of rigidity and divorce from the needs of the society. These are problems that seem to call for major educational reform. We need to experiment with undergraduate curricula. We need to provide the means for rapid advancement on grounds of ability rather than arduous apprenticeship. Finally, we need to integrate the university with the major professions so that professional training becomes easier and more attractive to students who now seem to be turned off by what seems to be an infinite educational regress."

— Statement to the Press

"If a scientist or a physician is not considered adequately trained to do his professional work before he is 35 to 40 years of age, we have a problem and we had better begin to do something about it soon because the situation is not going to correct itself. We need major educational reform . . ."

— Testimony Before President's Commission On Student Unrest

ON FINANCES:

"Columbia University has been running in red ink for the past several years. It is perfectly clear that the University is overextended and that we must begin to confront our fiscal problems immediately. We are going to take a hard look at our administration and our academic programs with a view to cutting costs substantially. We must find new sources of funding. There is a particular need for gifts and endowments matched to the present needs of the University."

— Statement to the Press



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been affiliated with Columbia. "You don't want a guy who'll need years to learn about the place," a committee-man observed. A few raised the possibility of promoting someone from inside the University, "except," as one explained, "that there's likely to be a strong polarization about such people, and they may have too much of a stake in existing policies to be objective."

In addition, faculty members on the committee wanted a person who had been, not only a teacher, but a bona fide scholar, and the students wanted someone who would listen to their views respectfully. "Interestingly, though, they also wanted a strong figure," commented one observer. Of course, student committee members were almost by definition moderates

(an older colleague described them as "liberal activists"), since the true radicals would have nothing to do with the search.

Once this initial screening had reduced the number of hopefuls from nearly fifty to about ten or fifteen, the real spadework began. Students pored through back issues of the *New York Times*, while faculty members scrutinized scholarly journals. Teachers and trustees interviewed contacts on other campuses, as discreetly as possible in order to minimize the inevitable rumors. Students, too, solicited the views of their counterparts elsewhere. "It was tricky work," a professor recalled, "because the problem of obtaining reliable information often conflicted with the problem of maintaining confidentiality." Premature

publicity could sabotage everything, because of the pressures to which the administrator would be subjected at his own school.

These preliminary investigations consumed the early months of the fall semester. By November, William J. McGill has emerged as the strongest candidate.

"The amazing thing about McGill was that he was the only man of whom we heard nothing negative," a professor remarked. "Usually, when the news starts to leak out, all the skeletons come out of the closets. But the feedback from the California university system was just fantastic." Praise came even from Sacramento, the state capital. True, Governor Ronald Reagan and members of his administration did not fall over one

ON VIETNAM AND THE MILITARY

"The men most deeply involved (in the formulation of policies which produced Vietnam) were the second line officials of the executive and state departments during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. The ultimate irony is that the most influential of these officials were drawn from universities. We see that universities now protesting the Vietnam involvement were themselves deeply implicated in the development of adventurist policies in statecraft which left our military with a mission almost impossible to carry out and which in the long run divided our country and alienated our youth. Many of these officials . . . were young academics playing at statecraft and they made very serious mistakes . . . People who express alarm at the developing protests against the war in our universities are, I think, unaware of the burden of guilt that the academic community feels for what it has contributed to our national life in the last 25 years." — Speech Before the San Diego Historical Society

"Unlike our students I have a very great deal of respect for the American military. Whatever their own feelings about the wisdom of our policies and the constraints which our national leaders have placed upon them in carrying on our operations in Vietnam, they do not direct their professional knowledge and their professional skill against the civilian arm of the government. They accept their orders and they carry them out, even in frustrating and profoundly difficult circumstances such as those we confront in Southeast Asia where safe havens are provided for our enemy in the shadows of Laos and Cambodia, protected, at least in a major way, by our own government's policy." — Ibid.

*"In Vietnam, we have suffered no major military reverses, but we have sacrificed much of what we have always stood for before the rest of the world. The President is and must be governed by the rational chess moves of the Cold War. Most students are governed by the idealism and moral sensitivities we have taught them. It is a simple but essential difference in perspective."
— Testimony Before President's Commission On Student Unrest*

"So long as the campus continues to be a place of privilege and refuge from military service, radical leadership among college students will continue . . . The only real solution to this problem lies in the elimination of military conscription except in times of grave national emergency." — Ibid.

*"There is no feasible way to liquidate our Vietnam involvement overnight or in a few months without inviting the most disastrous consequences. Thus the moratorium presents the danger of further dividing the country without a clearly expressed alternative to Washington's wish for phased withdrawal."
— Speech Before the San Diego Historical Society*



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another in their eagerness to issue testimonials. But, as one Regent put it, "McGill was on the bottom of the list of those to be fired."

Next came the tasks of sounding out the candidate himself, and, after that, arranging to have him come to New York to be interviewed. Both required the diplomatic skills of a Metternich and the coyness of Marvell's mistress. "You have to go about it informally," a committee member explained, "so it doesn't seem as if the guy is begging. You can't just come out and say, 'We'd like to interview you.' Instead, you have to tell him, 'We're looking at a lot of people; do you think you'd like to talk to us?' That way nobody feels he's committed himself to anything."

A few professors were opposed

to holding any interviews at all, for fear that the brevity and forced nature of the encounter would give rise to false impressions. But their colleagues on the committee, especially the students, insisted. "Students, after all, are especially sensitive to how a man interacts in just that sort of situation," one teacher speculated.

McGill arrived in New York in November for a long weekend. His first evening was given over to a quiet dinner with a group of trustees at a private club downtown. The next day, a Saturday, the prospective President went through a grueling series of interviews with members of the search committee: first students and, later, faculty. Afterward, he spoke separately to several administrators, University senators, and old personal

friends. The meetings took place in the candidate's hotel suite. "There was no grilling," one participant remembers, "just a lot of drinking and eating, and a great deal of questioning back and forth. He was trying to find out about Columbia at the same time that we were trying to find out about him." People circulated in and out of the room as the discussions were going on. At times, as many as 15 crowded into the suite; at other times, the number dwindled to just three. On Sunday, McGill's last full day in New York, he met once again with the trustees. He had already spoken to several of them over dinner the previous Friday, but the members of that party were sufficiently impressed with him to want him to see the others.



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HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET:
McGill laughs it up
at Law School reception.

Reactions to the visitor were overwhelmingly favorable. Committeemen were struck by his diplomatic skills, his geniality, and his shrewd insights into individuals as well as his apparent grasp of the University's problems. "He seemed to understand," said one, "that the place needed a housecleaning, that it had been drifting too long." Many commented on his forthrightness in answering questions. "He didn't say different things to the different groups, the way some other people had done last year," reports one professor. Another praised his willingness to tell his listeners what they didn't want to hear. "There was one trustee, very interested in sports, who asked him about intercollegiate athletics," the professor said. "McGill replied

that he was more interested in intramurals.

"Another time," the professor went on, "some students wanted to know whether he would ever call in the police, and when he answered yes, they asked him whether he wasn't putting property rights above people. He told them that the buildings couldn't care less about who was inside them. He was concerned about the people who wanted to study there.

"In the end," according to the professor, "the very ones whom he challenged were among his strongest supporters. They liked him because he is not the sort of man who will compromise his basic beliefs."

Once the committee agreed that it was seriously interested, the next

order of business was to invite the candidate back for a second look. This turned out to be a trickier matter than it was the first time. The November visit had been, on its face, an exploratory one, with no commitments on either side. Now, however, the committee was evidently in earnest, and McGill hesitated. "I'll come back," he reportedly told one member, "only if I'm sure I want to take it. I don't want to put you in a Heard-type situation."

Then there began a waiting period of about a month, during which the committee phoned repeatedly and the candidate kept stalling. When, in December, he agreed at last to return for another series of interviews, it was felt, says a professor, "that he had committed



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CONSULTING A CONSTITUENCY:
McGill meets with representatives of the
Undergraduate Dormitory Council.

himself at least morally to accepting the job if nothing else came up."

McGill returned to New York later that month. The second visit, unlike the first, was taken up largely by meetings with various administrators and trustees. "McGill was concerned, not with personal perquisites, but with the amount of support he'd get from the trustees in evolving plans and meeting financial commitments," a committee member disclosed. "It wasn't the sort of thing you could get very specific about, but he wanted it understood that he wasn't going to be head janitor. He even jotted a few things down, which he showed to the trustees, defining the nature and functions of the office."

Evidently McGill and the trustees

arrived at an understanding, because a formal offer went out shortly afterward. "We never cast secret ballots, or anything like that," reports a member of the search committee. "The students and faculty got together, someone asked if there were any objections to McGill, and when there weren't any, we told the trustees we liked him." There was no need for the trustee search committee to meet separately, since the trustees who served on the committee were also the most active and influential on the board.

Another waiting period ensued, while the candidate mulled over the offer. At one point, he appeared to develop cold feet. "Some California people had begun to work on him, and Columbia seemed remote and

in the past," explained one committeeman. So a senior professor on the search committee flew out to California to speak to the Chancellor over a weekend, and McGill communicated his acceptance toward the end of January.

The committee members, too, were not without some doubts. Most revolved around the new president's style — "the California breeziness instead of Ivy League dignity," as one put it — and in particular his gladdening of people and his occasional garrulousness. "He does come on strong, and I wish he'd be a little quieter sometimes," one conceded. But another suggested that the talkativeness is a function of his newness and his need to carve out an image for himself. "Besides," he said, "you



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CHEERS: McGill clinks a glass with Law School alumnus.

wonder whether you can divorce these qualities from the things which make him desirable." Even those who owned up to reservations did not oppose the selection, and agreed that their overall response was positive.

"There were several times when we panicked," summarizes one of them. "We didn't want to wait much longer, and if McGill hadn't panned out, I don't know whom we would have chosen. We even talked of lowering our sights and making an offer to one of our own people, the way other schools have done."

But the selection of William McGill, he emphasizes, was not a panic choice. "We liked him so much that we would have made the offer even if we hadn't felt pressured.

"Although," he adds, expressing

a sentiment which has been voiced by many, "you sometimes wonder whether any man is big enough to be President of Columbia these days."

It will take a big man indeed to cope with Columbia's problems: the yawning deficit, in part a result of restricted endowments; the almost hydra-like proliferation of divisions and departments, some of which duplicate one another's functions; the widening gulf between undergraduate and graduate education; the unhealed scars of the '68 rebellion, including the running conflict with the Morningside community.

McGill's onetime associates seem to think that he's big enough if any man is. Perhaps even more important, Bill McGill thinks so too. His self-

confidence is as contagious as his grin. Even when he was a teacher, an ex-student remembered, "He was always turned on with himself, as well as with his subject, and enjoyed snowing us with incomprehensible equations. He didn't do it maliciously, but just to put us down a little." An interviewer asked him recently what sort of person should succeed him at San Diego. Without hesitating, he replied, "Someone just like me."

Understandably, he is reluctant to commit himself in advance to specific policies while he is still so new to the job. For this reason, perhaps, some of his public pronouncements have seemed more platitudinous than his listeners would prefer. He has, however, announced in no uncertain terms that the University is in financial



RETURN OF THE NATIVE:
The President is right at home on
New York's Lexington Avenue.

difficulty because it is "over-extended," and that he plans a belt-tightening which will include the re-evaluation and perhaps even the elimination of the costlier divisions. He has also committed himself to the strengthening of undergraduate education. At San Diego, he recalls, he instituted a policy whereby departments which refused to do their fair share of undergraduate teaching found themselves short-ended in the budget.

McGill's background is not what one would expect of a Columbia President. Catholic, the product of New York City and its parochial schools (he holds both his A.B. and M.A. from Fordham), he takes command of an Ivy League university which sorely needs new perspectives.

The red clenched fist, symbol of revolution, still gleams against the blue background of a U.S. mailbox outside Low Library, headquarters of the central administration. The juxtaposition underscores the task of reconciliation which confronts him.

It remains to be seen whether so outspoken and at times aggressive an individual can conciliate rather than polarize. (At a meeting last year for Columbia alumni from the San Francisco Bay area, some remarks of his precipitated a brawl between older and younger graduates, which the President would later describe as "just like a John Wayne movie.") Columbia will discover the answer during the next few months, and the nation as well as the University has a stake in the outcome.



HOUSE ON THE HILL

by Richmond B. Williams '25



MANNY WARMAN

60 MORNINGSID DRIVE, HOME OF COLUMBIA PRESIDENTS SINCE 1912, DOUBLES AS A RESIDENCE AND AN EMBASSY.

One of New York's most stately and beautiful mansions has acquired new tenants. On September 1, William J. McGill moved with his family into 60 Morningside Drive, home of Columbia presidents for more than half a century.

Some 60 years ago, Nicholas Murray Butler felt the need for distinctive facilities to conduct large meetings, entertain students and faculty members, and receive distinguished visitors to the campus. The Butler residence on 30th Street was too remote to serve the purpose, so the President obtained from the Board of Trustees authorization to build a new house on Morningside Heights. The design was entrusted to the noted architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White, and F. Augustus Schermerhorn donated the money. William Mitchell Kendall, the chief designer, realized that even large private houses are not equipped to accommodate scores of guests. Accordingly, the mansion took the shape

of an embassy, with a huge tiled kitchen in the basement, and several rooms on the first floor to handle the hats and coats of visitors.

Kendall made the structure conform to the architectural style of the original Columbia buildings: Italian Renaissance, with a granite base, walls of overburned brick, and exterior details of Indiana limestone. The plot on which it rests is only 78 by 37 feet, and borders upon the Faculty Club and Johnson Hall, the graduate women's dormitory. From its upper stories, one can look out over Harlem—a symbolic juxtaposition these days—and catch glimpses of Central Park and its surrounding tall buildings to the south-east.

The first two floors consist of stately, high-ceilinged rooms for official use, the third (reached by a small elevator) houses the personal suite for the President and his family, while the fourth contains guest and servants' rooms. The roof, once given over to a

loggia, now boasts a penthouse and open terrace gardens. A gallery on the ground floor, parallel to the facade, links the library on the left with the handsome official dining room to the right. In the library, President Andrew Cordier would later display a large silver tray signed by all the heads of state of the United Nations, presented to him upon his retirement from that body, and the Grayson Kirks would place portraits of their three royal visitors: Queen Mother Elizabeth of Great Britain, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, and Queen Fredericka of Greece. In between are various service rooms and a family dining room.

A flight of marble stairs, illuminated by a tall window on the west, leads from the gallery to the middle of three rooms on the second floor which open into each other, forming a suite spacious enough for the large reception which follows Commencement. Gobelin tapestries, given to Dr. Butler by the French Government,



MANNY WARMAN

HIGH NOTE: Music room
on the second floor.



MANNY WARMAN

DIET-RITE: Main staircase is
guaranteed to keep occupants in shape. Stairs lead
to official reception rooms.



MANN VARMAN

CONTINUITY: Ellen McGrath (right), talking to Mrs. Andrew Cordier, has served at the mansion for 31 years.



MANN VARMAN

WAITING FOR MCGILL: Center room on second floor is used for teas and receptions.

once hung in the stairwell. Older alumni will recall Dr. and Mrs. Butler and his daughter Sarah standing in the center room to receive them at the annual dance for Barnard and Columbia undergraduates. Today, these rooms contain several valuable portraits of Columbia personalities. One, painted in 1818 by John Trumbull, depicts Professor of Greek and Latin William Cochran; another, a copy of the original Copley in the King's Crown Room of the Columbiana Library, shows Columbia's second President, Myles Cooper. A third is of Sir Charles Hardy, Governor of the Province of New York. He is seen as he appeared in 1754, when the College was founded, in a copy of the original Romney now at Greenwich Hospital on the Thames River near London.

The first visitors were trustees who attended a housewarming on October 7, 1912. But the real social debut took place on December 3, when President Butler '82 held a smoker for about 100 fellow-members of the alumni society

called the Early Eighties. The guests sang songs around the piano, and gave a rousing Early Eighties cheer for Mrs. Butler.

Shortly after the mansion opened, the Butlers launched a series of formal dinner parties, at which they mixed academic figures, political notables, and foreign dignitaries. Twelve couples were usually invited. Guests arrived at precisely two minutes before eight, found their table places on a plan, and received cards designating their dinner partners. After the meal, the men withdrew with Dr. Butler to the library for coffee, cigars, and liqueurs, then rejoined the ladies upstairs in the drawing room until the party ended at exactly ten-thirty.

Each visitor signed his name in a guest book. Now stored in the Columbiana Collection, it reads like a Who's Who of the period: Henri Bergson, Andrew Carnegie, Carl Schurz, Edwin Gould, Alfred Noyes, Henry Holt, Count von Bernstorff, Alexis Carrel, John Purroy Mitchell, Paul Elmer

More, George W. Wickersham, Walter Damrosch.

Dr. Butler occupied the mansion during 33 of his 43 years in office. Upon his retirement, the trustees gave him permission to stay on there, and when he died, in 1947, his body rested in state in the gallery on the first floor, watched by high-ranking University officials, as older members of the Columbia community filed past to pay their respects.

Acting President Frank D. Fackenthal '06 never lived in the mansion. When the Eisenhowers came to Columbia in May, 1948, the trustees authorized extensive reconstruction of the private apartments. The roof was refitted, and President Dwight Eisenhower used it to paint and play with his grandchildren, to the delight of graduate students looking down from Johnson Hall. Mrs. Eisenhower had the walnut paneling in the dining room lightened to gray-blue, a pattern she later introduced at the White House, and the main rooms were filled



ROOM AT THE TOP: Johnson Hall looks down upon the mansion's open air terrace.

with decorations and presentation swords tendered to the war-time leader by appreciative allies. Academicians were sometimes startled to behold so many guns among the books.

The Kirks moved in in March, 1953. This was during an era when Uncle Sam, in his new role as world leader, discovered that 60 Morningside could occasionally serve his purposes as well as those of the University. Thus, the Kirks held dinners at which the guest list was augmented on occasion by official interpreters and F.B.I. agents scoured the premises from drawing room to kitchen. Perhaps the highlight of their 15-year stay was a luncheon following the final Convocation of the 1954 Bicentennial, attended by the Queen Mother of Great Britain, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of Germany, Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, and other dignitaries.

The Andrew Cordiers entertained in markedly different style. Significant-

ly, Dr. Cordier's first dinner guests were student leaders, followed not long afterward by 35 Harlem clergymen. More usually, however, the former United Nations official entertained community leaders at luncheons. The mansion, designed in a more opulent age as an elegant private residence, became under the Cordiers almost a public building, to be used for the benefit of the entire University community. The McGills have indicated that they view it in the same way.

The house has been staffed, over the years, by five to six servants, who live on the premises. Oldest in service is Ellen McGrath, waitress and parlor maid, who was originally trained by Mrs. Butler, and is now in her 31st year at 60 Morningside. The other servants include a butler, a houseman, an upstairs maid and a cook. Major dinners are contracted out to a catering firm, which in recent years has been Daniel, on 30th Street in New York City. Summer functions have always presented

a problem, as only the private apartments are air-conditioned. The huge state rooms are cooled by giant fans.

Expenses for upkeep, as well as for official entertainment, are borne by the University. The President and his family are responsible for personal items. Not infrequently, New York department stores have lumped the two together in a single bill, to the exasperation of successive occupants.

No doubt the McGills will leave their own unique imprint on the building, as others have done before them. While it is too early to predict precisely what innovations they will bring to the 58-year-old mansion, 15-year-old Bill McGill jr.—the first youngster to live there in its entire history—has already promised to make a few changes of his own, not in the state apartments but in the room assigned to him on the third floor.

Richmond B. Williams, former *Spectator* editor-in-chief and Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship winner, was an executive with AT&T until his recent retirement.



Roar Lion Roar

FEASTING ON MEMORIES

On the evening of September 22, more than 350 "friends and fans" of Columbia football gathered in Low Rotunda to relive the anguish and triumphs of the past hundred years.

Shamelessly exhibiting the most blatant partisanship, the menu featured a main course of sliced filet mignon of "Columbia" blue ribbon beef. Auxiliary and subordinate courses included "Crimson" shrimp cocktail accompanied by "Big Red" sauce, "Indian" green olives, mixed "Raritan" nuts, "Nassau" carrots, spuds "New Haven" and tossed salad with "Quaker" oil dressing. With the opposition thus accounted for, six of Columbia's most outstanding former players then recalled the history of

football at Morningside, and Lou Little addressed the gathering over a beeper phone.

The first fifty years were covered by Howard Miller '17, a member of Columbia's undefeated 1915 team, who still holds the school record for most field goals in one game (four).

Columbia football kicked off on November 12, 1870 with a 6-3 defeat at the hands of Rutgers in only the third football game ever played. Throughout the next 35 years, the Lions played the game sporadically and with only indifferent success.

Then, in 1905, the sport was abolished by the faculty on the ground that it was an academic nuisance. For ten years no football was played at Columbia. But in 1915, after a series of campus demonstrations sparked by editorials in the *Columbia Spectator*, the game was reinstated as a recognized student activity—with the stipulation that all contests were to be

played on the school grounds on Saturdays or holidays only, and that all coaching positions be staffed by members of the Physical Education Department.

The team responded with gusto, gratitude, and—for the only time ever—perfection. In 1915, the Lions took on St. Lawrence, Stevens, the Connecticut Aggies, N.Y.U. and Wesleyan, and defeated them all.

In the 1920s, an era described by Ralph Furey '28, captain of the 1927 team and former Athletic Director at Columbia, the Light Blue achieved a consistent level of respectability in Eastern football. In eight of the ten seasons, Columbia teams had records of .500 or better. In his speech, Furey said that he had received "more lasting benefit from my association with Columbia football, as a player, than any other aspect of Columbia." He went on to call the sport "something that draws us together."



THE NEW BREED: Football co-captain Mike Pyszczyrnucha addresses audience at Centennial Banquet.



VOICE FROM THE PAST: Former coach Lou Little speaks by beeper phone from Florida. John Bateman '35, a Little protégé who now coaches at Rutgers, holds the receiver.

The 1930s were anything but depression years for Columbia football players, with three Football Hall of Famers: coach Lou Little, and quarterbacks Cliff Montgomery, who also addressed the gathering, and Sid Luckman, who went on to star with the Chicago Bears in the NFL. The highlight of that decade, and indeed the highlight of Columbia's entire gridiron history, was the 1934 Rose Bowl. The Lions went out to Pasadena such a decorated underdog that they were referred to in the local press as "Pomona High School." At the end of the game, the local press studied the scoreboard and no matter how many times they added up the final totals, the score always came out "Pomona" 7, Stanford 0. Montgomery and Al Barabas emerged as Columbia all-time greats, and the winning play, KF-79, is now almost as integral a part of Columbia's tradition as C.C. 1101x.

In the 1940s came more great passers, 1942 Maxwell Trophy winner Paul Governali and Gene Rossides; a great fullback, Lou Kusserow; an acrobatic pass receiver named Bill Swiaki; and one more incredible upset. In 1947, Columbia was assigned the unenviable task of playing a game with

the United States Military Academy. By the time they got to Baker Field, the Cadets had rolled over 32 consecutive opponents. As the fourth quarter was coming to a close, Columbia looked like just another addition to West Point's string of victims. Then Rossides began to throw and Swiaki began to catch, and Army's streak was suddenly over. Rossides, now an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, came up from Washington to re-create that decade and that game at the centennial banquet.

The teams of the 'fifties and 'sixties produced more outstanding quarterbacks, but few winners. Dr. Richard Carr, the first great quarterback of the 1950s, recalled some of his own exploits, and those of Mitch Price and Claude Benham. In 1953, Carr played every minute of every game and for that achievement earned the title of the "Iron Lion" from the New York press. Price was the last great player Lou Little produced. In 1956, after 27 years at Columbia, Little retired as one of the most respected and well-liked coaches in the game.

Dr. Archie Roberts, who wrapped up the 'sixties, was a freshman when Columbia won its only Ivy title. That

the Lions did not win any under Roberts was no fault of his. By the time he had finished his career, he had broken almost every Columbia game, season, and career offensive record—only to see his own erased by Marty Domres four years later. Domres is now throwing footballs in San Diego under a six-figure contract negotiated for him by Gene Rossides, who at the time of Domres' graduation was a partner in the law firm of Royall, Koegel, Rogers and Wells.

President William J. McGill followed former President Andrew Cordier to the speaker's platform, and pledged to "sustain Columbia athletics and Columbia football." A coach, he wryly noted, has a greater chance to survive than a president. "There have been 11 coaches and 16 presidents," he said.

The gravest note of the evening was struck by coach Frank Navarro. "The mediocrity of recent seasons is not something that a Columbia man can accept," he told the gathering. He called the Columbia football tradition as "deep, exciting, and impressive as that of any college in this country," and concluded that Columbia football "can and will be revitalized."

STARTING LION-UP

The last time a Columbia varsity football team won more than two games in one season was in 1963, when it captured four. In each of the next five seasons it won precisely two. Last year it triumphed in one, was outscored by its opposition at a rate of almost three to one, and was outgained by slightly more than 1200 yards from scrimmage. The Columbia varsity has been functioning primarily to assure a breather to Ivy League contenders, to provide the editors of *Sports Illustrated's* college football edition with at least one weekly opportunity for a one-line put down, and to insure the Cleverest Band in the World a captive audience on Saturday afternoons.

Columbia football fans at last have reason to hope that those days will soon be gone. And while it must be noted that the operative word has been "soon," there is even more than a modest possibility that Columbia will have established itself as a legitimate Ivy League nuisance by the end of the season.

First, consider the quality of the returning experienced personnel. Admittedly there are not many of them, but what is there is choice. The least conspicuous to the untutored eye and the most highly regarded by the coaching staff, his teammates, and assorted cognoscenti is center Mike Pyszczymucha. Pyszczymucha, the captain of the offensive unit, was an honorable mention All-American last year, was named second-team All-East, and was first team All-Ivy on both the Associated Press and United Press International wire service polls. He is 5-11, 233 pounds and used his size and reflexes efficiently enough to receive coaches' ratings of nearly 100% in each game last season.

Assisting him at offensive guard will be his senior classmate, 6-2, 225-pound Mike Shane. One of Shane's biggest assets is the speed with which he pulls out of the line to lead end sweeps. Another major asset is that when he throws blocks on opposing players, they fall down with jarring abruptness.



FLYING LION: Football co-captain Ray Ramsey.



AGE OF JACKSON: Don Jackson is latest in a long line of fine Columbia quarterbacks.



COMBAT FATIGUES: Pyszczymucha again — differently attired.

Two of Columbia's better pass receivers are 6-5, 230-pound senior tight end George Starke and junior flanker Mike Jones. Starke is a brutal blocker on running plays and he finished fourth in the league in pass receiving in 1969. His speed is more than adequate for his size and coach Frank Navarro will undoubtedly use him as a wide receiver when the situation warrants it. Jones had a great freshman season in 1968, when he led the team in scoring, and will be a major threat on long pass plays since he runs the forty-yard dash in 4.6 seconds. That's very, very fast. He has nice hands and nicer moves.

Over the past few seasons, when the opposition needed a healthy gain for a first down and did not wish to risk a pass, they would inevitably try an end sweep and just as inevitably pick up the required yardage. One reason they won't do that any more is named Bill Reed, who is 6-4, 210 pounds and for the past two seasons has been honorable mention All-Ivy. He is one of the team's better pass rushers and a fine punter.

Columbia's other experienced defensive lineman is junior tackle Ed Miller. Miller, at 6-0 and 230 pounds, has more than enough strength to contend effectively with straight ahead running plays. Toward the end of last season he seemed to improve at avoiding the trap. He is one of Columbia's few high school All-Americans.

Two years ago, Spencer Ramsey, who for some reason likes to be called Ray, won a starting job on the Columbia varsity at defensive end and promptly made All-Ivy. With that challenge out of the way, the coaching staff made him into a linebacker where there existed an urgent shortage of competent personnel. He is the defensive captain now, and has mastered the art of pass drops with diligence and grace. He is, as befits his earlier experience, extremely nasty to running backs.

Midway through last season, sophomore quarterback John Daurio had a problem. He was completing too many passes to people on the other team. But John Daurio was



MANNY WARMAN

ON THE MOVE:
Jackson snakes through Yale line.
Bulldogs won, 32-15.

strong and aggressive and tough, so he was tried at rover back, an assignment at which he has since excelled. Rover back is a position with rather nebulous responsibilities—sometimes it requires the brutality of a linebacker, and sometimes the agility of a defensive back. It is not a job for one with an identity crisis, and since Daurio's ego is as healthy as his body, Erik Erikson has taken his business elsewhere.

Defensive backs Charles Johnson and Robbie Wroe have more specific responsibilities. Johnson, a junior, is the best tackler on the team and accordingly the coaches have shifted him from cornerback to safety where he will be more strategically placed to help on running plays. Wroe, a senior, is a fine ballhawk. Despite a lack of great speed, he intercepted eight passes last year to tie a Columbia record. His performance was good enough for a spot on the all-Ivy second unit.

These, then, are the more prominent veterans. But the key to the Lions' success will be the performance of the sophomores. Sophomores are vigor-

ous, enthusiastic and inexperienced. The quicker they learn, the more close games Columbia will play—and occasionally win.

Quarterback Don Jackson of Stuyvesant High School is the most outstanding sophomore of them all. Jackson threw nine touchdown passes in only six freshman games last year, and ran for three more. He is an excellent runner and an even better passer. His one weakness is a tendency to throw into a crowd—nine of his passes were intercepted. But as a result of his presence in the Columbia lineup, the Lions should not repeat as the Ivy League's least effective offensive unit. *Playboy* magazine, which named Jackson the most promising sophomore in the east, agrees.

Jackson's favorite receiver, Jesse Parks, will also be present in the Columbia starting lineup. Parks caught 28 passes last season, five of them for touchdowns, and averaged almost 18 yards for each reception. He has excellent speed and moves, but of even greater importance is the fact that he seems to possess the instinct for get-

ting into the open.

Steve Howland and Tom Hurley should improve the running attack immeasurably. Howland averaged almost six yards a carry with the freshmen and Hurley looks like an excellent all-around back who can catch the ball as well as run with it.

The backs are going to need blocking help and 6-3, 220-pound tackle Mike Alberts should provide plenty. His most difficult job will probably be pass blocking, the techniques of which are the hardest for young offensive linemen to master.

There are no good football teams which do not play tough defense, and the Lions appear to have come up with a number of defensive players with tremendous potential, including two outstanding prospects at linebacker. One of the best is Paul Kaliades, a 6-0, 210-pounder who will be starting in the middle for Columbia. Kaliades can do everything well right now. He is brutal against the run and, even more encouraging, he can play the pass.

Mike McKenzie will team with Kaliades at one of the corner lineback-

ing positions. He weighs only 185 pounds and may need a bit more bulk, but he is very quick and very agile. His forte is blocking kicks. Last year he blocked three punts and an extra point try and no one can remember the last time an entire freshman team did that, much less a single individual.

The best defensive line prospect is John Curtis, a 6-4, 210-pound tackle, whose major responsibility will probably be to provide an effective pass rush, another skill which in recent years has been exhibited at Columbia games only by the opposition. Herb Baker and John Hilstrom should lend some much-needed depth. John Leonidis will help at defensive end.

What all of these young players need more than anything else is time—time to develop, to eliminate the inevitable mistakes of inexperience. If Columbia's record is not a winning one this season, it will not be for lack of talent. The talent is finally here and it should blossom eventually. The things to watch for now are the improvement of the pass rush, the decreasing frequency with which tackles get trapped on defense, the blocking efficiency of the offensive line, and the improving judgment of quarterback Don Jackson. Columbia should be a much better team by the end of the season. An important fact is that two of the league's weaker teams, Penn and Brown, are the ones against which the Lions will close the campaign. It will be the results of those games which will be most indicative of Columbia's future prospects.

"The light," said Robert S. McNamara, in a completely different context, "is at the end of the tunnel." With the acknowledged risk of creating a huge credibility problem, in this case there is light. There really is.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

Last spring, the Columbia football team voted to dispense with its single day of spring practice to protest American policy in southeast Asia. Later, the coaching staff signed a statement which said: "We honor and support without qualification the right of our players to take the action they have taken and deeply admire the responsible manner in which they have been conducting themselves." On a bulletin board in the coaches' office there is a picture of General Douglas MacArthur. Score a major victory for the principles of participatory democracy.

This fall, all past and present Columbia athletic letter winners were invited to vote for an all-time Lion football team. Two ballots were submitted in behalf of men who didn't play a single game. Score a minor setback for participatory democracy.

CLAIM-JUMPER

The Columbia coaching staff rates its high school prospects from one to five. A rating of "one" merits little more than sympathy, a rating of "five" indicates that the coaches will be competing with almost every school in the country because that young man has been deemed able to start as a sophomore for any major college team.

There are three obvious reasons why many talented high school football players are not interested in playing for Columbia. One is that many of them have trouble understanding the instructions on the SAT. The other two are Baker Field and the won-lost record.

However, there are several more reasons why at least some intelligent and gifted athletes would consider coming here. Among them, of course, are the education, the city, jobs secured with the help of influential alumni, publicity provided by the *New York Times* and *New York Post* sports sections—staffed by a number of Columbia graduates—and the ego-satisfaction of turning a loser into a winner. The problem in the past has been finding that small, natural constituency. Harvey Silver appears to be finding it.

Harvey Silver coaches the lightweight football team, spends all his spare time on the telephone, takes sick freshmen home with him for milk, cake and Coricidin, and organizes the Columbia recruiting effort. This year he has helped assemble one of the better freshman teams in the school's history, including five players with a "five" rating.

Last spring, Silver went recruiting in California, a Columbia first. This confused many of the state's high school coaches, who had not heard of Columbia or were not sure exactly which Columbia Silver represented. It also confused Dartmouth head coach Bob Blackman, who has come to regard the West Coast as his own private shopping center. Blackman saw Silver at a high school awards dinner and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"The same thing you are doing here," was the reply.

Blackman reportedly was not amused.

In California, Silver found line-backer Scott Denny from Menlo Park. Denny was recruited by Stanford, Colorado State, Oregon, Washington, Kansas State—and Dartmouth. He was brought to New York where he met Joe Namath at the Dick Cavett show, spent over an hour with Silver at the Columbia computer center, visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art with alumnus Dr. Jerry Klingon—they talked about brush strokes—and nearly got sick because he didn't take any heavy clothing with him. When Lou Kusserow was in San Francisco with the NBC Game of the Week, he took Denny up to the press box with him. Columbia helped Denny get a summer job sailing a gondola at ABC's Marineland. Denny was impressed. Denny is here.

Says Silver: "He was very aware of Domres, and would rather go to a school where he would be responsible for the team's improvement—and he really loves the city." Silver is sure that there will be more players from California in the future. The West Coast recruiters have been turning their attention increasingly to the junior college football players and do not get around to the high schools until very late. "There is a real future for the Ivy League in California," says Silver.

Two outstanding backfield prospects also could not resist the lure of

COLUMBIA FOOTBALL 1970

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Columbia 23 | Lafayette 9 |
| Columbia 22 | Princeton 24 |
| Columbia 28 | Harvard 21 |
| Columbia 15 | Yale 32 |
| Columbia 30 | Rutgers 14 |
| Columbia 20 | Cornell 31 |
| Columbia 0 | Dartmouth 55 |
| Columbia 14 | Penn 21 |
| Nov. 21 | Brown |

New York City, according to Silver. They are George Georges, a prep school All-American at Moses Brown in New England, and Evan Forde, a 9.6 sprinter, from Coral Gables. The Boston College coach called Georges "the best athlete in New England." Exults Silver: "He has great balance as a runner, better than anyone at this school in years." Forde, who rejected offers from Miami of Florida and Florida State and a track scholarship from Duke, is the fastest human on the Columbia campus. He will most likely be used as a defensive back. "He comes from a black high school in Florida," says Silver. "He had to get to New York."

Rich Manfredi is interested in medicine, oceanography, Africa and photography. He may also be the best football player on the freshman team. Last season he averaged nine yards per carry and captained the defense and

was named to the Bergen County (N.J.) all-decade team. When Manfredi was a junior, Penn State took him to the Orange Bowl. When he was a senior, he was recruited by Purdue, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Michigan, Michigan State and Notre Dame. But Manfredi, whose uncle attended Columbia with Gene Rossides, made up his mind early and refused to come to the phone when other schools called. "He wants to be a great player," says Silver. "He wants to be a pro." Paul Zimmerman, who played tackle at Columbia in the 'fifties and now covers the Jets for the New York Post, arranged with coach Weeb Ewbank to have Manfredi spend some time with the Jets. Al Atkinson told him, "If you want to be an All-American, New York is the place to become one."

"He wants more than that," says Silver. "We could have gotten him a construction job over the summer, but

instead he chose to work with Dr. Neil Updyke at the Lamont Labs for about one-third the money. When he went for his interview, the admissions office wanted to talk football and he wanted to talk about photography."

From a Hoboken railroad flat above a store in the midst of about 30 factories comes Mike Peluso, pre-law, and a tackle. "This school is his great opportunity," says Silver. "The first thing he wanted to know was what he was going to get out of college besides football." Peluso's mother was worried about the academic pressure. Her son is not. He rejected offers from USC, Ohio State, Penn State and 57 other schools.

"We have to do a lot of selling to get a winning team here," says Silver. "But every school has influential alumni and every school can offer a kid something. The biggest selling point we have is the students themselves. This is a place where athletes are now part of the community. People here respect each other for their differences. This is what I would have wanted from a college." Silver went to school at Rhode Island.

SUPER SALESMAN: *Harvey Silver coaches football lightweights and recruits for the varsity.*



SILVER LINING

This issue was not intended to be a monument to Harvey Silver, but he is, after all, the lightweight football coach and he has recruited a squad of 50 players—many of whom have played high school football—and a staff of four assistant coaches. There is a better than even chance that these efforts will result in the Lions' first winning season ever.

The quarterback is Carl Lecce, a fine passer. In Jack Surgen and John MacDonald, he has two all-league receivers. In the backfield will be newcomers Bruce Jordan, Jerry Mason, Julian Gonzales and Larry Feher. All have outstanding high school credentials.

The offensive line is led by Tom Cleary, an honorable mention all-league selection last season. The defense will be anchored by three veteran linebackers: Rick Brooker, Jeff Fereday and Vince Grasso.

Last year, Silver's first, the team won two of its six games. Before that, the squad had not won a game in three seasons.



MANNY WARMAN

OMAR THE POINT-MAKER: Soccer star Omar Chamma.



MANNY WARMAN

ALL-AMERICAN: Halfback Len Renery.



MANNY WARMAN

LION RAMPANT:
Lion soccer team in
8-0 rout of Hofstra.

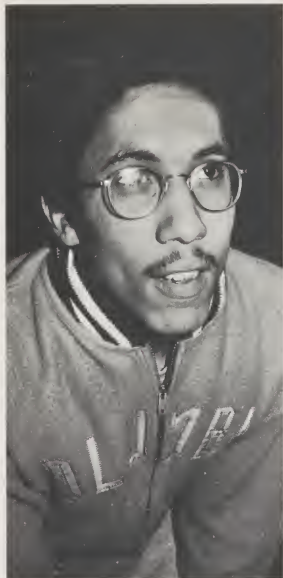
POLISHED BOOTS

The goal is an Ivy League title and a bid to play in the NCAA tournament. The assets are the nine returning starters, a defense which was scored upon only 19 times last year, and a tough new coach. The liabilities are untested goalkeepers and stiff opposition from Pennsylvania, Brown, and Harvard — the nation's third-best college team.

Columbia's first All-American player, mid-fielder Len Renery, leads the offense. He is joined by John Bilikha, Mike Vorkas, Steve Low, Massimo Lupi and Omar Chamma, the team's most prolific scorer with 11 goals. The defense is anchored by Rocco Commisso and Joe Koch. Sophomores Frank Feger and Anton Zauner provide reserve strength.

But the key to the Lions' success will be in the goalmouth. If Ellis Galimidi or Lew Preschel comes through in expected fashion, Columbia will be a national power.

Joe Molder, who coached last year's squad to an 8-3-1 record, has left to take a position as assistant headmaster at the Westover School. His replacement, Jim Rein, an assistant here for the past three years, means business. "He said that he's going to throw people off the team if they miss practice," remarked one player. "He can do that now because we have a deep team. There won't be any loafing on the field, either, because a guy knows that there is someone sitting on the bench good enough to take his place."



MANNY WARMAN

HARRIERS: Sophs Mike Robinson ...



MANNY WARMAN

... and Larry Momo.

MAKING TRACKS

As the cross-country season began, the Lions had not won a meet in four years. But coach Irv Kintisch, in his first season at Columbia, predicted that "we'll be better than last season." He was right. The Lions opened their campaign with a victory over City College, a team put on the schedule for the express purpose of avoiding a winless year.

But the rest of the season will be tough for Columbia because Harvard, Penn, and Cornell are on the schedule also and they are perennial powers. The Lions' most effective returning runner is senior captain Al Ugelow, who led the harriers in every race. His best effort last year was a fifth against Rutgers. The other returning letterman will be Dwayne Dahl.

Kintisch expects help from five sophomores, the best of whom is Larry Momo. Jim Lonergan, Mike Robinson, Alan Johnson and Larry Zarian will also bear watching.

AN ERA ENDS: Mel Broander (left) and Al Schmitt (right) receive Lion awards upon retirement from the Athletic Office after serving a combined total of 105 years.



MANNY WARMAN

ROAR LION ROAR

TRANSITION

Through two world wars, a depression, and a few police actions, Al Schmitt and Mel Broander manned the fourth floor of John Jay Hall, overseeing the Columbia athletic ticket and bookkeeping operations with equanimity, efficiency, and dispatch. Last spring, after combined service of 105 years (Mr. Schmitt served 54 years and Mr. Broander 51), they retired.

To show its gratitude, the Athletic Department made them honorary members of the Varsity 'C' Club and presented them each with a blazer and an inscribed statue of the Columbia Lion. Dr. Cordier toasted them in a ceremony in his office and presented them with more practical tokens of appreciation—financial ones.

However, retirement has not kept Mr. Schmitt away from Columbia. This September he was present at the Lions' home football opener with Lafayette, thus keeping alive his 53-year streak of never missing a Columbia home game.





MUNNY WARMAN

Once Upon a Time,

25 Years Ago, Columbia Played a Football Game Against Princeton. Columbia Won.

by Stephen Singer '64

Over the preceding century the Columbia football program has produced two truly wonderful moments—a Rose Bowl victory in 1934 and an upset of Army in 1947—one Ivy League co-champion, an impressive roster of uncommonly gifted quarterbacks and a number of unmitigated disasters. Most of these disasters have occurred at the hands of one particular rival institution. The name of this institution is Princeton.

In 1889, Princeton defeated Columbia, 71-0. In 1890, Princeton defeated Columbia, 85-0. The Rose Bowl winners lost to Princeton. The 1961 Ivy League co-champions lost to Princeton after leading by two touchdowns. Alexander Hamilton (Columbia) lost to Aaron Burr (Princeton). That the 1947 team which upset Army did not lose to Princeton may probably be attributed to the fact that in 1947 Columbia did not play Princeton. Since 1874, when the two teams first met, Columbia's record against Princeton is 4-36.

Until 1952, the Princeton game was simply an unpleasant fact which Columbia was compelled to confront once every few seasons. Since then Columbia has played a football game with Princeton every year and the Lions have lost all of them. Since 1948 Columbia has been 0-20 against Princeton.

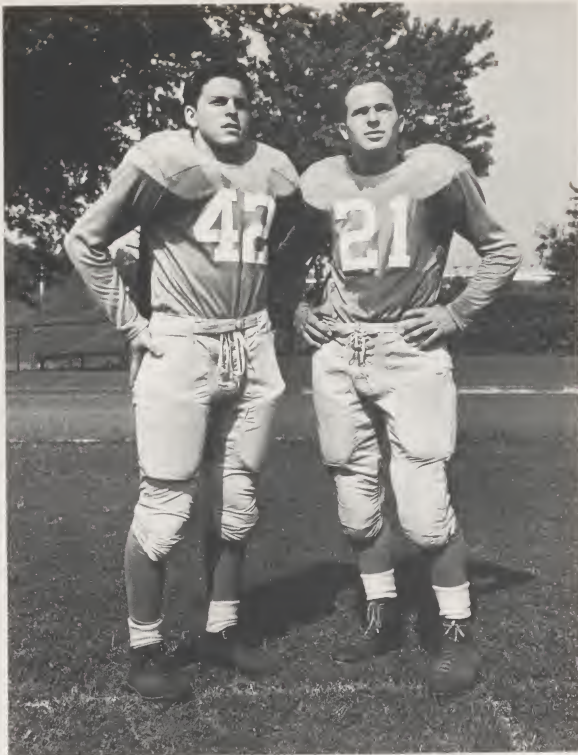
This situation has existed primarily because Princeton has had better football players than Columbia. But there have been a number of crucial situations in close games when the Lions would let time run out without stopping the clock, when the Lions had too many men on the field, when a Lion halfback hit the wrong hole, when a Lion tackle blocked the wrong man. What was once merely a battle against superior talent has evolved into an exercise in self-destruction. Princeton has become an affront to school pride, to alumni dignity, to James Wechsler's sense of justice.

Columbia hates Princeton and Princeton, too busy hating Dartmouth and Yale, could not care less. For their home games with Rutgers and Cornell, Princeton charges six dollars per ticket. For the Harvard game, the price is seven dollars. You can see Columbia at Palmer Stadium for five.

Year after year, Columbia partisans who do not normally attend football games descend upon Baker Field or Palmer Stadium in an indignant rage, fairly snarling for revenge. Year after year, they emerge — wall-eyed, slack-jawed: losers once more. Yet they keep coming back for more because each new year could be THE year when the smog lifts, when lilies burst through the pavements, when the Tigers finally get theirs.

But in 1945, when Arthur Schlesinger jr. was a young Turk and Susan Sontag was going to Walt Disney movies — and liking them — and the post-industrial society was but a flicker in the brain of Daniel Bell, Columbia really did beat Princeton. We celebrate here, then, not only a centennial but the silver anniversary of that brief, shining, and unrepeatable moment.

On Thursday, November 15, 1945, members of the Eastern Establishment sports press flocked to the Columbia Men's Faculty Club to be briefed by Lou Little and a representative of the Princeton coaching staff. Football



GOLD DUST TWINS: Lou Kusserow (left) and Gene Rossides (right) provided the most famous one-two punch in Columbia's history.

ALL ALONE: John Nork lopes into the end zone unmolested for Columbia's third touchdown.





MASTERMIND: Coach Lou Little, who directed Columbia football for 27 years between 1930 and 1956.

coaches view these briefings as an opportunity to improve the gate and get free space in the newspapers on a non-game day. Football writers view these briefings as an opportunity to obtain an easy story and a free lunch.

At some point between the bananas and the coffee, an empty water glass was tapped with a fork and the writers snapped to attention. Lou Little arose and issued the following statement:

"This is going to be an even football game. It will be no surprise if they win and it will be no surprise if Columbia comes out on top. Some people have the idea that we overshadow Princeton. That's not true by a long shot."

Here were two skills which all major college coaches must acquire: that of being a gentleman and that of, metaphorically speaking only, hedging one's bets. For if one fact was abundantly clear it was that Columbia indeed overshadowed Princeton. As Saturday approached, Columbia had lost only one game and Princeton had won only one. Columbia was quicker, stronger, better drilled in every phase of the game. The Lions had the services of two of the most explosive

backs in the country: a seventeen-year-old freshman named Lou Kusserow and his eighteen-year-old classmate, Gene Rossides. Sportswriters delighted in referring to them as the Touchdown Twins. (In later years, when the dollar would be pilloried by galloping inflation, sportswriters would delight in referring to them as the Gold Dust Twins.) The best that could be said for Princeton was that it had a lineman who was a grandson of President Grover Cleveland.

Still, there was nothing to be gained by lulling Columbia into an overconfident mood. Twelve years before, a veteran Columbia team had been upset by a bunch of sophomores from Princeton and only the Rose Bowl win allowed the Lions to live it down.

Then there were three other factors Lou Little was considering. One was that his players were coming off their first defeat of the season (Penn had beaten them 32-7). Another was that the game was to be played at Palmer Stadium and the Lions had not won a game on the road since 1941 when they had beaten, believe it or not, Princeton. Third, Princeton would be strengthened by the addition of

freshmen admitted on November 1, and the acquisition of ringers just out of the service. All in all, it didn't amount to much but football writers' luncheons never have been existential exercises.

"Yes sir," said Lou Little, "Princeton is a much better team than the one that beat Cornell. . . ."

"We're a lot better," interrupted assistant coach Wes Felser, revealing the belligerency of the insecure. "And all four of our backs can throw passes."

"Golly, not all at the same time," twitted Lou Little.

"Seriously," said Felser, admitting the futility of trying to top someone with superior resources, "our team has changed considerably for the better. Many of those who were first-stringers against Cornell are substitutes now." The writers duly recorded it all and the bookmakers installed Columbia as 13½-point favorite.

Slightly fewer than 20,000 showed up at Palmer Stadium that Saturday, less than half capacity but still the largest crowd of the season. Princeton, alas, has been a community of front-runners.

On the first series of downs, Kusserow quick-kicked half the field to the Princeton goal and the Tigers were immediately in trouble. They could not move at all and punted weakly out to their own 44-yard line. Then Kusserow took a handoff on a quick-opener off his own right tackle, watched the left side of the Princeton defensive line fold, and broke into the secondary. Two Princeton defenders were eliminated from his serious consideration by Columbia left end Elmer Ladyko, and Kusserow cut behind the block and loped into the end zone at 4:54 of the first period. The quarter ended with Columbia leading, 6-0, and threatening to score again.

Somehow, late in the first quarter, Princeton had been able to take the ball on its own 21 and drive to the Columbia four. But the Lions held and marched right back up field on the running of Kusserow and Rossides, a pass from quarterback Andy Caruso to Rossides and another from Rossides to end Les Thompson. On the third play of the second period, Rossides scored on a reverse from twelve yards out.

The conversion was made and Columbia led, 13-0.

The next few minutes were uneventful, with Columbia stopping Princeton between yawns but not moving the ball very well itself. So as a gesture of chastisement to his charges and a hint of courteous contempt for his opposition, Lou Little pulled his first string backfield out of the game. There were nearly 40 minutes left to play and Columbia led by only two touchdowns, but the outcome had been settled. At 8:33, the second team culminated a 45-yard drive when Johnny Nork went one yard around his own left end. Columbia toyed with Princeton for the rest of the half and it ended with the Lions smugly ahead, 19-0.

Little allowed the first team a brief airing at the start of the second half and the well-rested Kusserow justified the decision by intercepting a pass at the Columbia 46. On the next play, Rossides took a pitchout and began to sweep his right end. Then he pulled up and hit Kusserow with a pass at the Princeton 27, where Lou first finessed and then outran an unfortunate and lonely member of the Princeton secondary. The ensuing kick made the score 26-0 and Coach Little gave his big kids the rest of the day off.

In the final period, the third string fought its way into the Sunday editions' agate type when quarterback Walt Kondratovitch scored on a sneak from a half a yard away.

With 22 seconds remaining in the game, Princeton finally avoided a shutout. The only members of the Columbia team who witnessed that meaningless effort were those left on the playing field. Little had instructed all those not directly participating to retire to the showers and get good seats on the bus back to New York. Is there a coach today who could exhibit such disdain and still allow the opposition the solace of a touchdown before its own home crowd?

On the same day that Columbia defeated Princeton, 32-7, the New York newspapers reported that 20,000 people had gathered at a vacant lot on the Grand Concourse to watch nine-year-old Joseph Vitolo jr. pray before what he claimed was a vision of the Virgin Mary. The papers have reported nothing similar since.



MANNY WARMAN

FRONT RUNNER: Kusserow in action. Former Lion fullback is now an executive with NBC Sports.

THE VICTORS: Line-up from the program.

COLUMBIA

| | | | | | | |
|--------|-------|---------|---------|----------|-------|----------|
| LE | LT | LG | C | RG | RT | RE |
| Ladyko | Karas | Holdnak | Snidack | Venutolo | Greim | Thompson |
| 87 | 74 | 33 | 53 | 62 | 78 | 17 |

QB
Caruso 16

LHB
Rossides 21

RHB
Kondratovich 41

FB
Kusserow 22

SQUAD LIST

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 10 Olsen, b | 51 Heineck, c | 75 Briggs, t |
| 11 Bleasdale, b | 52 Thomas, c | 76 Bowers, t |
| 12 Lorden, b | 60 Cummins, g | 77 Smith, t |
| 15 Byrnes, b | 61 Risdon, g | 79 Kaleda, t |
| 20 Nork, b | 63 Schechter, g | 80 Whipple, e |
| 24 Moran, c | 64 Krause, g | 81 Doherty, e |
| 30 Will, b | 65 Stanton, g | 82 Freda, e |
| 35 Peters, b | 67 Warnock, g | 83 Lockwood, e |
| 36 Hampton, t | 68 Audley, t | 84 Cohen, b |
| 40 Borgess, b | 71 Scailan, t | 85 Klender, e |
| 43 Pesature, b | 72 Miller, t | 86 Bauerlein, e |
| 50 Blonder, c | | |

DEAN OF CAPITOL HILL

In 1922, Congressman Emmanuel Celler
Fought For the League of Nations.
Fifty Years Later,
the Veteran Legislator From Brooklyn is Still Fighting.

An elder statesman on Capital Hill can usually partake of the luxury of sitting back and directing, manipulating, and dispensing with business at a casual pace. But that is not the way Emmanuel Celler '10 does things. Celler, who has represented the 10th Congressional District in Brooklyn for nearly half a century, has not broken stride once since he was elected back in 1922 on a platform supporting the League of Nations and opposing prohibition.

Celler has been in the forefront of many liberal causes over the years and now, at 82, is still kicking up dust on the Hill. Recently, the man who introduced the bill which made "The Star Spangled Banner" our national anthem (1931) has launched a campaign to abolish the Electoral College, has come out as a staunch opponent of the 26th Amendment (equal rights for women), and, as chairman of the powerful House Judiciary Committee, is responsible for investigating impeachment proceedings against Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

In a recent interview, sandwiched between a committee meeting and an appearance on the floor of the House, Rep. Celler spoke about the past and present in the capital.

By his own estimate, more than 500 public laws bear his name. However, the ones of which he is proudest are the Immigration Law for Displaced Persons, the Celler-Kefauver Act—a 1950 anti-trust bill—and the 23rd, 24th, and 25th amendments to the Constitution. He was instrumental in the passage of the Civil Rights Acts of 1957, '60 and '64. The 1957 legislation was the first of

its kind in 82 years, the other two were a school and voting rights bill and the Public Accommodations Act.

These measures afford some insight into the man who for seven years has been "Dean of the House." Since he won his first election by a slim 3,111 votes he has been the adversary of monopolies and a champion of civil rights. His was one of the few voices to speak out against Sen. Joe McCarthy in the early 'fifties, and he shares in no small way the responsibility for making the Democrats the party of non-white minorities.

Born in Brooklyn in 1888, Emmanuel Celler entered Columbia in 1906. The son of a whiskey and wine merchant, he worked his way through school by selling wine by the barrel. Two years after graduating from the College he received a degree from the Columbia Law School.

In his autobiography, *You Never Leave Brooklyn*, Celler attributes his liberal leanings and concern for human rights to his childhood in Brooklyn, with its mixture of races and its 19th century ghettos.

As a young man he involved himself in a venture which he says is always in the back of his mind when he launches one of his periodic crusades against the evils of "bigness" and "monopoly." He had helped to organize a neighborhood bank, but was eventually forced to sell out to one of the city's branch giants. The terms of the sale were so "sharp" that Celler lost a considerable sum, which took years to repay.

Although he was not a successful banker, he became a highly successful politician. As a junior congressman, Celler judiciously adhered to the House maxim "Keep your ears open and your mouth shut." By the late 'thirties he had risen to prominence, and by the late 'forties he was chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

During the height of McCarthyism, Celler was one of the few visible adversaries of the Wisconsin senator. In one sortie, Celler called McCarthy's behavior "the shenanigans and the antics of a circus hippodrome." On another occasion he stated, "It is incredible—and I can find no other word for it—that the administration shall suffer itself to be humiliated by the raucous voice of one senator." Celler accused McCarthy of using his senate committee "to pervert the meaning of . . . patriotism, to silence criticism and to further his own brand of politics."

During the same period, Celler and a handful of other Democrats began to push the party toward a more committed position on civil rights. After the defeat of an attempt to include an all-out civil rights plank in the 1952 presidential platform, a despondent Celler stated, "My guilt crawls inside me because I can never do enough for people whom society punishes for no reason but the color of their skin."

Eventually Celler was to sponsor almost all the civil rights measures of the last fifteen years, and use his position as chairman of the House Judiciary Committee to defend others who worked for equality in the nation.

When the Supreme Court came under fire in 1954, after its school desegregation decision, Celler came to the Court's defense, saying that it was "exhibiting more courage and understanding of the fundamental issues facing the country today than the other two coordinated branches of government." In 1957 he urged that federal troops be sent to Little Rock to counter Gov. Orval Faubus' use of National Guardsmen.

The headlines over the decade from 1955 to 1965 give one some idea of the ways in which Rep. Celler kept busy: "Celler Attacks Re-



BIG STICK: Rep. Emmanuel Celler gavel to order the Special House Committee which held public hearings on the fitness of Adam Clayton Powell to serve in Congress, February 14, 1967. Powell declined to appear before the Committee, challenging its Constitutional right to inquire into his personal conduct.

U.P.I.



U.P.I.

PORTRAIT OF THE CONGRESSMAN AS A YOUNG MAN: Rep. Celler in 1938.



FAIR DEALING: Congressman Celler stands in back of President Harry S. Truman at signing of Displaced Persons Act, 1948.



ON THE NEW FRONTIER: President John F. Kennedy signs into law the Anti-Crime legislation of 1969, introduced by Rep. Celler (far left).

cent Moves of New York Banks to Expand;" "Celler Would Bar Morgan Bank Deal;" "G.E. Head is Target of Celler's Attack;" and "Celler Finds Taint of Monopoly in Some Newspaper Mergers."

In 1964 the representative from Brooklyn became the longest-tenured member of the House — "The Dean of Congress." Looking back at his climb up "the Greased Pole" (a metaphor coined by Benjamin Disraeli and borrowed by Celler), he told a reporter, "I feel that though I am 76 years old I am on the threshold of my congressional career."

Two years later, Celler was to embark upon one of the most publicized and, inside the capital, one of the most traumatic undertakings in recent congressional history. In December of 1966 he proposed that Congress investigate the behavior of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell. Celler asserted that Powell had "flouted the law," and had been a "bone in the throat of Congress."

The following month Celler was selected to head the committee of five Democrats and four Republicans which would sit in judgment of Powell. Celler, a man of measured action, recommended in the committee report that the Harlem congressman be censured and seated. However, on March 1st the House disregarded the committee report and voted not to seat him. In the furor which followed, Celler attempted, unsuccessfully, to negotiate a settlement which would seat Powell, and soon after the March 1st vote declared, "If I were representing Powell I would go to court right away. He's got a good case."

Currently, the Brooklyn congressman is handling several new projects. In his campaign to abolish the electoral college he scored a victory on a direct election bill when the House voted it up 339-70-21 this past year. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he lost a battle during the summer when the Washington D.C. anti-crime bill was passed.

The congressman scored the bill heavily, calling it a response to an "emotional appeal for law and order." He asserted that "a hysterical plea for law and order has prompted

lawmakers to disregard the Constitution," and charged that the preventive detention clause (which allows an individual to be jailed for up to 60 days without a trial or writ of habeas corpus) "erodes our constitutional prerogatives. Such laws might be all right in a fascist state," he added, "but not in a democratic state."

"Pigeon-holing" is a notorious way of killing a proposed bill, by keeping it in committee. A little pigeon-holing done by Mr. Celler came to light recently and brought down on him the wrath of women's liberation forces. He had kept the proposed 26th Amendment in committee for approximately 22 years, and when it was finally dragged to the floor of the House Celler voted against it. After the Amendment passed he made no bones about his views on women's liberation, stating that there is as much difference between a man and a woman as there is "between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

The Brooklyn representative maintains that the new amendment will wipe out state laws which protect women and has voiced the sentiment that "there can never be true equality between the sexes." Needless to say, this stand has made him a leading target of the movement.

During almost a half-century in public life, Celler has seen many changes in Washington and on the Hill. Inside the House "the workload is greatly expanded, as the population increases," according to the congressman. "We used to have 2,000 bills a session, but the number is already up to 17,000 just through August. The membership of Congress has become younger," he says, and "intellectually, the calibre has been enhanced." Celler suggests that this may "betoken an awakening interest of youth in our government."

"But the general feeling in Congress today," Celler warns, "is one of hostility to the youth of our colleges. I do not agree with my colleagues. They (students) have a gripe, a legitimate gripe, and they have shown their sentiments through serious-minded dissent. I don't con-




IN THE GREAT SOCIETY: President Lyndon Johnson and Rep. Celler congratulate each other at signing of 1964 Civil Rights Act, which Celler authored.

done violence, but it is up to the officials of each school, not Congress, to prevent it. . . . If any of those campus order bills were to pass it would be horrible. But as of now I don't think there is widespread support of any one of those bills."

The Congressman enjoys reminiscing about the Presidents with whom he worked. He singles out Truman as his favorite, calling him "simple, direct and straightforward. He was a man of the people. He will rank high in history." Roosevelt, he believes, "was the greatest, I suppose. But he had his faults. He could be crafty and vindictive. I opposed his court-packing and he never forgave me." Of Hoover he remarked: "He lacked the gift of phrase-making. I was there when he dug the first earth for the great new Commerce Department Building. . . . He got a big spade full of earth and it had some worms in it. The only remark he could make on this historic moment was: 'Earthworms are very good for agriculture.'"

If there is one fault of which Celler himself cannot be accused it is "lacking the gift of phrase making." In the mid-'fifties he coined the term "Suezicide" to describe the administration's Mideast policy. On occasion his literary quotations have baffled reporters. Once the *New York Times* attributed a quote of his to a poem by William Ernest Henley. The next day Celler corrected the *Times*, explaining that Henley had lifted the line from Cervantes.

On another occasion he told Attorney General Mitchell that the Nixon administration's voting rights bill resembled the "Apple of Sodom," described by Josephus, the Jewish historian of the biblical era. He explained: "Your bill gives the appearance of merit but when examined, it is only smoke and ashes."

Celler defines the successful Congressman as one who has "the friendliness of a child, the enthusiasm of a teenager, the assurance of a college boy, the diplomacy of a wayward husband, the curiosity of a cat and the good humor of an idiot." 



Talk of the Alumni

Solicitors-General

A flurry of last-minute contributions boosted the intake of the 18th Annual Columbia College Fund to approximately \$850,000 before the drive closed in mid-July. This was considerably more than the \$700,000 ceiling anticipated in June by pessimistic Fund officials, though still substantially below the million dollar mark attained in previous years. "We didn't do anything special," a spokesman said. "The money just came pouring in."

Late influx or not, the final figure is not only the smallest in nearly a decade, but also falls far short of meeting current needs. In 1969, the College was forced to turn down 35 applications for financial aid from high school seniors whom it admitted to its incoming freshman class. This year, the number jumped to 43.

Sponsors of the 19th Fund, which got underway in October, have in-



FUND-RAISER: Victor Futter, Chairman of Fund Board of Directors.

stituted a series of new measures in an effort to reverse the downward spiral. For the first time, the annual kick-off was held on three separate evenings, instead of just one. The purpose, explained Victor Futter '39, chairman of the Fund's Board of Directors, was to convey more effectively "the compelling financial necessities of the College," a task which can best be accomplished before relatively small gatherings. Accordingly, the meetings were conducted as workshops, in contrast to the festive banquets of the past. The opening session, on October 27, was for committeemen from the classes which graduated before 1940. Representatives from the remaining classes met on the following evening, while fund-raisers from the anniversary classes assembled the night of November 4.

The 19th Fund will also be the first to make extensive use of the services of undergraduates. Student volunteers will man telephones in a

systematic effort to contact every alumnus in the United States. The students, however, will participate only in the first round of phone calls. Follow-up solicitations will remain the responsibility of the committeemen.

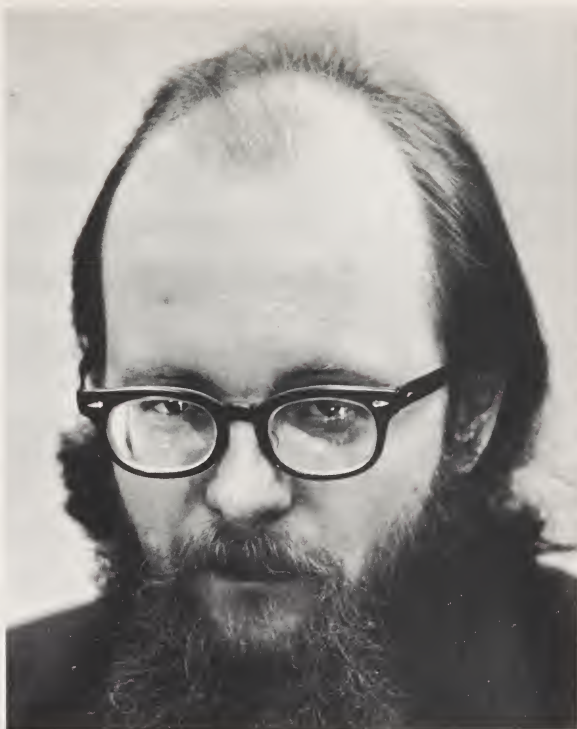
In another departure from precedent, membership in the John Jay Society, traditionally reserved for donors of \$250 or more, will be broken down into three separate categories: John Jay Associate (at least \$250); John Jay Patron (\$500); and John Jay Fellow (\$1,000 or higher). In addition, younger alumni who contribute a minimum of \$100 will be designated class sponsors. The new title, it is hoped, will encourage recent graduates to contribute more than token amounts. The Fund cannot survive on token gifts, officials remark grimly, any more than freshmen can subsist on token scholarships.

Static-Seeker

A composer of electronic music is a pretty "far-out" guy. Right? Wrong, says Charles Wuorinen '61, recipient of the 1970 Pulitzer Prize in music for his electronically-composed work *Time's Encomium*.

"I am a very conventional person, with traditional views about what makes music go," Wuorinen stated in a recent interview. According to the 32-year-old composer, electronic equipment such as the Mark III Synthesizer at Columbia upon which he wrote his prize-winning selection is "just another medium of expression. The electronic medium does not carry with it any imperative as to what kind of music can be composed on it."

Wuorinen, who is now an assistant professor of music at Columbia, said that while some composers work directly with electronic equipment and tape, he prefers to create a score on paper at home before recording in the studio. He pointed out that electronic music represents only one aspect of his career. Of the approximately 90 pieces he has composed, only four have been electronic. "The capacity to produce



THE MUSIC MAN: Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Charles Wuorinen.

electronic music," Wuorinen says, "is just one required ability of any contemporary composer."

In addition to the Pulitzer, he has been showered with awards, honors, and commissions from such sources as the Ford, Koussevitsky and Fromm Music Foundations, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and the Tanglewood Festival.

The son of the late Dr. John Wuorinen, chairman of the history department at Columbia, Charles' undergraduate and graduate work here focused on music. In 1958, at the age of 20, he wrote his *Symphony No. 3*. Not long afterward, a critic wrote of him as an *enfant terrible* who "should be spanked for whacking the percussion with a petulance of any angry child with a

toy drum."

He is extremely wary of making a big stir about electronic music, deploring "the fetish for the 'new' which has been going on since the turn of the century." He is also critical of some avant-garde movements in composing, which, he believes, are actually very shallow.

Wuorinen spent a year composing the score for *Time's Encomium*, which he terms "a major work" in his career. It was first performed at the Berkshire Festival in August of 1969.

The 700-tube Mark III Synthesizer, which the University has had for more than ten years, is one of the few in existence. Wuorinen explained that the machine was controlled by four sets of controls (each with sixteen

switches) and a tape punch-key board. "It's a very arduous process . . . not too many people have mastered it," he remarked. The Pulitzer laureate is somewhat skeptical about the potential uses of electronic machinery. "Many people say that there are limitless possibilities with electronic equipment. There are no unlimited possibilities with anything man builds . . . each machine has its own limits and idiosyncrasies."

Discussing public reaction to contemporary music forms, Wuorinen, who is also a pianist and conductor, detects a trend. "There are," he observes, "a number of young people who need serious music, and when brought into contact with it will not have the prejudices of the 'middle brow' music listener of a previous generation. This is music that speaks to people because it is contemporary. The trouble with popular music is that it is short lived, it's nothing to grab onto."

He began to notice this trend about five years ago, when attendance at the annual contemporary music series, held in McMillan Theater, began to rise. However, he warns, "that will pass if nothing is done. If people keep saying that it is all esoteric stuff, beyond most people's grasp, it will remain that way."

In appraising the contemporary music scene, Wuorinen comments that "the major revolutions are over," and that it is now time to compile, assess, and "digest" what has happened in the last three-quarters of a century. He predicts that the next major phase will be the "integration of western music and world music," due in large part to what he describes as "a confrontation with the high music cultures of the Far East. I don't think that the growth in interest among the young in Indian music was just happenstance," he said.

Music, contends Wuorinen, cannot be divorced from other contemporary trends — political, social, and technological — all of which have influenced it in various ways. For example, technological innovation opened the way to electronic music. What, Wuorinen speculates, would be the effect of a more open political and cultural relationship with Red China?

The Jay Memorandum

In a private dining room at a respectable mid-town club, four men conspired recently to seize the private papers of a prominent American statesman.

The statesman was John Jay, Class of 1764, and the papers in question, according to Gouverneur Morris Professor of History Richard B. Morris, "shed new light on virtually every aspect of Jay's public career." Thanks to the generosity of the Class of 1925, and some skilled detective work by an enterprising librarian, those papers now rest in the Columbia libraries, where, according to Dr. Morris, they supplement the "rich and major collection" of John Jay materials already there.

The saga commenced when 1925 class officers, led by class president Julius P. Witmark, decided to donate an anniversary gift which, in Witmark's words, "would set an example for other classes."

Another '25 alumnus, Morris Saffron, Chairman of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries, approached library officials for suggestions. Immediately Kenneth A. Lohf, Librarian for Rare Books and Manuscripts, con-

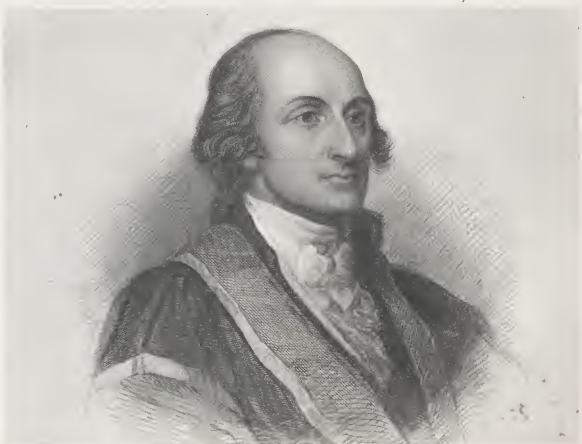
tacted various dealers to ascertain what was available. Then the three men, joined by Assistant Director for Special Collections Charles W. Mixer, arranged a luncheon at the Columbia University Club, where Lohf reported his findings.

"I came prepared with about a dozen suggestions," Lohf recalls, "ranging in price from about \$1,000 to \$30,000. But as soon as I mentioned the John Jay collection, they knew that was what they wanted"—even though, he adds, it was the most expensive item in the lot. The materials include some 200 documents.

Prof. Morris, who edits the John Jay papers and probably knows more about America's first Chief Justice than any man living, affirmed the wisdom of the selection. So did the *New York Times*, which reported the acquisition on its front page. ("First good story the *Times* has written about us in years," snorted one alumnus.) And no wonder. The papers include, for example, previously unpublished correspondence which establishes that Jay was an active revolutionary who procured cannon in Connecticut for the defense of the Hudson against the British in the summer of 1776. Previously, historians had known only that he had been named to a state committee to protect the river.

Other papers reveal Jay's suc-

UNMASKED: John Jay, whose secret dealings during the Revolutionary War were revealed in papers donated by the Class of '25.



COLUMBIANA

cessful efforts while governor of New York to restore commerce between New York City and Philadelphia, disrupted by a yellow fever epidemic during the summer of 1795. When yellow fever hit New York in August, Pennsylvania's governor immediately prohibited all communication with the stricken city. Jay, fearing New York would suffer economic damage, obtained a medical report which minimized the contagiousness of the disease, and within a month the ban was lifted.

Columbia's John Jay collection, which now contains some 7,500 letters, documents, and manuscripts, plus another 15,000 family letters, is the largest single group of Jay papers in existence.

Lion In Winter

Where does a Barnard girl go to get her diary published? She might try Winter House, a new publishing concern launched by Laurence Dent '67 and Richard Kandrac '68.

Among the books on Winter House's first list is *Members of the Class Will Keep Daily Journals*, the diaries kept during the spring of 1968 by two Barnard women, Tobi Sanders '69 and Joan Bennett '71. The two wrote their journals as a class assignment, and the facts and fantasies they recorded dealt more with themselves than with the events which havocked the campus that fateful spring semester.

Winter House seized upon the two documents mainly because of the contrast they display. Tobi Sanders, a well-to-do Jewish girl from Philadelphia, filled her pages with classic pre-Aquarian Age worries about men, love, and coming of sexual age. Joan Bennett, a black girl from South Carolina, jotted haunting notes about racial identity and human loneliness. The two journals together are not great literature, are not of uniformly high quality, and are not unflatteringly interesting. Winter House decided nevertheless that these intensely personal records of two young women in transition during the late 'sixties merited public attention.

The new publishing house actively seeks books of distinction which might not get published elsewhere.



BOOKMAKERS: Editor Kandrac and Publisher Dent.

It will take chances on experimental fiction which older, more uptight houses consider too way-out, too rough-hewn, or too confusing. It has already published two books in this genre, *Rangoon* by Frederick Barthelme and *A Diary of Women* by James Mechem. Winter House's best seller so far (over 1200 copies) is *The Mugging* by Barton Lidice Benes, a deliberately simplex picture book about an assault on the author and his friend in the New York streets.

Winter House is primarily the heartchild of publisher Dent and his wife Sarah Smith '65B, who serves as managing editor. They have sunk \$140,000 of their own money into the venture. Kandrac serves as editor and his wife, Sandra, is production manager.

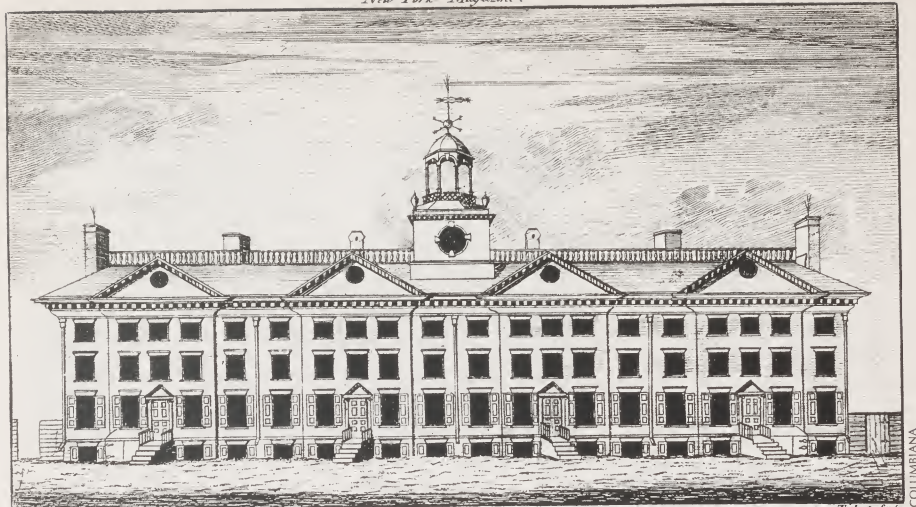
According to Kandrac, Winter House is not out to make a monetary killing, but it nevertheless must make more than random pennies to survive. Editor Kandrac fears that some of the firm's avant-garde idealism is already being sacrificed to commercialism.

Major publishers often balance the blockbusters on their publishing lists with small literary oeuvres which they feel merit printing whether or not they turn a high profit. The big houses do not, however, rely entirely on current books to pay the rent. The strong-

est firms are those with long backlists of perennial good sellers: Dr. Spock's *Infant and Child Care* or Hemingway novels.

A cushiony backlog is what any new publishing house lacks. All the projects of Winter House are risky. However, one way in which a novice firm can compete is by reprinting old books on which the copyright has expired or never existed. (No author to pay.) Naturally, there is a scramble to put out the most attractive editions of such books — like the Bible or the collected plays of Aeschylus. Winter House thus far has eschewed the gospel and Greek classic game and instead plunked its financial hopes on reissuing a facsimile of the 1883 edition of *The Universal Self Instructor* — a comprehensive how-to book which celebrates polite and pragmatic Victorian-era life in America.

The Literary Guild has already contracted for 7500 copies of the *Self Instructor* which will sell at \$18.50 apiece before December 31. Richard Kandrac believes this to be the first time the prestigious Guild has offered a selection from a publisher's first list. If Winter House can keep up the momentum, some of Columbia's legendary publishing scions may feel the pressure. Up against the wall, Bennett Cerf!



View of Columbia College in the City of New York.

KING'S COLLEGE GOES A-BEGGING

FUND-RAISERS HAD THEIR HEADACHES IN THE 18TH CENTURY, TOO.

by Frank L. Ellsworth

Frank L. Ellsworth, a Ph.D. candidate in American Literature at Columbia, served until June as the Law School's Assistant Director of Development, and is now Director of Special Projects at Sarah Lawrence.

The details are familiar. Bedeviled by political dissension, conflicts with the community, improvident realty investments and faulty fund-raising mechanisms, a small liberal arts college in New York City struggles to survive. But though the problems may seem contemporary, the setting is not, for the institution is King's College, the 18th century colonial forebear of Columbia University.

King's College was born of monies from a public lottery. Lotteries by subscription were a common means of financing projects designed for the general welfare, and helped to launch the College of New Jersey (Princeton), the Academy of Philadelphia (the University of Pennsylvania), and other colonial schools. In general the lotteries were supported by the middle classes. Tickets usually cost thirty shillings, and anywhere from five to 13,000 tickets were sold for each drawing. Benjamin Franklin even created a system whereby it was possible to pay in installments. Some colleges used their trustees as lottery managers, while students, faculty, alumni and other trustees peddled chances. The colleges usually grossed between 12 to 15 per cent, but they also had to absorb the unsold tickets, and this could be costly: in 1764 the College of New Jersey lost £343. The lottery craze diminished with the depression of 1764-68, when tickets became hard to sell. Simultaneously, people began to question the morality of the lotteries, and the schools found it increasingly difficult to obtain legislative consent for them.

But in the 1740s, the lottery was still popular. The first of several lotteries for a college in New York was approved in December, 1746, by the General Assembly of New York "... in as much as it will greatly Tend to the Welfare & Reputation of the colony that a Proper Ample Foundation be Laid for the Regular Education of Youth; & as so good and Laudable a design must readily excite the Inhabitants of this Colony to become adventurers in a Lottery." Inspectors were appointed by the Common Council to ensure fair play, and the *Post Boy* announced the results of the weekly drawings. Forgery of tickets was punishable by death "without benefit of clergy." Joseph Murray, who would later become a governor of the College and its earliest major private benefactor, won the first prize of £500.

Even after enough money had been raised to cover building and operating expenses, there remained the problem of finding a suitable location. Ever since the turn of the century, the Church of England had promised to donate to Trinity Church a parcel of land called the Queen's Farm, as a site for the first college in the colony. But the pledge had never materialized, and the proceeds of lotteries held in 1746, 1748, and 1751 were vested in trustees while the search for a site continued. It wasn't until 1755, a year after King George II officially sanctioned the incorporation of the school, that the Trinity Church land at last became available.

As soon as it did, a new problem arose. Anglican officials in England had imposed numerous restrictions upon any educational institution built on the property. These, though tempered somewhat after lengthy discussions among New York civic leaders, ranking clergymen, and founders of the College, still required that:

The President of the College shall forever for the time being be a Member of and in communion with the Church of England as by law established and that the Morning and Evening Services in the said College be the Liturgy of the said Church, or such a collection of Prayers out of the said liturgy with a Collect peculiar for the said College

as shall be agreed upon and approved by the President and Governors.

The restrictions, coupled with the appointment of Anglicans to two-thirds of the Governors' positions, triggered a bitter controversy over whether an essentially ecclesiastical institution should be supported by public funds from the lotteries. Attempts were made to transfer the lottery endowment to a "New York College," and a Long Island Dutch-reformed clergyman articulated the fears of his co-religionists one Sunday when he declaimed:

Was there not a Sum of Money raised by our Assembly, in order to erect a College or Seminary of Learning for the Education of Youth?

... Should a popish King, whose Subjects were partly Papists, partly Protestants, take a Revolution to make Popery prevail, what better could he do, than appoint popish Presidents and Tutors in the Seminaries of Learning?

One result of the public outcry was that the royal charter, issued by King George II on October 31, 1754, was not approved by the New York legislature until the following May. Officials hoped to bargain in the meantime for further relaxation of the restrictions governing the use of the

land, to permit the appointment of a Professor of Divinity from the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church—a move calculated to win favor among the large and influential Dutch community in the colony.

Three Yale men led the opposition to the fledgling institution: William Livingston, John Morin Scott, and William Smith jr. Airing their opinions regularly and loudly in *The Independent Reflector*, *The Watch Tower*, and *The New York Mercury*, all three advocated the incorporation of a "free college" instead. Livingston at length abandoned his opposition after some of the more odious restrictions had been removed, but insisted, lawyer-like, upon attaching a statement of protest to the body of the Charter itself. In the statement, Livingston prophesized correctly that the remaining restrictions would be "greatly obstructive to charitable contributions by those to whom the College of Trinity Church will be disagreeable who are a vast majority of the Province and who would cheerfully contribute to the College of New York and the advancement of literature."

Finally, in December of 1756, the committees for the College and New York City agreed upon the dispositions of the bonds and mortgages in which the lottery funds were invested. The College received £3,202 and the rest was given to the city for "a proper Pest-House for the reception of such

COLUMBIA'S BEST INVESTMENT: Hosack's Gardens, site of Rockefeller Center, contained a famous botanical garden early in the 19th century.



Persons as may be infected with any contagious Distempers and for the erecting of a new publick Gaol." The legislature also pledged an annual subsidy of £500. Thus, without assistance from private sources, and faced with the deep resentment of many New Yorkers, King's College embarked upon its first decade, sustained only by a curious blend of church and government support.

Samuel Johnson, the first President of King's College, and the Governors were quick to recognize the financial problems confronting the young institution. At the third meeting of the Governors, the Ways and Means Committee drafted letters to accompany subscription requests which were delivered in person by William Johnson and George Harison to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Bishop of London and the First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. Subscription lists were also transmitted to all the islands of the West Indies.

The appeals letters were almost identical, with the wording altered only slightly to suit the prospective donor. The content was quite straightforward: "But being sensible that we shall not be able to bring this great and good Design to any considerable degree of Perfection, without the Charitable Assistance of such gentlemen, in

the neighboring Governments, and elsewhere, that shall approve of our Constitution, we have made bold to beg your favour and Interest, in forwarding a Subscription among the Gentlemen of your Island."

The complete results of these early subscriptions are not known because of the paucity of records. The *Matricula*, the official College record of that era, notes that "Sundry gentlemen at Oxford gave books, whose names are in them." Oxford, which always maintained close ties with the young school, was to give more books in 1763 and a copy of every publication of the Oxford University Press several years later. In addition, the Society occasionally contributed money.

In general, however, support was difficult to obtain, and Johnson pressed unremittingly for more gifts from the mother country. In 1760 he thanked the Archbishop of Canterbury for his assistance: "The Governors acknowledge your Graces kind Patronage of our Infant Seminary, and particularly the good influence there of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in procuring us so noble and generous a Benefactor." But at the same time, he wrote to the Society, lamenting the College's sorry financial state: "I am sorry to find so little hopes of a collection for my College, which is much needed. But I do

hope Providence will provide, that either by Brief or Subscription, a Collection may yet be made; without our Building (now finished) has cost so much (£8, or £10,000) that I do not see how we shall have stock enough to provide sufficient salaries."

Soon afterward the Committee on Ways and Means dispatched additional letters to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Royal Society, the Antiquary Society, and the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. After dipping into capital funds in 1761, the Governors decided to intensify their English solicitations, and commissioned James Jay, brother of the Chief Justice, to act in their behalf. Assisted by London merchants and by Dr. William Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, who had come to England on a similar mission, and armed with a Royal Brief which bore the personal endorsement of Archbishop Seeker of Canterbury, Jay was able to return with £6,000 in hand.

Shortly after the Jay visit, the Rev. Duncombe Bristowe bequeathed to the College his library of 1,500 volumes of "valuable, well-chosen, useful books," through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. A Dr. Morton contributed a curious collection of ancient alphabets on copper plates and Dr. James Tucker willed a collection of insects.

TORY! TORY! TORY! Myles Cooper, British sympathizer and second President of King's College, had to flee from his students just before the Revolution.



COLUMBIANA

ABOVE IT ALL: William Samuel Johnson, President of Columbia from 1787 until 1800, displayed little interest in fund-raising.



COLUMBIANA

The Governors also sponsored several missions to St. Christopher's, Antigua, and Barbados. A Rev. Mr. Cook was paid £500 and expenses to raise money in the West Indies, but there is no record of how he fared. Col. John Maunsell, who was paid £100 to campaign in Ireland, apparently returned with only a £50 contribution from a bishop to show for his pains.

Myles Cooper, the second President of King's College, also looked to England for funds, the more so because his loyalist political leanings made him increasingly disliked by his fellow New-Yorkers. Cooper's ambitions encompassed a variety of projects: one purpose of his English visit in 1771 was to enlist support for a plan to educate and Christianize the American Indian. He did not neglect the College, however, trading upon his popularity among many Englishmen to obtain remission of the quitrents on the Trinity Church property, and acquire additional gifts of books, including Dr. Hill's gift of *Vegetable System*. Another windfall from England, though not directly attributable to Cooper's visit, was a fund created by Oxford's Society of Gentlemen, for the distribution of medals and books in all areas of study at King's College.

In a state of affairs address upon his return to the colony, Cooper

hailed the efforts of English benefactors, and in particular the Anglican Church: "Since the passing of the charter, the Institution has received great emolument by grants from his most gracious majesty King George the Third, and by liberal contributions from many of the nobility and gentry in the parent country; from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and from several public spirited gentlemen in America and elsewhere."

The last part of the statement, it may be surmised, was more wish than reality. Columbia, unlike other American colleges, never received substantial financial support in the colonies. Although the early Governors did contribute from their own pockets to the struggling corporation, subscription campaigns in New York City were generally unsuccessful. With the exception of a bequest by Joseph Murray, a College Governor, who in 1757 left the school his personal library and property valued at approximately £9,000, private gifts were small and few in number. George Harison gave the Governors the engraving of the Seal of King's College, valued at ten guineas. Lawrence Kilbourn, the artist, donated Dr. Johnson's portrait, and Garrat Noel, proprietor of the official College bookstore, contributed the four volumes of Caladio's *Hebrew Concordance*. In 1756, another Gover-

nor, Paul Richard, remembered the College in his will with a modest bequest. It is interesting to note that in preparing the will Richard had trouble recalling the name of the institution which he served.

A subscription list dated 1760 bears the names of some distinguished New York families, although documents setting forth the amounts of their donations have been lost: Auchinuty, Beekman, Barclay, Courtland, Livingston, Rutgers, Ver Planck and Macy. Attempts were made in 1755 to woo New York's new Governor, Sir Charles Hardy, who asked to see the subscription list and then gave £500. At about the same time, the Ways and Means Committee designated an official "to collect money from People generously disposed to promote so Laudable an Undertaking" and further recommended "that Every member of this corporation write to his own Correspondent and also engage whatever friends he can influence."

Just prior to the Revolution, the College received a small bequest from James Alexander who, toward the end of his life, had also donated his entire salary as a representative of the General Assembly. After extensive efforts by President Cooper, including numerous visits and letters, Edward Antill left his estate of £1,241, philosophizing: "What greater pleasure can fill the human breast than the considera-

BENEFACTOR: Sir Charles Hardy, Colonial Governor of New York, gave the College £500 in 1755.



COLUMBIANA

LEGISLATOR: James Alexander, who donated to King's College his salary as a member of the Colonial General Assembly.



COLUMBIANA

tion of having furnished our country with good devines, able Physicians, honest and skillful lawyers, and upright and faithful merchants?" But the financial crisis worsened, and by the winter of 1766 the school was reported to be in great neglect, having "sunk about £200, exclusive of £170 outstanding debts."

In 1774, King's College held its last public commencement. Shortly afterward, President Cooper, the Tory, was chased out via the back door and returned in haste to England. His liquors were sold for £150 following his precipitous exit, and his library for only £5, as his opponents gleefully exposed in *Gentleman's Magazine*. When war came, the College was turned into a hospital and the library and other apparatus were stored in the City Hall.

The corporation was barely kept alive during the war by sporadic Governors' meetings and, apparently, some intermittent instruction. With the class of 1776, King's College ceased to function, and it wasn't until 1784 that it was revived as Columbia University in the City of New York.

The last sixteen years of the century were taken up in a constant struggle to survive. Of all the colonial colleges, King's College had had the closest ties to the mother country, and suffered, therefore, the greatest losses due to the war. Without funds, without president or faculty, with the flight of wealthy Anglicans to England, and with its once-hand-

"IN LUMINE . . ." Official Seal of King's College, drawn by William Johnson, the first President.



some building barely standing, the school's very life was at stake. In 1784, the remaining Governors petitioned the State Legislature for a change of charter which would transform the College into a university. For three years after that, Columbia was a state institution, operating under the authority of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Due to political squabbling and shortage of funds, the appointment of a new president was delayed.

Again Columbia turned to the Old World for support, sending Col. Matthew Clarkson to France and the Netherlands to raise money and to seek the advice of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. The trustees wrote to all three statesmen, alerting them to Clarkson's impending visit, and entrusted additional letters to Clarkson himself. But Clarkson, through ineptitude or neglect, never delivered the letters or saw the men at all. Moreover, Franklin replied from Paris that Columbia was the fourth American institution to seek help, and that the prospects were bleak; and Adams warned that the gifts would not cover Clarkson's expenses. Clarkson was finally summoned home with nothing to show for his efforts, and he agreed to reduce his fee.

The times were lean. Numerous reports by the trustees refer to the collapse of several bonds which had once looked promising. Only one gift appears on record: £1,000, from Major Edward Clarke, to pay for books. Newspaper advertisements called upon all debtors to pay their arrears. In desperation, the College applied to the Legislature for a new grant-in-aid, to be raised by a tax on marriage licenses. The Legislature responded by giving £2,552 to cover losses incurred during the Revolution.

In 1787, the original charter was revived, and Columbia became a private corporation once again. But under its third President, William Johnson — son of Samuel Johnson — it continued to look principally to the public coffers, as Johnson displayed none of his father's talents for private fund-raising. In spite of the Revolution, English benefactors provided another source of revenue during

those years. However, the paucity of private gifts from American donors left Columbia's finances shaky. "Without therefore the money received from England and the aid from the Legislature," wrote Johnson in 1790, "it would have been impossible to repair the College and to pay the salaries at this time. But this money is expended and the Trustees have to rely in the future solely on the collections of their own revenue." A partial solution, Johnson suggested, was for each student to provide one load of hickory wood each year for the lecture rooms.

Fortunately for the students, the legislature came to the rescue once again. When, in 1792, the Trustees pleaded, "Your petitioners beg leave humbly to represent that the Funds of the College have been impaired by the Events of the late war," the law-makers granted £7,000 for the library, chemical apparatus, and buildings, and also agreed to pay £750 each year for salaries. This annual subsidy, originally limited in duration to five years, was later extended to seven.

Although the legislative bounty afforded a momentary breathing space, the College was less fortunate in its realty ventures. Royal grants of land in New Hampshire and upstate New York, the gifts of the crown or of colonial governors, were cancelled in the wake of the Revolution. Although Columbia could have been compensated for the seizure of at least some of these properties, there is no evidence that the Trustees filed claims. Other real estate investments at Lake George, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Governor's Island, all in New York State, languished, and were sold for a pittance during the following century.

At the close of the century, Columbia was in desperate straits. The legislative well had run dry: when the Trustees returned in 1796 to beg for more money, the law-makers voted a paltry \$500 for the Anatomical Museum, and suspended further support. The only bright spot was the opening of negotiations which would culminate, years later, in the gift of a rural tract known as Hosack's Gardens Today the property is called Rockefeller Center.

Alumni Authors

Pocahontas and Her World by Philip L. Barbour '18 is a fascinating look at the relationship between the Powhatan Indians and the early English settlers of Jamestown. Pocahontas, daughter of the Powhatan chief, served both symbolically and literally as an assuager of the culture clash between the two nations. The picture of the Colonists versus Indians is not always pretty, but Pocahontas, though partially stripped of romantic embellishment in this study, remains charming and enigmatic. (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95)

Tens Days of Infamy by Malcom Decker '18 is a slim volume recreating in scholarly but readable style the most notorious conspiracy against the stars and stripes. The conspirators, Benedict Arnold and John André, were both cloak and dagger anti-revolutionaries, albeit for different reasons. Arnold, an American General, was moved by pique and profit to commit treason. André, a British Major, acted loyally for the wrong (losing) side. This hour-by-hour account of their unsuccessful plot is illustrated with photographs of the historical places associated with the intrigue. (Arno Press, \$12.50)

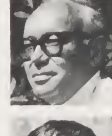
The Citizen Genet Affair by Harold Cecil Vaughan '18 focuses on the debate in 1793 over America's relationship to the French Revolution and consequent European war. The debate culminated in Washington's policy of "disentanglement." Ages 10 up. (Franklin Watts)

Matilda by Paul Gallico '21 is a rollicking novel full of scruffy characters and outlandish situations. The loveable if smelly hero, Matilda, is a boxing he-kangaroo who wins the hearts of Mafia buffoons and tuscian ladies as he punches his way to a middleweight championship. (Coward-McCann, \$5.95)

Little by Louis Zukofsky '23 is a playful and gently satiric novel about a child prodigy violinist and the eccentrically anxious and sometimes brilliant world of his family and music teachers. (Grossman, \$5.95)

Literary Criticism: An Introductory Reader edited by Lionel Trilling '25 is a cultural milestone containing 50 selections of critical writings ranging from the judgments of Plato to Sontag. In a lengthy introduction, Trilling interprets the intentions and processes of criticism and assesses the critic's function of making literature more immediate and pleasurable. (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$9.95)

The People of Concord by James Playsted Wood '27 is a book to be read before any family trip to Massachusetts and the Freedom Trail. Mr. Wood attempts to show young readers the significance and richness of Concord by glimpsing into the lives of the great people who lived there: people like Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Sanborn and Louisa May Alcott, who took nurture from Concord's liberty and literary traditions, and gave back even greater glory. Ages 10 up. (Seabury, \$4.95)



The Career of Philosophy by John Herman Randall Jr. '28 perceives an essential continuity between medieval and modern philosophy. Volume 1, *From the Middle Ages to the Enlightenment*, shows how the heirs to the three great medieval philosophies of knowledge embraced Renaissance humanistic values and tried to assimilate 17th century science. Volume 2, *From the Enlightenment to the Age of Darwin*, explores how 18th century thinkers attempted to formulate a scientific intellectual method that could be carried into all areas of man's life. Scholars will eagerly await the third volume which will deal with the one hundred years since Darwin. (Columbia University Press paperback: Vol. 1, \$4.25; Vol. 2, \$3.45)

Fields of Peace by Millen Brand '29 with photographs by George Tice is a Pennsylvania German album exploring the lifeways and beliefs of the Amish and Mennonite peoples. The narrative is admiring, gentle, and sometimes lyrical, and both text and pictures are clear-toned and informative. (Doubleday, \$8.95)

One Man Alone: Richard Nixon by Ralph de Tole-dano '38 is a reverent biography of the President of the United States written by a journalist who has been his trusted friend and associate for over 20 years. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$6.95)

Population, Migration, and Urbanization in Africa by William A. Hance '38 surveys and analyzes thoroughly the population factor in Africa's various societies and economies. This study shows the close and complex relationship between demography and the social and political development of regions, nations, and the entire continent. (Columbia University Press, \$15.00)

The Kite That Won the Revolution by Isaac Asimov '39 is based on the premise that Benjamin Franklin's international eminence as a scientist enabled him to enlist France as an ally of the Colonies, thus securing America's victory at Yorktown. Actually, this premise is just an excuse to allow Asimov to explore in a lively and easily understandable way the experiments and thinking which led to the discovery of electricity and Franklin's lightning rod. Lots of other incidental historic and scientific information is also passed on. Ages 11 up. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00)

The Anatomy of a Television Commercial: The Story of Eastman Kodak's "Yesterdays" edited and introduced by Lincoln Diamant '43 is a detailed history of the award winning two-minute commercial which took fifteen months and 10,000 man hours to produce. (Hastings House, \$12.50)

The Venus Atmosphere edited by Robert Jastrow '44 and S. I. Rasool is a selection of scientific reports first presented at the Second Arizona Conference on Planetary Atmospheres. The information is comprehensive and technical. (Gordon and Breach, Professional price: \$24.50; prepaid: \$19.60)

Minorities and the American City: A Sociological Primer for Education by Francesco Cordasco '44 and David Alloway provides a short historical study of urbanization and minority problems and indicates broad avenues of solutions to current dilemmas. The methodology of argument (charts, role-playing examples, etc.) is sometimes complex. (David McKaypaperback, \$1.95)

The New York Mets by Leonard Koppett '44 is a complete history of the team from its franchise in 1960 through its basement years, culminating in the amazing Mets' 1969 pennant and world series victories. Complete with all manner of statistics, this book is for the real fans. (Macmillan, \$9.95)

Developing Nations: Quest for A Model edited by George Oakley Totten '44 and Willard A. Belling contains 11 essays by leading scholars on developmental problems, including one by Totten and one by Carl Eric Carlson '43, dealing with the utilization of American, Soviet, and other models by developing nations. (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$3.95)

Black Suicide by Herbert Hendin '45 probes the reasons behind the startlingly high suicide rate of young urban Blacks. Case histories of 25 persons who attempted suicide paint a picture of neglect, rejection, violence, self-hatred and despair: a landscape of human anguish inextricably related to the black experience in America. (Basic Books, \$5.95)

American Civilization in the First Machine Age, 1890-1940, by Gilman M. Ostrander '46 contends that there has been a fundamental change in the American character as a result of technological advance and a century of immigration. Youth has emerged as a ruling class largely because it must be depended upon to acquire the new skills necessary to growing technology. (Harper & Row)

The New Book of Motorcycles by Eric Arctander '49 is a comprehensive guide to American and British bikes, European motorcycle tours, and types of competitive meets. This is a handbook for enthusiasts. (Arco, \$3.50)

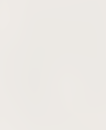
Untitled Subjects by Richard Howard '51 is a series of poetic monologues written as if by prominent figures of the Victorian era, delicate in wit and delightful to read. (Atheneum, \$3.95). **Alone With America** is Howard's critical study of 41 other contemporary poets. Each poet is considered as an individual rather than as a limb of a certain "school," and Howard's response to each artist is equally personal. His analyses seem to seek the heart-spirit of each poet's imagination. (Atheneum, \$12.95)

Shaw and the Doctors by Roger Boxhill '53 examines George Bernard Shaw's views on doctors and medicine in the light about what we now know about the practice of medicine in Shaw's day. Using careful documentation, Boxhill argues convincingly that the Shavian viewpoint on medicine cannot be dismissed as bizarre prejudice. (Basic Books, \$5.95)

The New Zoning: Legal, Administrative and Economic Concepts and Techniques edited by Norman Marcus '53 and Marilyn W. Groves includes six essays by legal authorities discussing zoning regulations and the ways in which land regulation devices can be used to achieve specific development goals in the public interest. (Praeger, \$15.00)

The Grand Street Collector by Joseph Arleo '54 moves from the pre-war streets of Little Italy to a poverty-stricken Sicilian village as it tells of an unwillingly committed political assassination and its sad consequences for the humble assassin and his son. (Walker and Company, \$5.95)

Opening Nights: Theater Criticism of the Sixties by Martin Gottfried '55 is a stunning and lively collection of play reviews and think-pieces on the nature of contemporary drama. Mr. Gottfried is concerned with both Broadway and far off Broadway, with overrated "hits" and underrated "flops," and with what is fine in traditional drama as well as what the new wave of theater is bringing. Gottfried, a critic who celebrates theatrical tradition and new dimensions, has looked ahead into the 'seventies and stands ready to applaud future fruits of innovation. (G. P. Putnam, \$6.95)



The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism by Paul Zweig '56 explores, in a most original and stimulating collection of essays, the persistent admiration Western Civilization has had for passionate and intellectual narcissism. Using cultural touchstones ranging from Gnosticism to Courty Love to Kierkegaard to Freud, Zweig shows how egotism thinly disguised as self-discovery is rooted in Western tradition as a counterbalance to the claims of community, state, and proclaimed public values. (Harper Colophon, \$2.25)

A Union of Individuals: The Formation of the American Newspaper Guild by Daniel J. Leab '57 is the story of how and why white collar editorial workers, who prided themselves on their independence, joined together to form a union. This scholarly study is a welcome addition both to the histories of journalism and organized labor. (Columbia University Press, \$10.00)

Assignment: Sports by Robert Lipsyte '57 is a delightful collection of human interest anecdotes from the wide world of sports. Lipsyte provides unfamiliar views of some of the greats: Rogers Hornsby, Muhammad Ali, and Casey Stengel; and glimpses into the lives of some unknowns: a Norwegian fishing guide, a California eating champion, and a one-time minor league baseball player. For young and not so young adults. (Harper & Row, \$3.95)

Arthur Miller: Portrait of a Playwright by Benjamin Nelson '57 uses biography as a backdrop for the comprehensive study of the writings of one of America's foremost living dramatists. (David McKay, \$5.95)

Parentheses: An Autobiographical Journey by Jay Neugeboren '59 bridges the "generation gap" between the apathetic consciousness of the 1950s and the impassioned activism of the 1960s. The book is the unsentimental odyssey of a Brooklyn boy who, having embraced the "whole man" concept of Columbia, naively slides into a General Motors executive training program. There, first-hand experience of the stultifying effects of the "system" leads him to drop out of his secure future and drop into the uncertain world of civil rights action and revolutionary hope. (E. P. Dutton, \$5.95)

Laurence Stern as a Satirist: A Reading of Tristram Shandy by Melvyn New '59 reinterprets Stern's work as a part of the Augustan moral tradition and argues that *Tristram Shandy* can be best understood as a satire exposing the fallacy of belief in human self-sufficiency. (University of Florida Press, \$7.50)

Non-White Immigration and the "White Australia" Policy by Herbert I. London '60 reports on Australia's changing immigration policies toward non-Caucasians as the nation reassesses her image and position among Asian states. (New York University Press, \$6.95)

Rebels Against War: The American Peace Movement, 1941-1960, by Lawrence S. Wittner '62 chronicles the decline of popular support for pacifism during the World War II and cold war years, and its comeback in the late 'fifties, largely attributable to "ban the bomb" sentiments. This study provides interesting background material for the understanding of the current antiwar fervor. (Columbia University Press paperback, \$2.95)

An Anthology of New York Poets edited by Ron Padgett '64 and David Shapiro '68 presents the exciting verses of 27 New York-based contemporary poets. More than geography, an intimacy of spirit is what connects these fine poets to one another. Works by the editors are included in this volume, as are poems by Dick Gallup '68, John Ashbery, Aram Sarayan, and Kenneth Koch. (Random House, Cloth: \$12.50; Vintage Edition, \$3.95)

Talkin' About Us edited by Bill Wertheim '65 contains poetry and short prose pieces written by teenagers in the Upward Bound program. With much passion and little guile the authors present slices of their lives: an afternoon in the East Bronx, Thanksgiving on a rural farm, a night in Harlem. A few of the poems are very fine indeed. (New Century distributed by Hawthorn Books, \$3.50)

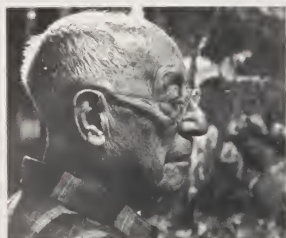
Obituaries

George R. Beach '95, President and Chairman of the board of the Providence Institution for Savings of Jersey City from 1941 to 1957. He was president of the Alumni Federation from 1923 to 1926, and was elected alumni trustee in 1925. He received the Columbia Alumni medal in 1920, the Gold King's Crown in 1934, the Columbia Trustees medal of excellence in 1942 and the Bronze Lion award in 1966. Died June 4, 1970.

James N. Rosenberg '95, lawyer, painter, writer and philanthropist. He worked with Hoover in 1921 on the American Relief Administration and in 1947 headed a U.S. committee for the passage of the Genocide Convention at the U.N. At the age of 62 he made art a full-time career, and more than 25 American museums, including the Smithsonian Institute, display his works. Died July 21, 1970.

Waldo Sellow '13, Advertising Manager and Vice President of Harpers Magazine, and recipient of the Alumni Federation Medal in 1944. Died May 2, 1970.

Richard M. Pott '17, the architect who designed the new Senate office building. He was a partner in the firm of the Eggers Partnership and a John Jay Associate. Died Sept. 16, 1970.



James N. Rosenberg

Kenneth Thompson '20, lawyer specializing in air and admiralty law and member of the law firm of Mendes and Mount. He authored *Discussions of Air Law and The Mental Side of Golf*. Died May 14, 1970.

Abraham D. Feingold '22, co-founder of the Rugby School, one of the first institutions for mentally retarded and handicapped children in New York City. In 1950 he lost his job as a mathematics teacher in a city high school when he refused to state whether or not he had ever been a member of the Communist party. The New York State law under which he was dismissed was declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1967. Died September 14, 1970.

Franklin J. Leerburger '24, consulting engineer who was an adviser to the United Nations development program. He was a consultant on projects in Brazil, the Philippines, and Vietnam. Died May 11, 1970.

Milton M. Bergerman '25, Chairman of the Citizens Union of New York for more than twenty years. He led several campaigns to improve government in New York City and was often an outspoken critic of the city administration. He also served on several state and citywide legislative and judicial committees. He was the recipient of "The Distinguished Classmate Award" upon his graduation. Died Sept. 8, 1970.



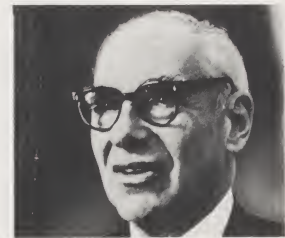
Richard M. Pott

Edmund H. H. Caddy '26, Dean of the New York Law School from 1939 to 1941 and from 1947 to 1949. During the 'forties he served as assistant attorney general of New York State in charge of the New York City office. Died June 21, 1970.

Elliot Van Kirk Dobbie '27, professor of English at Columbia, was co-editor of the six volume *Anglo-Saxon Poetic Records*. He had been a full professor at Columbia for the last 19 years. Died March 23, 1970.

Irving H. Dufine '31, President of Dufine and Co. Inc., a New York advertising agency which he founded in 1941. He received the Dean's Award in 1957 and the Alumni Medal in 1958, and was a member of the John Jay Associates. He was also chairman of the Alumni Interfraternity Council. Died July 7, 1970.

George Syvertsen '53, CBS news correspondent, killed while in Cambodia. He had been in and out of Vietnam since November of 1967 and had covered most of the major battles of the war, including the Tet offensive and Khe Sanh. Before going to CBS he had been a foreign correspondent for the Associated Press in Warsaw and Moscow. Died June 1970.



Milton M. Bergerman

- 1891 Eliot White
January 1967
- 1905 Henry C. Haas
March 26, 1970
Ralph Hustace Hubbard
March 1970
Benjamin Mark Kaye
March 25, 1970
- 1906 Alfred Ernest Rejall
March 2, 1970
- 1908 Percy L. Roberts
May 4, 1970
John J. Young
- 1909 Herbert S. Schoonmaker
March 7, 1970
Ernest C. Thompson
May 30, 1970
- 1910 DeWitt V. Weed, Jr.
April 22, 1970
- 1911 Ernest Harvey Van Fossan
May 27, 1970
- 1912 Alfred H. Sturtevant
April 5, 1970

- 1913 Frederic David Zeman
March 26, 1970
- 1914 Ernest B. Slade
March 11, 1970
Ralph Kitchel Smith
November 25, 1969
- 1915 Harold Elmer Anthony
March 29, 1970
Ambrose H. Burroughs
November 10, 1966
Lester Clark Danielson
June 5, 1970
Joseph M. Fallon
February 22, 1970
Lazarus Marcus
February 9, 1970
- 1916 Henry W. Bischoff
July 5, 1969
Patrick F. Canavan
- 1917 Duncan Albert Dobie
Herbert August Schulte
May 11, 1970

- 1918 John P. Papp
- 1920 Francis Story Myers
October 3, 1969
- 1921 Ira Murray Silbersweig
October 3, 1969
Wilfrid L. Blanchet
Rafael Cantini
1968
William J. Shultz
May 23, 1970
- 1923 William Emil Gleim
- 1924 Adolph D. Folger
March 1970
Herbert Francis July
April 9, 1970
- 1928 Murray L. Dunning
1968
- 1930 Edward Jeremiah May
February 27, 1970
- 1931 Eugene L. Roussin
May 3, 1970

- 1932 Joe Lambert
- 1933 James G. Clapp
March 27, 1970
- 1934 Sidney M. Kaplan
- 1937 David Ira Sinizer
March 1968
James Raymond Walsh
1965
- 1941 Edward J. May
1970
- 1943 Arthur Kohlenberg
July 1970
- 1948 Jack L. Kroner
April 15, 1970
- 1962 Bernard J. Arenberg
March 24, 1970
- 1969 Raymond S. Gomkoto
March 21, 1970
David McCarthy
1969



STEVE KAVETZ

UNFRIENDLY PERSUASION:
Police arrest a demonstrator at a political rally.



STEVE KAVETZ

SIGNS OF THE TIMES:
Protesters throng the Financial District in May, 1970.

'EVERYONE'S GONE CRAZY'

A Journalist Returns After Two Years in the Far East
and Finds a Vastly Changed America.

By Arnold Abrams '61

Returning home after a two-year stay in Southeast Asia was like visiting Vietnam for the first time. Having read and heard and thought so much about the place, I was intellectually prepared for what I saw. Seeing it, however, was something else.

I was struck initially by surface differences between America and the Far East. It felt strange to see so many white people in the streets, and I was aware, as never before, of their physical size. Most of all, however, I found myself goggling at their appearance. This reaction, strictly gut, was synthesized in a memorable moment on the evening of my third day back.

It came at the corner of 3rd and 50th, waiting for the light to change and watching a small segment of mid-Manhattan humanity surge past the windshield. The conglomeration of long hair, wide and bizarre ties, incredibly striped pants, micro-minis and maxis all moving together was mind-blowing. "My God," I said to my wife, "it looks like everyone's gone crazy."

Although I still found myself staring after several weeks, the passage of time left me feeling that the face of American society is the least of its ills. Far more unsettling was the sense of deep division, of crumbling institutions, inadequate services, and widespread discontent. It was as if I had wandered into a sick ward on the way home, and found everyone I know in it.

I left a divided society in the fall of 1968, but the lines seem to have been drawn even more sharply since then. I never saw so many flag decals; never sensed such a gap between youths and their elders; never imagined headgear worn by construction workers could come to signify so much.

The weekly news magazines, on

Arnold Abrams '61, former Spectator managing editor and Newsday reporter, studied Chinese as a Journalism Fellow at Columbia's East Asian Institute. He has been based in Hong Kong since September, 1968. His dispatches appear regularly in the Far Eastern Economic Review and The New Leader, and are carried in numerous domestic newspapers. He wrote this article for CCT after a home visit last summer.



PARTISAN EMBLEM? The American flag has been used to symbolize support for the Administration.



STEVE KAVETZ

SILENT MAJORITY: "I never imagined headgear worn by construction workers could come to symbolize so much."

which most Americans 12,000 miles from home must rely, report the domestic situation but fail to convey its deeper meaning. Friends' firsthand accounts of the hardhats' Wall Street attack did, however, as did their reports of radicals' actions in campus confrontation. Both chilled me with a glimpse of the blind hatred and violent potential I had come to associate with patrols in Vietnam, not political demonstrations or college meetings in America.

Similarly, seeing the full texts of Agnew's addresses illuminated the division in the States more starkly than any compressed, paraphrased accounts published abroad. So did a mediocre movie like *The Strawberry Statement*, a typically slick and hollow Hollywood effort based on the 1968 confrontation at Columbia.

I saw the movie on a Saturday night in a Long Island suburb, hardly a hotbed of student radicalism. The theater was packed, however, with high-school and college-age youths whose reaction to the film — which concluded with a long, brutal depiction of a police bust — was explosive. They roared with outrage and shook their fists through the last scene, while shouts of "kill the fuckin' pigs" sounded in the aisles. Some of them were crying.

I had not seen a movie audience react so strongly since Randolph Scott led last-minute cavalry charges at Saturday matinees in Brooklyn. This was, it seems, a measure of how much Chicago and Kent State have cost the country. If I had gone to the same film in the Midwest — or even at some theaters in Queens —

there probably would have been more adults in the audience, and they would have been cheering through that final scene.

I found the hardened lines cutting into my friendships as well. Sounding me out about the situation in Indochina, some acquaintances grew annoyed when my accounts did not jibe with their preconceptions. My attempts to explain the military factors justifying the Cambodian incursion, or the reasons for My Lai led to questions about whose side I'm on. I replied that I'm against anyone who refuses to recognize complexities in the mess over there.

Not that I hadn't returned with the same tendency to oversimplify domestic issues. The *Silent Majority's* emergence as Nixon's prime constituency was particularly disconcert-



STEVE KATZ

THIN BLUE LINE:
New York police on duty at
Wall Street demonstration.

ing from afar. I went to the movie *Joe*, for example, prepared to laugh at and vent contempt for the central character, a larger-than-life hardhat representative.

Laugh I did, for the dialogue and actor Peter Boyle's portrayal of the pathetic Joe are priceless. But the film's climax — a symbolic, murderous confrontation between Middle America and Rebel Youth — left me immensely sad, not hating. I saw too many things explaining the other side, too little hope for narrowing the gap between two worlds.

Contact with the Third World—the Radical Left—offered even less hope. It came in a lengthy reunion with a college friend, also a former *Spectator* editor, who is now a dedicated revolutionary. He implicitly branded me "establishment" because

I do not fully support his cause. I found this ironic in light of what some high military officials in Vietnam have said about me, and in view of various dispatches I have filed from Laos, Thailand, Cambodia and Taiwan about American involvement in Southeast Asia.

Yet there it was, and here was my friend talking about fomenting revolution in America, through violent means if necessary. "Would you plant a bomb?" I asked him. "I'd rather not answer that," he replied.

A curtain then fell between us. I felt there was no way to impart my conviction that, while so much of what he seeks for the country is necessary, violence and bloodshed will create conditions far worse than those now existing. He said, in response to another question, that he

had never seen anybody killed. On reflection, I think it was a foolish question. It is terrible to see someone die a violent death, but I doubt that anything would have changed if he had.

Touching base with campus moderates was, not surprisingly, more heartening. I came away from an evening session in a Morningside Heights apartment admiring the cool intelligence and caustic concern of six Columbia undergraduates I had met. Among them were several student leader types, an English major and a pre-med; not a fully representative cross-section, but a significant sampling. They were bright and well-informed, yet seemed for the most part so directionless.

They reject their society and speak, in effect, of dropping out—of



STEVE KATZETZ

NEW POLITICS: *Traditionally non-political, many police have become as openly partisan as anyone else.*

doing their own thing and milking some private, post-graduate utopia for whatever happiness it will yield. But they do not know where that utopia lies or what it holds. They know only what they do not want and where they will not go.

How markedly their tone differs from the tempo of my time at Columbia. In my senior year, Eisenhower, after lulling everyone to sleep, finally grinned his way out of the White House. Kennedy came in like a breath of fresh air, his New Frontier kindling the campus the way oxygen revives a drowning man.

We packed the dorms' television rooms to watch JFK deliver his inaugural address. And when it ended, we were sufficiently stirred by the eloquence and vigor behind the vision to give the President heartfelt, standing

ovations. Then we floated out to gather and exchange exclamations in Van Am Quad, and it is hard to imagine now how much hope hung in the air on that cold, clean January day in 1961.

The outside world was screwed up, to be sure, but at that heady time a good many of us actually believed that something could be done about it, and that we would have a hand in the healing process. There were the Peace Corps, a 10-year plan for Latin America, growing sympathy for the civil rights movement and hopes for improving relations with the Soviet Union. Nobody had heard yet about Vietnam.

But that is ancient history, the kind of stuff James Shenton may soon start to use in evoking a sense of the past at his traditional — in my time, at

least — year-end lecture on American history. Instead of wearing a racoon coat, playing Bessie Smith records, and reciting speeches by Woodrow Wilson and Gen. Patton, he'll appear in tweeds and crewcut, play back Kennedy's inaugural address and read aloud some Spectator editorials produced by my managing board.

I fully felt the 10-year age gap between us when the undergraduates asked me, at the end of our evening session together, what I thought of them.

I leveled as best I could. I thought them admirable but found them saddening. The latter judgment, I now believe, reflected my own disappointment. These kids represent our finest hope at this time, yet they too are stumbling blind, with no answers. ☐

Letters

Correction

On Page 68 of *Columbia College Today*, Summer 1970 issue, you have a picture entitled "DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE: This hurdler's world seems to have turned upside-down." Just for the record, that hurdler is me and I am a high jumper and not a hurdler. I admit that the picture could be taken for any number of things.

Jim Gorman '71

Dissent on McGill

I wish to register a protest against the selection of William J. McGill as incoming President of Columbia University. At a recent alumni gathering in his honor in San Francisco a brawl broke out during the course of his speech on campus turbulence. An older alumnus began slugging one younger, Mr. McGill's speech was constantly heckled by younger alumni, the speech was stopped only to be resumed, a microphone was ripped from its wire, and harried wives chased after their cardiac prone spouses as generations of alumni fought each other. Is a man who can inspire such division in this age of deep societal cleavage a good choice for Columbia's future?

Using his public relations arsenal of hand-shaking and vaguely liberal rhetoric, Mr. McGill made it clear that after all the protests it would still be the Establishment who would dominate Columbia and indeed society. His speech was cleverly written and embarrassingly ill delivered so that, while he sounded as if he were reading another's prose for the first time, it was difficult to object to well covered statements, the assumptions behind which meant continued preservation of existing power structures.

If Mr. McGill thought he was going to a fund-raising affair for the wealthy and older alumni—as was obvious from the conservative tone of his lightly liberal speech—he ought to realize that the younger alumni will have none of the vacuous rhetoric of yesteryear.

William Sywack '62

'Whole Man' Upheld

Let me tell you how disturbed I was by your most recent issue describing the plight of the CC course. I can tell you that CC gave me (Class of 1953) a method and a frame of reference for problem solving that I still use.

The suggestion that Columbia's "whole man" goal was an elitist notion, no longer relevant to current attitudes is fantastic nonsense. The increasing fragmentation of our society demonstrates, if anything, the need for generalists and "whole men." CC with its relativistic assumptions would seem the perfect course to provide a balance and perspective against which to evaluate exclusive group power visions which threaten to rend our connective social fabric.

The course is valuable today precisely because it is unfashionable and challenges the prevalent conformities. It would be ironic if, after surviving frontal assaults on its freedom to teach unpopular ideas in the '50s, Columbia were now to surrender this tradition to current student and budgetary attitudes.

Norman Marcus '53

Against the Gym

I have just read the May 20 plea to College alumni on behalf of the Varsity "C" Club and am still trying to decide if the concern for trivia is satirical or merely simpleminded. The chaos in the universities and to a certain degree the chaos in the nation is a partial legacy of educational institutions which traditionally have shown more solicitude for athletic supporters than for the quality of teaching and the climate of inquiry on their campuses. I and most of those who attended Columbia College with me worthy of my respect, cared not in the slightest about Columbia's gymnasium and intercollegiate athletic program. That was in the mid-1950s. Recent events on the campus make it clear that students today give even less of a damn about gyms than do I. As far as I am concerned, the gymnasium has no priority and the funds designated for it should have been raised instead for improving faculty salaries, awarding scholarships to needy students, strengthening the library and improving relations with the abused Morningside Heights community. Were it not so pitiable, the preoccupation with the gymnasium would be laughable.

Walter J. Green '58

Banding Together

The allegations of Albert Bergeret ("Nix on Extracurric," Summer 1970) concerning the role of the conductor in the personnel problems of the Band are as shocking as the audacity of the editors of CCT in publishing them. Bergeret's sole responsibility on the Managing Board was with the marching band, with which the conductor is not directly involved, and so he can hardly be quoted as an authority on the problems facing the concert band. On the other hand, as the chief officers of the Band during the last four years, we can attest to the warm relationship between David Josephson and the members of the Band during his tenure as conductor. Further, the stature which the concert band gained among musicians at Columbia during these years was, to a large extent, the result of his direction.

The problems of the Band, like those of other activities, are intimately connected with the changing attitudes and priorities of Columbia College students. No serious discussion of these trends in student life should include the irresponsible comments which you published.

Peter Janovsky '68
Head Manager, 1967
Richard Heyman '69
Head Manager, 1968
Richard Goodman '70
Head Manager, 1969
Martin Farber '71
Head Manager, 1970

Hail . . .

Your Summer 1970 issue was the best written, most informative, and most objective publication I have ever received from Columbia.

Charles B. Temkin '69

. . . and Farewell

Kindly remove my name from your mailing list, and send me no more copies. The latest issue, received in August, is to me just nauseating. So send me no more!

Warner Pyne '12

Columbia College Today

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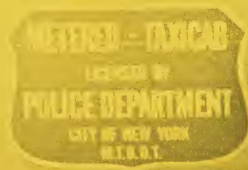
GUESTS OF HONOR: President William J. McGill (right) and his predecessor, President Emeritus Andrew Cordier, share a joke at a recent party.



Columbia College Today

WINTER-SPRING 1971

RATES
45¢ First 1/6 Mile
10¢ Each Additional 1/3 Mile



AZTEC SERVICE

NO ROOM AT THE BOTTOM:
THE CRISIS IN JOBS

COLUMBIA COLLEGE

Application for Financial Aid

Name of applicant SMITH JOHN B. 030-32-2554
(PLEASE PRINT) Last First Middle Soc. Sec. No.

Home address 711 NORTH FIFTH STREET MIDDLETOWN NEBRASKA 68201
Number and Street City or Town County State ZIP Code

School THEODORE ROOSEVELT H.S. MIDDLETOWN NEBRASKA
Name City State

R. JACOBSON Home Phone Number (901) 553-8771
Principal

If you are requesting financial aid from Columbia College, fill out this form and mail it, along with the Application for Admission, to the OFFICE OF COLLEGE ADMISSIONS, 112 HAMILTON HALL, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10027, as promptly as possible and no later than January 1. In addition, your parents or guardian must file the Parent's Confidential Statement of resources with the COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE, BOX 1765, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY 08540. If your parents live in, or west of, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Oklahoma, or Texas, they should send the statement to the COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE, BOX 881, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60201; or if they live in, or west of, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, or New Mexico, they should send the statement to COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE, BOX 1025, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94701. The form for the Parent's Confidential Statement may be obtained from your own secondary school or from the nearest College Scholarship Service office. It must be filed no later than January 1.

How much money can you count on for the expenses during your first year in college?

From your family \$ 650

Relatives and friends NONE

One fifth of personal savings 75

Summer work 500

Social Security benefits as a college student under twenty-two NONE

Veteran Administration benefits NONE

Other sources NONE

TOTAL \$ 1225

Your freshman year at Columbia College, as a resident student, will cost you approximately \$4,450, plus your travel expenses. Using this information, what is your financial need as you see it? \$ 3225

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN

19th Annual Columbia College Fund

Within the Family

The gravest threat to education today comes not from rioting students but from the state of the national economy. Inflation and recession have combined to raise operating costs while diminishing the flow of government grants and alumni contributions. In the resulting squeeze, something has got to give, and at Columbia two worthwhile enterprises have given already: the theater division of the School of the Arts, and the *Forum*.

President McGill and his associates are striving resolutely, and at times ruthlessly, to trim expenses. They have no choice: the only alternative to reducing the University's educational output is to let the entire institution go under. Theirs is an unenviable task, because Columbia will be poorer no matter what they do. What is saved in dollars must be taken out of programs.

The alumni cannot rescue the school singlehandedly, anymore than the President can. But the President is doing his best, and so must we.

The economic crisis has also constricted the job opportunities available to college graduates. The consequences could affect us all. The schools and cities are filled even now with angry young radicals. Their numbers may soon be augmented by students who are presently accommodated to "the system," but are frustrated in their attempts to find worthwhile employment. America survived the bread lines of the 'thirties. One wonders, though, what would have happened if the Great Depression had gripped a country whose youth was already as alienated as ours is.

The plight of *Spectator* deserves the attention of every alumna, and indeed of every citizen. The newspaper is threatened with loss of its tax exemption for having endorsed candidates for elective office, in defiance of a regulation which prohibits tax-exempt corporations from engaging in political activity.

What makes the move especially ominous is that it follows warnings issued by several government officials in the wake of widespread campus disturbances last Spring. These officials announced that they would invoke sections of the Internal Revenue Code, hitherto unused, to keep universities in line.

Their commitment to law and order would be more convincing if it were more even-handed. One wishes, for example, that federal officers at Kent State and Jackson State had proceeded with half the zeal which the I.R.S. is exhibiting in its dealings with *Spectator*. And there are loopholes in the tax laws themselves which seem to cry out for far more urgent attention than the one ambiguous provision on which the I.R.S. relies in its dispute with the newspaper.

The selective use of laws to silence political enemies is not law-enforcement, but its antithesis. There is no surer way than this to destroy respect for law among the young. What are they to think of the established order, when its representatives appear to wink at homicide while cracking down on impecunious tax offenders? Students have rejected the double standard in sex, and will not tolerate it in the administration of justice.

As an undergraduate, I took a four-year major in *Spectator*, and in consequence attended relatively few classes. But James Shenton's lectures were not to be missed. One reason, of course, was that Shenton is an unusually gifted speaker. Another was that he has a remarkable memory for faces. A classmate of mine once signed up for his History 10 section, came to his first class, and didn't show up again until the last day of the year. It was the day of the Roaring '20s lecture, which everyone in the College attended, whether or not he was registered in the course. To my friend's acute embarrassment, Shenton greeted him by name and asked him where he'd been. James Shenton not only notices students but cares about them, which is why the lines in front of his office sometimes compete in length with the ones outside the more popular movie houses. It's a pleasure to report that the Board of Managers has given him its 10th annual Mark Van Doren teaching award. Shenton deserves to be congratulated. So does the Board—for its ability to recognize an outstanding instructor and its readiness to honor him.

M.B.M.

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| <h2>Columbia College Today</h2> | <p>EDITOR Martin B. Margulies '61 ASSOCIATE EDITOR Ilene Barth ART DIRECTOR C. Gordon Chapman SPORTS EDITOR Steve Singer '64 ASSISTANT EDITOR Larry Lane '70</p> <p>ALUMNI ADVISORY COMMITTEE Ray Robinson '41 <i>Chairman</i> Arthur Rothstein '35 Edward Hamilton '42 Kermit Lansner '42 Walter Wager '44 Byron Dobell '47 John McDermott '54</p> |
| <p>Published by Columbia College Columbia University New York, N. Y. 10027 for Alumni and Friends of Columbia College Address all editorial communications to: Columbia College Today 400 West 118th Street New York, N. Y. 10027 Telephone (212) 280-3701</p> <p>COLUMBIA COLLEGE founded in 1754 is the undergraduate liberal arts college of 2,700 men in COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY</p> | <p>IN THIS ISSUE</p> <p>Around the Quads 2 No Room At The Bottom 18 Roar Lion Roar 28 C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A: Rah or Blah? 34 Talk of the Alumni 40 From Kerouac to Koch 46 They Liked Ike — As President of Columbia 52 Alumni Authors 56 Obituaries 58 Cambodia is a Correspondent's Nightmare 60 Letters 64</p> <p>COVER PHOTO BY SID SATTLER</p> |



Around the Quads

GS AND THE COLLEGE: E PLURIBUS UNUM?

Ever since the School of General Studies was established, it has competed with the College for space, faculty and cash. The rivalry between the siblings has been spirited and at times acrimonious. Last November, Dean Carl F. Hovde suggested a solution: merger.

Under his plan, which he released in a letter to the President, the degree programs of the two institutions would be combined. There would be one administrative structure, one admissions office, one faculty and one student body, all under the aegis of Columbia College. Degree candidates who presently enroll in G.S. would attend the College instead. The non-degree program now sponsored by General Studies would function independently.

Should the proposal be adopted—and already it has run into determined opposition—the College would undergo three principal changes:

- Women would be admitted for the first time in its 214-year history.
- Roughly a third of its students—perhaps as many as 1400—would be at least 21 years old, the minimum age for admission to G.S. Of these, maybe half would be going to school part-time.
- By adding those 1400 men and women to its own student body of 2600, the College would expand to approximately one-and-one-half times its present size.

Elsewhere in the same document, Hovde also recommended that the School of Engineering cease admitting freshmen on its own. The result would

be to revive the old “professional option” plan, still in effect for some students, whereby engineering majors spent their first three years in the College and two more in the Engineering School, earning at the end of five years both a B.A. and a B.S.

Twenty or even 10 years ago, there were sound educational reasons for keeping G.S. and the College separate. No longer. The character of the G.S. student body has changed markedly, and so has the content of its degree program. When the School was founded, shortly after the second world war, it was envisioned as a center for adult education. Over the years, however, the average age of its students has declined, while admissions standards have risen. Originally authorized to grant only the B.S., General Studies now awards the B.A. also.

What was educationally defensible in 1950 was also financially feasible. But today, the maintenance of

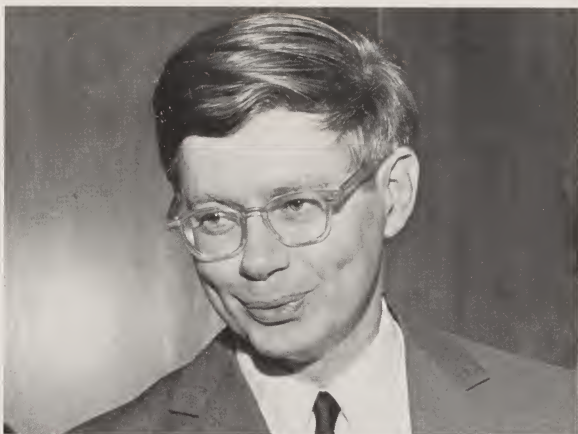
two separate institutions, each largely duplicating the other's functions, has become a luxury which Columbia cannot afford. Throughout the 'sixties, the University was taking steps to end such duplication. It was in response to these steps that the Dean issued his proposal.

Actually, the real question is not whether the two institutions should be consolidated. That, as the Dean pointed out, is already happening. Whenever two courses are offered in the same subject—one in the College, one in G.S.—it has become Columbia's policy to economize by eliminating one of them and permitting students from both schools to register for the other. The process, known as "cross-listing," is likely to be accelerated during the 'seventies.

Thus, merger is coming, whether the College wills it or not. The issue therefore becomes one of how the merger will be accomplished: through what Hovde has called "dozens of unrelated economic decisions which never raise the larger questions," or through a coherent, *a priori* plan which weighs educational considerations alongside financial ones.

Nothing concerns the College more vitally than the calibre of its students. Nothing could alter its character more completely, or with more destructive effect, than a student body whose excellence is not uniformly high. Yet today the College is often unable to control the quality of the men and women who sit in its classrooms, because many of them are admitted by other schools: Barnard, Engineering and General Studies. The consensus among the faculty seems to be that the overall quality of G.S. students, while much improved, does not always measure up to College standards.

One of the Dean's purposes, then, is to establish a quality control which is presently lacking. Another, of course, is to save money for the University by merging the administrative staffs of the two schools. The combined staff would be somewhat larger than either of the separate staffs is today, but smaller than both of them together. A third objective, though less urgent than the others, is to create a more diversified student body.



MARRIAGE BROKER: Columbia's three undergraduate divisions are already approaching de facto union, and Dean Carl F. Hovde wants to make it official.

From the Dean's Proposal

Columbia has been moving towards the amalgamation of work in the College and General Studies anyway. It has done so mindlessly through a ten-year series of ad hoc decisions involving cross-registration and the elimination of duplicate offerings in both schools . . . If there is to be amalgamation, let us call it that and plan for it educationally—not continue to make dozens of unrelated economic decisions which never raise the large questions and can only damage us in the long run.

Here and there one hears remarks to the effect that the College is now an historical anachronism, that it was fine in its day but that its day is over. This is nonsense. People who say this often seem to be restless and impatient in ways not always easy for them to articulate or for me to discern—it is usually a kind of animal grunt.

The sweet sounds of internal harmony are not conspicuously audible in our time when groups are identified by narrow ranges of age; rather, cohesive social atmospheres depend upon associations of attitude and interest, and less upon being 17, 21 or 35 than at any time in my experience.

Our position in New York City simply emphasizes that we must accommodate our enterprise to the period and time we live in, and the presence of excellent older students here is something we should take advantage of. As a university we do so already, of course, but we should do so with coherence and sensible organization—as one animal, and not a bag of cats.

These benefits are not universally appreciated. Indeed, if one were to judge solely from remarks made about the proposal and its author, one would find it hard to believe that the parties to the controversy are actually good friends. Predictably, the loudest outcry came from the School of General Studies, whose dean, Aaron Warner, characterized the plan as "a straight political grab by the College." Dean Hovde, he charged, "is interested in one thing—co-education. We have it and the College wants it."

Dean Wesley Hennessy of the Engineering School was more restrained, but expressed fears for his school's recruiting and financial aid programs. And Professor of Industrial Engineering Seymour Melman complained that "the conservative and unimaginative qualities of the Columbia College Committee on Instruction give no ground for confidence in any major improvements from an amalgamation." There is, he asserts, "more innovativeness and imagination in the School of Engineering and in General Studies than in Columbia College." Other Engineering professors, however, gave their cautious approval, though one of them—Charles F. Bonilla—stipulated that the Engineering faculty must retain a voice in admissions policy.

But the most aggressive and vocal criticisms, next to Dean Warner's, were uttered by President William J. McGill. McGill, to the surprise of many, jumped into the fray almost immediately, terming the scheme "political rather than educational in nature." "A tactical mistake," said one College administrator, shaking his head. "A mistake," agreed a chastened McGill two months later. "My style," he explained, "is to stake a position and await the excitement that will follow. The trouble is that most people here lay tremendous stress on what the President thinks—as if I had the capacity to restructure education. My opinion is just one of many." He remains opposed, but less pugnaciously so. He is particularly reluctant to see the College's CC and Humanities requirement imposed on G.S. students as the only avenue to an undergraduate degree.

The President, meanwhile, had proffered a suggestion of his own.

"There is no law written on tablets of stone," he declared, "saying that a college education must be four years long for each and every student." McGill would establish a two-year undergraduate degree for students who want to move on quickly into professional schools, and recast at least some undergraduate majors to include professional training. McGill has often attributed student alienation to frustration brought on by too many years of schooling.

Now it was Hovde's turn. The proposal, he warned, "flies in the face of what we've historically tried to do. We're not a pre-professional training

school. We want to produce thoughtful people." "Right out of the 'fifties," snorted another administrator. "What really alienates students are universities which serve only to channel them into establishment careers." "One-third to one-half of our students want to be channeled," replies McGill. "They have their rights too."

Both proposals, together with several others, are now in the hands of a special senate subcommittee which is studying coordination in undergraduate education. It will be some time before G.S. students sit in Dwight Miner's CC section, or sophomores emerge with a sheepskin.

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

Spectator called it "the coming purge." President McGill, more sedately, described it as a "reorganization." Both were referring to a complete restructuring of the central administration, as yet only partially completed, pursuant to which:

- Nobel laureate and physics professor Polykarp Kusch was installed last November in the newly created position of Executive Vice President for Academic Affairs. The post, second in importance only to the President's, was carved out of the old vice presidency for academic affairs—also held by Dr. Kusch—and the provost's office. As vice president, Kusch had been the University's chief educational policymaker. Now, by taking on the provost's duties, he assumes responsibility for the academic budget as well.

- A second executive vice presidency, for administration, has also been established. When it is filled, probably by early spring, the leadership at Low will consist of a "troika," with the President at the top and the two executive vice presidents directly beneath. The new administrative vice president will supervise all the non-academic concerns of the University, now divided among three separate offices: business, administration, and development and alumni relations. The last of these will be renamed external relations, and will deal with alumni and community affairs.

- Two administrators have already left Low Library: Provost Peter Kenen and Assistant Provost for Planning Bernard Friedman. More are expected to follow. The title of Provost was first abolished, then revived and conferred upon Dr. Kusch. This was done because the Provost is the only officer, besides the President, who is eligible under the University charter to sit on the Board of Trustees. Otherwise the gesture would have been purely symbolic: it had already been understood that the functions of the office would be placed under the jurisdiction of the new academic vice president.

The purpose of the restructuring is to increase administrative efficiency, rather than to effect a direct saving in dollars. University officials henceforward will report to one of the two executive vice presidents instead of to the President, thereby freeing the latter from the burdens of day-to-day management. Any monetary benefits will come, not from the elimination of positions, but from the establishment of clearer lines of authority. These, it is hoped, will help to minimize duplication and enable the central administration to keep better track of programs and expenditures.

Nowhere were the old lines fuzzier than in the shaping of educational policy. For nearly three years, since the departure of Vice President



IN: Polykarp Kusch, says a fellow-administrator, is now "aller-powerful."



OUT: The President couldn't find "the right vehicle" for former Provost Peter Kenen.

and Provost David Truman, the policy-making and budgeting functions had been divided. In March, 1969, the academic vice presidency (together with the title of Dean of Faculties) went to Kusch. Kenen, who at 38 is considered one of the nation's brightest young economists, was named provost four months later.

The arrangement was not a success. "There was no personal feud," says one official, referring to speculation that the two administrators didn't get along. Neither, however, did they enjoy the close personal relationship which their overlapping duties required of them.

"Suppose," the official continued, "a dean came to Kenen and said, 'I need two more assistant professorships.' Any decision that Kenen might have made would have impinged on Kusch's authority over academic programs. Furthermore, Kusch could always veto, because he was the senior officer, but there'd be a great waste of time and effort, and some people were

naturally tempted to play them off against one another. If the dean couldn't get what he wanted from Kusch, he'd go to Kenen.

"Besides, you can't separate academic policy-making from control over the budget. The budget is often the only means by which the policy-making authority can exercise leadership and control."

What was needed was not mutual esteem or even personal friendship, but a rapport so profound that both could be counted upon to know and share one another's thoughts on almost any given issue. Between the 60-year-old physicist and his younger, more volatile associate, no such rapport existed.

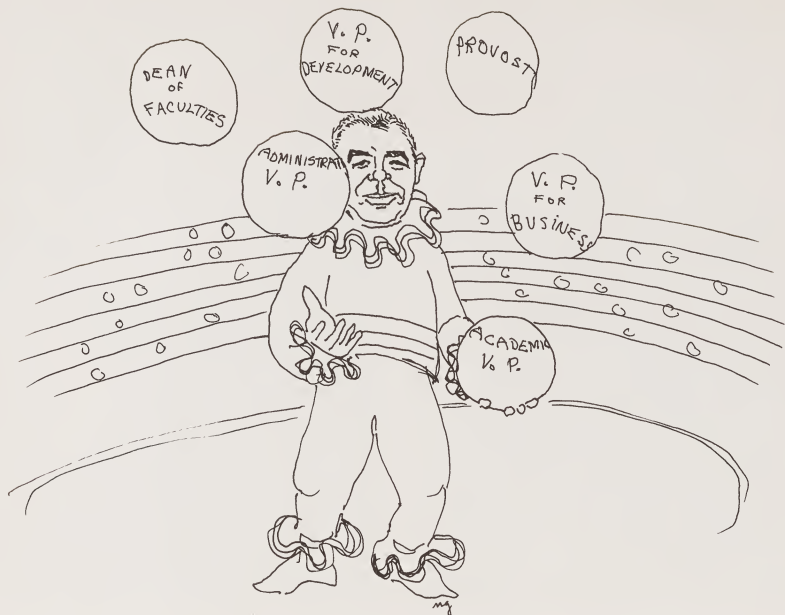
Clearly, therefore, the two positions had to be merged, and the decision to consolidate them was announced early last October. Kenen reportedly was more interested in the new job than Kusch, who has made no secret of his desire to return to teaching, and is expected to do so

shortly. Then, why Kusch?

Not, certainly, because of any policy differences between them. On the major decisions which have been taken since McGill's arrival—the implementation of new budgeting procedures, the cutback in the allocation to the School of the Arts (discussed elsewhere in this issue)—the two men are essentially in accord.

McGill may have thought that Kenen's genius could be used to better advantage in an advisory rather than an executive post. After Kusch's appointment, Kenen stayed on in Low for the remainder of the semester as a special adviser to the President. He is credited, together with Friedman, with the staff work which led to a recently-published five-year program to eliminate the University's deficit.

On the other hand, it is possible that Kusch's very reluctance to take the job, coupled with his age, militated against the younger man. "Whoever steps into that assignment is going to have to make some tough



decisions and take an awful lot of flak," one official pointed out. "You don't want someone whose whole career is in front of him, and who has too much riding on success." Had Kenen been chosen, moreover, his presumably would have been a long-term appointment. By favoring Kusch, who is likely to leave within the year, McGill has accomplished two purposes: he has found a tough, capable administrator to deal with the current fiscal crisis, and he has gained an additional six to 12 months in which to search at leisure for a permanent successor.

Does the selection of Kusch, instead of Kenen or some outsider, have any implications for the College? The consensus is probably not. A College administrator summed it up best when he said, "Kusch was always all-powerful. Now he's just all-powerful." Kusch is anxious to end the wasteful duplication of courses among the undergraduate liberal arts schools of the University, and favors greater cross-

listing—i.e. the opening of sections to students from more than one division—as a means of achieving this goal. But so does Kenen, and so, apparently, does McGill.

One of the little-noticed casualties of the reshuffling has been the research which was carried on in Assistant Provost Friedman's office. The office was dissolved at the end of the fall semester, and economist Friedman, a close associate of Kenen's, has gone back to teaching. Some find the decision paradoxical, especially at the present time. The University is trying to gather information about itself in order to trim its budget intelligently and eliminate duplication caused by too much decentralization. The closing down of its central fact-finding bureau appears, to many, to be inconsistent with either objective. Some half a dozen research projects remain unfinished, among them a survey of income distribution of Columbia College students and their families. The study was triggered by widespread re-

ports that the College (along with other private schools) is losing its middle class constituency. Some of the projects, including this one, may be completed elsewhere in the University. There will be lacking, however, the coordination which one finds in a single centralized office, as well as the highly specialized skills of Dr. Friedman and his staff.

As for Kenen, he left Low Library in January and accepted a research professorship in his old department, Economics. Next year he goes to Palo Alto as a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences, and after that he will return to the classroom. "I'd like to draw him back into Low at some subsequent date," says President McGill, "when I can construct a long-range economic planning structure. But at the present time I just don't have the right vehicle for him." Other administrators may lack vehicles before the semester is out, and it won't be because of the strike at General Motors.

THE MONEY GAME

Perhaps even more significant, though less dramatic, than the reshuffling of personnel is a newly-instituted change in budgeting procedures. The purpose, according to University spokesmen, is to impose a spending limit by substituting central planning for the helter-skelter system of allocations which prevailed in the past.

Formerly, the academic departments of the liberal arts divisions—the College, General Studies, Graduate Faculties—would present their requests to the budget subcommittee for arts and sciences, consisting of the deans of the three schools. The subcommittee, after discussions with University officials, would pare down the proposals and submit a figure to Low. There, the figure would be approved, with or without alterations, and an additional sum appropriated for administrative expenses.

Now, the process has been reversed. A spending limit is voted by the trustees, first for the University as a whole, then for the various divisions. The figure is based upon studies by Vice President Kusch and his staff, and on conversations with the different deans. A lump sum, to cover administrative as well as academic costs, is then allocated to each divi-

sion. For budgeting purposes, the entire arts and sciences complex—including the School of International Affairs—is treated as a single unit. Next, the four deans—Andrew Cordier of S.I.A., George Fraenkel of Graduate Faculties, Carl Hovde of the College and Aaron Warner of General Studies—divide their appropriation between them, deciding how much money to give to the departments.

At first glance, the differences between the present system and the old one may seem inconsequential. The departments, it would appear, are still trying to wring as much as they can out of the central administration, with the same three deans (plus Cordier) sitting in the middle. True, the deans are sitting as heads of their respective schools, rather than as members of the subcommittee on the budget, and the bargaining process begins in Low instead of ending there. But are there any substantive changes?

There are. For one thing, until this year there was no effective central control over expenditures. If a new program was proposed and seemed promising, it went through. The budget, comments one administrator, was "an exercise in addition." The final figure had to be approved by the trustees, but lack of vital information often made their review a formality. Henceforward, officials promise, there will be no haphazard funding of projects. Each school will be given a ceiling, based on an overview of the University's needs and resources, and

the ceiling will be enforced.

Second: in the past, the deans had to agree only on the division of academic expenses. This winter, for the first time, their joint appropriation included administrative costs as well. Their total allocation, moreover, fell some \$800,000 short of their combined expenditures for the current fiscal year, and administration is the area where much of the trimming will have to be done. A senior professor observed: "Low is saying to these people that it lacks the expertise to earmark the money, and therefore they'll have to do it. In theory, that sounds reasonable enough. But actually they're being told to sit down like fighting dogs and tear one another up."

Another effect, however, could be to increase the bargaining power of the undergraduate divisions. Besides, University officials insist that it would be next to impossible to deal with each school individually. "A large part of the budget still consists of faculty salaries," says one, "and the four liberal arts schools all have a single faculty. If we had such things as graduate departments and College departments, it might be a different story. But as matters stand, arts and sciences is a natural unit."

"As matters stand" aptly prefaces any general discussion of the overall financial picture at Columbia, for there have been, as yet, no major structural innovations. Instead, the President and his associates have chosen to work through existing units, "pending further information," in the words of a vice presidential aide. Once the information is in, steep cut-backs can be expected, although it is not anticipated that these will result in the elimination of whole schools. McGill himself has predicted, for instance, that freshman athletics will soon be abandoned, not only by Columbia but by other Ivy colleges. And Associate Dean of Faculties Ivar Berg has said, "The multiversity which instructed any man in any subject is no longer workable. Henceforward, we're going to pursue a policy of 'selective excellence.' We—the administration and the senate—will decide what we can do well, and will support only those programs which are deemed worthwhile."





SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

VANISHING BREED: Theater Arts students perform Lope de Vega's Fuente Ovejuna.

OFF-BROADWAY CLOSING

One of the things which Columbia ought to do well, here in the theater capital of the world, is support a drama program. But its two ventures into the field have both ended in failure.

The Brander Matthews School of Dramatic Arts was only ten years old when it founded in 1958. Seven years later, Columbia tried again. A School of the Arts was established, with a separate division for theater. Today the School survives, but the Theater Arts division has been abolished, the first victim of the cutbacks which President McGill promised upon taking office last September.

The fate of the Arts School and its theater division was the single most controversial issue on the campus last semester, and the one which aroused the greatest bitterness. Criticism of the administration might have been muted, if not silenced, had the matter been handled differently. Whatever financial benefits may accrue, the outcome was a public relations disaster—and, many insist, a cultural calamity besides.

There is evidence that at least some administrators had had their eyes on the Arts School, and on Theater Arts in particular, as early as January,

1970. However, no clear warning sounded until the following fall. "We knew," says Theater Arts chairman Bernard Beckerman, "that Columbia was in trouble, that some belt-tightening would be necessary. But we were certainly given no notice that we were in trouble, except for the general notice of University-wide contraction."

Then, on October 28, President McGill addressed a meeting of the Arts School faculty, and what he said there disturbed many of his listeners. Several complained that the President was evasive in answering their questions. The gist of his remarks, according to members of the audience, was that the Arts School was financially "out of line," but that the University would rather trim administrative costs than risk doing damage to academic programs. "Nothing has been decided," he reportedly assured the assembly. "Everything is open." After he had finished, as the faculty politely applauded him, he quipped: "Better not. You may feel differently after a while." "We thought," one professor observed wryly, "that something was being hinted at."

What was being hinted at became apparent the following morning, when

Dean Davidson Taylor of the School of the Arts met at Low Library with McGill, Vice Presidents Polykarp Kusch, Warren Goodell and Douglass Hunt, Provost Peter Kenen and Special Assistant to the President John Bornemann. There, he was offered two possible solutions to his school's financial problems. One was for the School of the Arts to cease to exist, with its divisions—excluding theater—being absorbed by other units of the University. The other was for the School to continue—but without Theater Arts. Either way, the drama program would disappear. "It wasn't any kind of mandate," an administrator explained afterward. "It was simply our forecast of what they could do about the situation. We were open to counter-proposals." Dean Taylor asked for time to consider the matter and consult with his faculty.

Negotiations continued throughout November. Early in the month, news of the impending cutback leaked to *Spectator*, to McGill's visible chagrin. Then, on December 8, the Committee on Instruction of the Arts School met with Associate Dean of Faculties Ivar Berg, Assistant Vice President Alexander Stoa and Assistant Provost Bruce Bassett. About half an hour earlier, Vice President Kusch had informed Dean Taylor by telephone that his budget for 1971-

72 would be \$500,000—some \$300,000 less than the School expects to spend in 1970-71.

After the meeting began, committee members quickly agreed that Theater Arts could not survive unless the allocation were raised. What, one of them wondered, would become of the division's 90 M.F.A. candidates and ten Ph.D. candidates? At this point Stoia revealed, for the first time, that University officials had put feelers out to Yale and N.Y.U. in late October, to ascertain whether those schools would absorb Columbia's graduate students if the theater division were to close.

Perhaps, suggested MacDowell Professor of Music Jack Beeson, Theater Arts could carry on if the total appropriation were increased to \$570,000. If so, replied Berg and Stoia, they would try to find the additional money. But shortly after the three administrators left the meeting, the committee members agreed that the theater program could not be maintained even at the adjusted figure. Two days later, *Spectator* carried the news that the School of the Arts had abolished its Theater Arts division.

For many, the decision left a bitter aftertaste. Some, like Associate Professor of Theater Arts Albert Bermel, challenge it on its merits. "For a school that started out only four years ago," he says, "we thought we were doing well. Applications were up, the quality of students had risen, and a lot of college professors were recommending us to their students." University administrators agree that the program is academically sound. They contend, however, that it would have needed substantial sums of money in the future—and that the money isn't there. ("Fair enough," responds one of Bermel's colleagues. "But don't you think they might have shared their thoughts with us?")

Others, while accepting the need for a cutback, accuse the administration of lack of candor. For instance: Columbia officials remind critics that the decision to eliminate Theater Arts was made by the faculty of the School of the Arts, not by the University. The distinction is lost on many, since the \$500,000 allotment left the faculty with no other choice. As one administrator conceded, "We forced them to make our decision."



SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

HEDDA GABLER: A more appropriate choice might have been Ghosts.

Even more serious are allegations that all the important issues were resolved long before Dean Taylor and his colleagues were called in for meaningless "consultations." McGill, while denying the allegations, now agrees with those of his critics who claim that the administration should have been more open from the beginning. "The trouble with circulating proposals before you decide what to do about them," he points out, "is that people get the idea that these are decisions instead of suggestions, and we wanted to avoid creating this impression. And then, in the fall, we thought it would be better to try to reach an amiable, private agreement with the Arts School, instead of holding public discussions. Thus, we created the appearance that we were trying to hide something.

"I guess," he concluded ruefully,

"we made a mistake."

Some continue to wonder why Theater Arts should have been the first, and so far the only, division to be eliminated under the University's austerity program. According to McGill and his associates, the future of the Arts School had to be charted fairly quickly, because its present building—which is owned by the city—is to be demolished this summer. Theater Arts was singled out as the most expensive of the School's five divisions. But several members of the Arts faculty are convinced that the answer is more complex. The President, they charge, wanted to demonstrate to potential donors that he was serious about reducing the University's deficit. The Arts School was vulnerable because, being new, it had no powerful or wealthy alumni to defend it.

What will become of the School now? In June, it will move from its present headquarters in Myles Cooper into Dodge Hall, where, for the first time, it will be located on the main campus. The Theater Arts division will be phased out gradually, giving its students—most of whom are enrolled in the two-year M.F.A. program—an opportunity to take their degrees here if they wish. (Significantly, these students, offered a choice between remaining or transferring to other schools, voted almost unanimously to complete their studies at Columbia.) Its faculty, presumably, will go elsewhere—except for chairman Beckerman, the only tenured professor, who has been assured of a position in another division of the University.

Will Columbia, having twice failed to sustain a drama school, ever try a third time? "Not," says Dean Berg, "if we have no more promise of money than we had when we started this one." If not, warn Bermel and Beckerman, Columbia will be turning its back on a field which is attracting more and more acolytes every year. "Theater and film," says Bermel, "are what today's students want." And Beckerman adds: "It's paradoxical that Columbia should strive to reduce alienation among the young, and at the same time knock out one of the few programs in which the young are truly interested."

Could Theater Arts, which was undercapitalized from the beginning, somehow have raised the necessary money on its own? Administrators say no. Bermel and others label this assertion a self-fulfilling prophecy. "You can't raise funds for a school which is going under," explains Bermel. "Contributors want some assurance that we're going to be around. We kept asking McGill for some public affirmation that the program would continue, but we never got it."

Even if a good angel had appeared at the last minute with a large enough gift to close Theater Arts' current deficit, Dean Taylor questions whether the University would have accepted the donation. "Theater," he reflects, "is always a continuing drain—not just theater schools, but any kind of serious theater." As a rule, unfortunately, *deus ex machina* comes to the rescue only on the stage.

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

Austerity claimed a second victim early last winter, when President McGill announced the closing of the *Columbia Forum*. The quarterly, which published scholarly articles on a variety of subjects, acquired a nationwide reputation for excellence during its 13 years of existence—at a cost, however, of \$100,000 a year. The administration has resolved that it will no longer support activities which are not, in the President's words, "intimately connected with our educational program." Unless the *Forum* can find outside sources of funding, this winter's issue will be its last.

In its place, the University will publish a chatty newsletter, *Columbia Reports*. The new publication, it is expected, will prove to be a more effective fund-raising instrument than the *Forum*. There is irony in the transition. Thirteen years ago, *Forum* was founded because the *Columbia Chronicle*, which was similar in format to *Columbia Reports*, was not paying its way. It was therefore decided, according to *Forum* editor Lee Ambrose, to establish a publication "with higher intellectual appeal."

Mrs. Ambrose was informed as early as February, 1970, that the magazine might be discontinued. As a result, there were fewer cries of "foul" than when Theater Arts was closed. This is not to imply, however, that the critics were silenced altogether. "A tragic mistake!" exclaimed one. "You have to remember that McGill's a psychologist," reasoned another. "He figured that by eliminating the *Forum*, he'd publicize the University's plight. The more that alumni cry over the *Forum*, the better it'll be for Columbia. The magazine is just his sacrificial lamb."

Even these comments, heard around the campus, were mild compared to responses from readers. Letters flooded the *Forum's* editorial offices once the news became known, filling four pages of its final issue. A typical one read: "Preserving the *Forum* as a means of communication between the University and its own graduates would help reassert the pri-



EDITOR: Lee Ambrose still hopes to save the *Forum*.

macy of intellect in University life and its projection into the whole social environment. It might also be worth it in mere cost/benefit terms, in the sense that the intellectual elite among Columbia's graduates might thus be encouraged to maintain their shaken allegiance to the University." Another correspondent accused the administration of "infamy, tastelessness and lack of foresight."

With the letters came pledges of financial support, from ten dollars for a subscription to hefty donations. The *Forum* has never tried to raise money before, but is now giving serious consideration to striking out on its own. It will be some months, Mrs. Ambrose believes, before the feasibility of such a project can be assessed.

Mrs. Ambrose is particularly surprised by administration complaints that the *Forum* did not fulfill its original purposes, which, as President McGill described them in a letter to alumni, were to "serve as a vehicle for increasing alumni support, as a showcase for accomplishments of faculty and alumni, and as a channel of information between the University and its alumni."

"We were never intended to be a fund-raising instrument," she says. "At least, not directly."

"It was thought that we could strengthen the image of Columbia as a place of intellectual ferment. Instead of reporting an award to an important writer, we'd present his work."

The University may or may not reap significant financial benefits from the closing of the *Forum*. Surely it will be impoverished intellectually, together with the academic community everywhere. Money is scarce these days, but so is excellence.

TAXING PROBLEM

Spectator, the much-beleagured campus daily, is threatened by financial pressures of another kind. The newspaper, stripped last April of its annual subsidy from the University, now faces the loss of its income tax exemption, in what could become a test case for college publications throughout the country.

Tax-exempt organizations are forbidden by law to take sides in political campaigns or speak out on pending legislation. When *Spectator*, an independent corporation since 1962, first sought exemption, it appended to its application a codicil, stating that it sometimes endorsed candidates and commented editorially on legislative proposals. The codicil apparently went unnoticed at the time. Last summer, as a result of what Internal Revenue Service officials have called a "routine audit," it was discovered that *Spectator* had in fact supported such aspirants for office as Norman Mailer, Nelson Rockefeller and Eldridge Cleaver.

The newspaper could have ducked the controversy by agreeing not to endorse candidates in the future. But the editors have declined to take the easy way out. Explained

editor-in-chief Martin Flumenbaum: "It isn't only a question of *Spectator* anymore. The entire University has a stake in what happens to us." The I.R.S. investigation, he agrees, may indeed have been a "routine audit" when it was launched in November 1969, but it took on what he calls "a new dimension" as a result of the Spring, 1970 disturbances. Now, he contends, the case has become a proving ground for government efforts to stifle dissent on the campuses.

As yet, there have been only some preliminary skirmishes. The district director has declared that the exemption should be revoked, but no ruling has been issued. When it comes, probably late this Spring, *Spectator* will be able to appeal to the courts if the findings are unfavorable.

Meanwhile, the newspaper has retained a law firm, Thatcher Proffitt Prizer Crawley and Wood, which also represents the University. Flumenbaum emphasizes, however, that the firm is not acting in its capacity as University counsel, and is charging a fee for its services. Several Columbia Law School professors have offered their assistance *gratis* if the case should go to court. *Spectator* cannot afford to pay for extended litigation.

Flumenbaum also notes that the daily has endorsed no candidates since the controversy erupted. "We just won't say we won't," he declares.

A spokesman for Thatcher Proffitt has assessed *Spectator's* chances in court as "about 50-50." He still hopes, however, that I.R.S. itself will let the matter drop. "After all," he points out, "they'd be making trouble for themselves as well as for us. If they revoke the *Spectator* exemption, presumably they're going to have to revoke a lot of others."

The loss of the federal exemption would not, by itself, cripple *Spectator* financially, since the newspaper in recent years has earned no profit on which to pay taxes. What would hurt would be the loss of the New York State sales tax exemption, which would follow almost inevitably. Also, the University would be forced to charge the daily for office space which is now provided free, or risk having its own exemption taken away.

On January 15, University Senate by voice vote adopted a resolution, endorsing "*Spectator's* decision to test the proposed interpretation of the Internal Revenue Code." Now it remains for I.R.S. to speak, and afterwards, perhaps, the courts.





SEPTEMBER, 1967



JUNE, 1971

TUITION TREADMILL

Some College traditions have faded, but a new and grim one is emerging, and may soon change the nature of Columbia. When Vice President and Provost Polykarp Kusch announced an impending tuition rise last November, it was the fourth in as many years. The amount of the increase, originally \$200, has since been hiked to \$300. Last year's seniors paid \$1900 annually when they were freshmen; next year's seniors will pay \$2800.

Columbia, like other institutions, has tried to keep pace with spiraling educational costs by increasing both its tuition and the amount of financial aid it gives to its needier students. The ones hardest hit, naturally enough, are students from middle class families—those who can neither absorb the rising fees nor qualify for assistance. If the trend continues, officials fear, the middle class will gradually be squeezed out of the nation's private colleges and forced to attend state schools.

Yet another problem looms, for financial aid resources—which have hitherto been adequate—will now be strained almost to bursting. Harland Hoisington, College Director for Financial Aid, anticipates an increase in “admit-deny” letters—letters which inform freshmen that they have been accepted into the College but not awarded scholarships.

Even with the recent tuition raise, says Hoisington, Columbia will remain “a whisker below the Ivy average,” and just about average among Northeastern private schools. But declining government grants and alumni contributions will probably force administrators to seek new ways of keeping its scholarship program competitive.

One such measure, suggests Assistant Vice-President Robert Cooper, who directs financial aid for the entire University, may be a new type of loan. The plan, similar to one which has just been instituted at Yale, would require recipients, upon graduating, to repay their tuition in annual installments consisting of a specified percentage of their incomes. The percentage would be uniform, with the result that alumni in higher income brackets would pay back a greater sum each year than those earning less money. Moreover, the obligation would terminate a specified number of years after graduation—say, 30 or 35—whether or not the debt were discharged in full.

The acceptance of the formula, however, would not eliminate the underlying problem of continuous tuition increases. In Low Library, where talk of assets, deficits and infinitely more complex economic principles fills the air, it may be true, as one official has said, that “the worst alternative to raising tuition is not raising it.” But to students and their hard-pressed families, the recurring headline “University to Increase Tuition” is just another wedge of alienation, disenchantment and frustration.

CHUGGING ALONG

On the morning of October 10, 1914, the largest fire in Columbia's history gutted University Hall. The entire upper portion of the 13-year-old structure was levelled in the blaze, including the offices of *Spectator*, *Jester* and the New York State Prison Reform Bureau.

Few tears were shed over the loss. Indeed, President Nicholas Murray Butler was almost jubilant. So was *Spectator*.

“The part of the building which was destroyed,” the President explained two days later, “was built to serve a temporary purpose and was kept in use longer than was anticipated, since the University has been without funds to complete University Hall in accordance with its original plans.”

At last, proclaimed the newspaper, “the building which until 12:45 a.m. Saturday was one of the common eyesores of the campus” could be reconstructed as the architect had envisioned, before money shortages forced contractors to stop at the first story.

Spectator exulted too soon. The necessary funds still were not forthcoming, and the new University Hall differed little from the old one. Students nicknamed it “the steamboat on the hill,” because of its location and the pair of smokestacks which protruded from its roof.

The steamboat sailed on through the decades, attaining a remarkable longevity for so temporary a structure. Then, on January 14, 1960, the University announced that it would build a new gymnasium in Morningside Park on land leased from the city. Although it was the middle of the examination period, *Spectator* published a special issue, in which it traced the history of the existing building and noted that its demise was nearly half a century overdue.

The rest of the story is well-known. Money came in slowly at first, in spite of a high-powered fund-raising campaign, and by 1968 construction had progressed only as far as a



COLUMBIA'S DELTA QUEEN: University Hall before Uris was built on top of it.

hole in the ground. Meanwhile, the Business School had erected a modern skyscraper on top of University Hall, obliterating the smokestacks but leaving Columbia athletic teams in the antiquated facilities below. In the Spring 1968 uprising, the new gym was the principal target of the radicals, and the park site was abandoned.

Two years later, architect I. M. Pei submitted his master plan, in which he called for the construction of an underground gym beneath South Field. But the proposal was as expensive as it was ambitious, and late last fall President McGill announced that

he had rejected it.

The final chapter may have been written early in February, when Columbia released plans for a \$9.5 million renovation and expansion of the plant at University Hall. The new facilities will include a nine-lane swimming pool, 18 squash or handball courts, rooms for wrestling and fencing, and a 3822-seat gymnasium, fourth largest in the Ivy League. All will be housed in a pair of wings, four stories high, to extend north and west of the present building. The plans were designed by Eggers Partnership, the architects for the aborted Morningside Park gym.

Athletic director Kenneth Germann has hailed the project as "more than adequate," and notes that the refurbishing will be completed much sooner than the South Field undertaking would have been.

The trustees and the senate must still approve the plans before work can begin. If they do—and no difficulty is anticipated—University Hall will at last be accepted as a fixture on the campus where it has stood for 70 years. The durable old steamboat has been repaired more times than the late Caryl Chessman, and is likely to outlast us all.



CONNECTING: Director Aaron Muravchik (right) chats with other members of Connection staff.

TURNING OFF

The traditional service societies, such as Blue Key and Van Am, have been joined recently by a newer group offering a very different kind of service. According to executive director Aaron Muravchik, the group, called Connection, deals with "drug problems and general human problems such as loneliness and apathy."

Muravchik is a relative newcomer to Connection, which was first connected in the fall of '69 by three College seniors. The three, graduates of Encounter Inc., a Greenwich Village-based drug rehabilitation center, saw a need for an Encounter-type program at Columbia. It was rough going at first, until Earl Hall took them under its wing. Not only did Earl Hall provide free space and telephone facilities, but its personnel—in particular, Jan Gairmley, a hip, young British assistant to the Earl Hall director—helped the trio to obtain a sustaining grant from the

Ecumenical Foundation.

The program limped a long until June 1970, when the participants regrouped for an evaluation of accomplishments and expectations. The verdict was that although the weekly encounter meetings were accomplishing something, group members weren't committed enough to make real progress with their problems.

The result was a summer of diligent fund-raising, highlighted by a \$7,500 grant solicited by Columbia President Andrew Cordier; a new name, Connection; and a new director, Muravchik.

Although not a Columbia student, Muravchik is amply qualified to deal with drug and drug-related problems. His own introduction to Encounter groups came in 1968, when, after being arrested for the fourth time, he was offered rehabilitation at Encounter Inc. as an alternative to prison. Muravchik spent 14 months with the Encounter program, and continued afterward to work

with the New York State Narcotics Control Commission, speak at schools, and assist parents' groups until October, when he came to Connection.

Muravchik knows his work at Columbia will not be easy. "The college community sees us as a threat," he explains. "The people around here are defensive about drug use, about their attitudes, and about what they do. We're attacking their drug use, attacking their loneliness, attacking how together they are."

The program began to accept participants in October, and by December, about five members had signed on. (Others had expressed interest, but shied away from the intense commitment which Connection requires.) According to Muravchik, membership is not restricted to drug-users. "We want to help people who want help with their lives. We're not limiting it to people who are messed up with drugs, we're limiting it to people who are messed up." Muravchik feels that Columbia abounds with the latter.

The program is not confined to Columbia people either. Residents of the Morningside Heights community are equally welcome, for Connection feels obligated to help anyone whom it can benefit.

The program itself is what Muravchik calls a "therapeutic community," based on interaction between the members. The basic tool of interaction is the encounter session, usually directed by former drug users trained to lead the group. The goal of Connection for this year is a community of about forty, from Columbia and Morningside, with equal numbers of men and women.

Muravchik's attitude towards Connection's success is one of optimism tempered with realism, but even the most pessimistic naysayer would probably be impressed by a \$15,000 grant recently awarded to Connection by the New York State Narcotics Control Commission, and by plans to move into a Broadway storefront. What's needed now, according to the director, is for "people to learn to relate to warmth, and personal growth, and all the things that make Connection a beautiful place."

'RIGHT' ON

"Do Your Own Thing" is the eleventh commandment of the 'seventies. Young people everywhere are rejecting established mores in order to live their own lifestyles. One campus group, The Freedom Conspiracy, proclaims that no one can do his own thing until the apparatus of the state is dismantled and true laissez-faire capitalism prevails.

Stan Lehr '71 and Lou Rossetto '71, roommates and founders of the Conspiracy—which boasts about 30 members—cheerfully admit that what they seek is right-wing propelled anarchy. They want nothing less than an end to all government control of institutions and people. Secular laws would vanish, except insofar as individuals might band together and freely agree to abide by one or more of them. Lou Rossetto explains, "The only viable human interaction is based on mutual benefit." In Rossetto's ideal society, "People who want laws will subscribe to them and pay for them. Law enforcement will exist outside states as it really always has. People will hire private police agencies to protect them."

Lehr and Rossetto split from the Columbia Conservative Union last year to start The Freedom Conspiracy.

The Conservative Union is now defunct and College political conservatives who wish to align with others must join either Young Republicans or the Conspiracy. A few students belong to both, as does Rossetto, who is president of Young Republicans. Shades of political opinion in each group vary widely, although more Conspiracy members favor anarchy than do Young Republicans. Both clubs endorsed James Buckley, the Conservative party candidate, in his successful bid to become United States senator from New York.

Lehr and Rossetto worked hard for Buckley because they felt his election would be interpreted as a repudiation of current liberal views. They did not think, however, that the candidate or many of his followers truly represented their own ideas. According to Lehr, many Buckley supporters, including the Young Americans for Freedom, are "flag-waving reactionaries, nationalist and traditionalist." Rossetto likewise objects to such people because "they want to preserve America, which in fact means preserving liberal institutions."

After the election, both young men were invited by *The New York Times Magazine* to explain their views in print. They hope their article, which ran last January, convinced readers that

all government is obnoxious, that education should be privately financed, that pollution is largely due to government control, and that racism would disappear in a free marketplace. Both are against all social legislation and any form of taxation including taxes on inherited wealth, although Lehr reluctantly allows that "very limited taxation might be needed to provide for national defense."

Interestingly, Lehr and Rossetto come from strikingly different political backgrounds. Lehr's father is employed by New York State in personnel work and the family lives in Brooklyn. "My parents would vote for almost anyone who ran on the Democratic line," reports Stan.

Rossetto hails from Great Neck, Long Island and his father is vice-president of an engineering firm. Lou describes his father as "a conservative Republican."

Both Lou and Stan are willing to work within the system for the time being since "revolution coerces people." Stan Lehr concedes, however, that "sometimes I agree with the means of the radical left although I don't support its goals. Its feeling for local control is based on a system of national priorities."

Next fall, anarchists Rossetto and Lehr plan to enter law school.



REVOLVING DOOR

In February, Associate Dean for Student affairs William Stuart forsook Columbia for N.Y.U., after one of the longest tenures in the Deans' Office—all of one and a half years. Remaining behind will be Dean of Freshmen Harry Coleman, the grand old man of deans with a four-year service record, and a supporting cast of neophytes called assistant deans and associate deans. Of late, it has been Dean Coleman's task each fall to greet the new crop of incoming freshmen and the equally fresh flock of incoming administrators.

The dean situation, originally upset by a major shakeup following the disturbances of 1968, has been aggravated each succeeding year by constant changes of personnel, so that now a favorite fall pursuit of undergraduates is "Name that Dean." One ex-administrator attributes the large turnover to the fact that the deans leave for "better jobs with more responsibility, freedom to implement programs, and better pay."

Although a possible solution is a revolving door on the Deans' Office, Carl Hovde, the Dean of deans, has proposed instead a plan which would combine the offices of Associate Dean for Student Affairs and Associate Dean for Academic Affairs into one position: Executive or Vice Dean.

The advantages of such a system, besides the shorter and easier to say title, are that the administration would become streamlined and more efficient, as well as less expensive. The assistant deans of necessity would bear more responsibility, and perhaps the assistant deanships would then be more attractive.

If the new system were implemented, now would be the ideal time to fill the vacuum created by the exits of Stuart and Associate Dean for Academic Affairs Daniel Leab, who took a leave of absence at the end of the fall semester. However, the plan is only as promising as the man who fills the post of Vice Dean, who would have to discharge singlehandedly many of the tasks previously carried out by two men.



PROPOSING AND DISPOSING

In a climactic (or perhaps anticlimactic) meeting last October, the Columbia College faculty defeated overwhelmingly a proposal to create alternatives to the CC and Humanities requirements.

The proposal had been one of the more controversial recommendations submitted last Spring by the Committee on Educational Policy (CEP), chaired by Professor of Russian Robert L. Belknap.

Its defeat had been a foregone conclusion since the preceding day, when it was rejected by the Committee on Instruction, with Dean Carl F. Hovde the lone dissenter. Hovde had been an *ex officio* member of the CEP.

The Belknap Committee had suggested that freshmen be permitted to choose among three programs: a traditional CC-Humanities package; a regular four-point course in one of these two subjects and a six-point seminar in the other; or a 10-point seminar, taught by two faculty members, in place of both. Students electing either the second or third alternative would not have had to take English composition. The third recommendation, which provoked a great

deal of discussion last year, was first put forward by Professor of English Quentin Anderson.

The CEP plan was vigorously attacked by the CC and Humanities staffs. One of their objections, voiced by other faculty members as well, was that the creation of new options would tend of itself to make the established courses seem less desirable. Another consideration which weighed heavily with the faculty was that the CC staff had instituted substantial changes of its own. The common reading list has been done away with, except for a few basic materials—the purpose being, as one staff member put it, "to enable each instructor to concentrate on his strengths."

At a subsequent meeting, the faculty defeated another Belknap Committee proposal: to permit sophomores to fulfill their second-year Humanities requirement with a semester of either art or music. The present full-year requirement, consisting of a semester's course in each subject, was allowed to stand.

However, other important CEP recommendations were adopted, though sometimes in modified form. These include:

- A two-semester distribution requirement in the social sciences, in place of CC B. (The CEP had called for a three-semester sequence.)

• A three-point freshman English seminar, concentrating on a small number of literary works, to replace the English A freshman composition course. The seminar is modeled after the existing Freshman English honors course, likewise designed by Prof. Anderson.

• The reduction of the two-year math-science requirement to a single year of natural science. Students will be able to satisfy the new requirement with almost any of the introductory science courses now available, except for "poet's courses" intended specially for liberal arts majors.

• The creation of an "interdepartment" to administer the general education program in the lower College. The "interdepartment," known officially as the Committee on General Education, will oversee the syllabus of each of the courses under its jurisdiction: CC, Humanities A and B, Freshman English and Oriental Civilization. Eventually, it is hoped, it will obtain its own budget, and thus acquire the means of attracting senior faculty members to its sections. The power of the purse, of course, is not the faculty's to bestow. "We've just created the receptacle," one professor explained. "Someone else will have to fill it."

Both the Belknap Committee and the faculty left the foreign language requirement essentially unchanged. Students are expected to demonstrate "reasonable proficiency" in a language by the end of the sophomore year.

In view of the faculty's mixed reactions to its specific recommendations, does Prof. Belknap consider his committee a failure? He replies: "One of our purposes was to get an educational debate going, which we obviously did. Another was to strengthen the general education program. In the end, the faculty's endorsement of that program was much closer to our own than many of them realized. In the process of arriving at its conclusions, the faculty experienced what our student-faculty committee had experienced: the kind of re-thinking which should produce a reasoned, active commitment to the programs they wish to preserve."

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

In times of financial crisis, it's easy to forget that a university's real wealth is its faculty. This fact was brought home painfully to the Columbia community last October, when Richard Hofstadter, one of its outstanding historians, died of leukemia.

Hofstadter, 54, graduated from the University of Buffalo, then came to Columbia for his M.A. and Ph.D. After teaching briefly at Brooklyn College, City College and the University of Maryland, he returned to Columbia in 1946 and remained here until his death. He assumed the DeWitt Clinton chair in 1959.

Of his 13 books, several were best-sellers, and two of them—*The Age of Reform* and *Anti-Intellectualism in*

American Life—won Pulitzer Prizes. As many of their titles demonstrate, Hofstadter was especially interested in manifestations of political paranoia, and advanced the thesis—challenged by some fellow-historians—that populism in this country has been an anti-intellectual, anti-libertarian phenomenon.

A Richard Hofstadter Memorial Room will be established in the Burgess-Carpenter wing of Butler Library, and will include some 5,000 books from the late historian's personal collection, donated by his widow. It will also contain other volumes on American history and the social sciences, and a special section devoted to the late historian's own writings.

Letters are being sent to 1,000 of his friends, associates and former students asking for funds to redecorate and refurbish the area.

HISTORIAN: Professor Richard Hofstadter, who died last October.



NO ROOM AT THE BOTTOM:

THE CRISIS IN JOBS

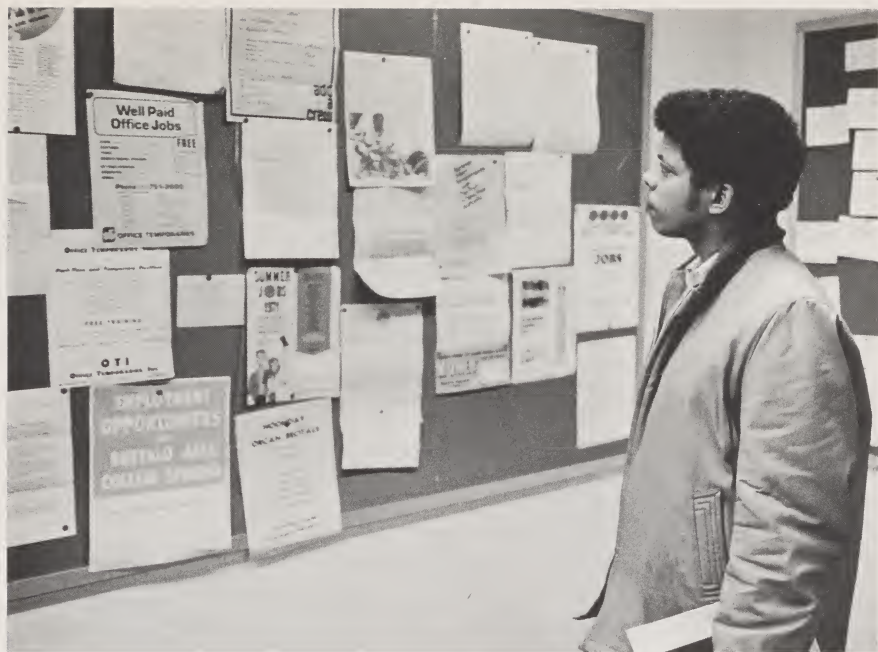
by Ilene Barth

One despondent 1970 graduate of the College emptied his bank account and flew to Europe last October. Behind him were four fruitless months of searching for a responsible first job in journalism.

A 1967 Columbia alumnus is presently enrolled in a science doctoral program. Worried about the job shortage in his field, he is applying to medical schools.

A 1968 graduate does odd jobs in the San Francisco Bay area. He has worked for short periods of time as a truck driver, warehouse clerk, and interviewer for a research company. For the most part he takes what he can get, but he steers clear of career positions because he believes "people in elitist jobs become dysfunctional, disconnected from what is really happening in society."

A College senior surprised all his friends by abruptly changing his career plans in December. He withdrew applications for graduate study in English, and instead applied to law schools. His motive was to do something "to tangibly help people." He would like to specialize in poverty law.



SID SATTLER

HUNTING SEASON: Student glances hopefully at job notices on Placement Office bulletin board in Dodge Hall.

The career aspirations of these four young men have all been profoundly affected by either their socio-political beliefs or the hard realities of the current economic recession. In formulating their plans, recent graduates and College seniors are giving ample attention to the first consideration. Some have been caught by surprise by the second.

Twenty years ago economist Seymour Harris warned that by the middle 'sixties there would be a surplus of college graduates on the job market. The first sign, he said, would be an overabundance of teachers. The Department of Labor reported such an overabundance in September 1969. Later reports indicated an excess of professional personnel in many other areas. Men and women with recent doctorates, particularly in the sciences, are among those hard hit by unemployment.

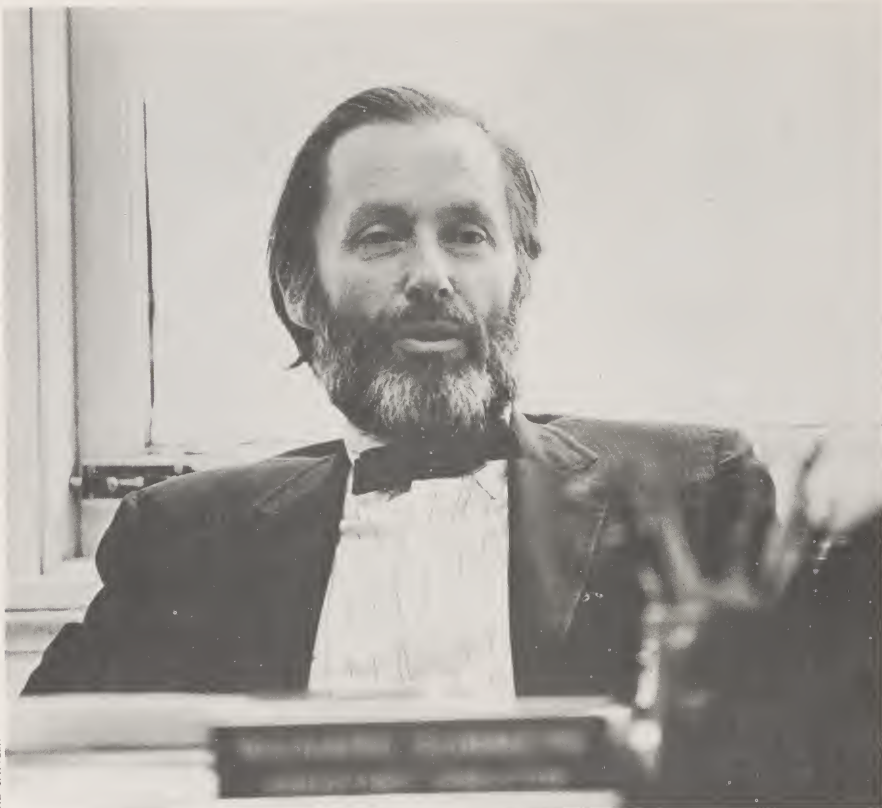
The people who offer career guidance at Columbia and other Ivy League schools differ in interpreting the situation. Some are confident that jobless Ph.D.s are a temporary symptom of the recession, and will disappear with a small upswing in the economy, or with the expansion of universities in

this decade. The less optimistic see them as harbingers of a worse crisis to come, as the nation's schools continue to produce more specialists than industry and academe can absorb.

Those who forecast the rapid expansion of institutions of higher learning base their prediction on the growing popularity of (or pressure for) open-admissions policies such as the City University of New York introduced this year. The C.U.N.Y. system now guarantees a place in one of its divisions to every city high school graduate.

Others either deny that expansion is imminent (they point to the state of the economy, the rising costs of higher education, and the deficits incurred by major universities) or reason that such expansion would ultimately just reinforce a top-heavy spiral.

Columbia students preparing for, and recent alumni already in, doctoral programs are equally divided. While there is no mass exodus, at least a few alumni have left graduate school, citing fear of unemployment; and a steady stream of College seniors is turning away from graduate study and heading for the professional schools instead.



KNOW THYSELF: Placement officer Richard Gummere tries to help applicants discover what they really want to do.

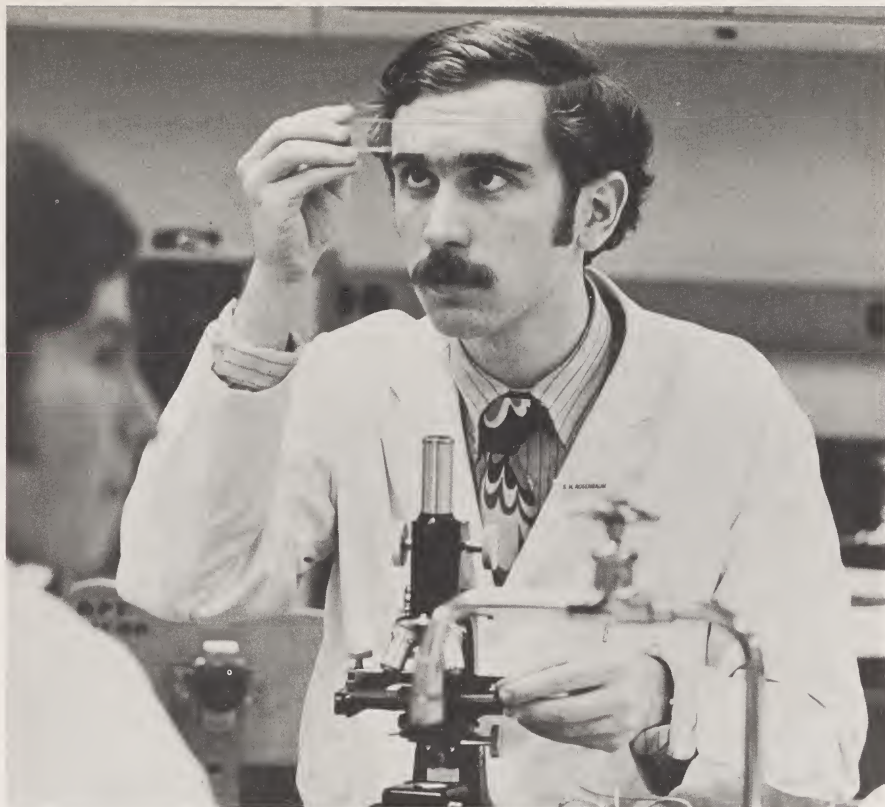
Those newly crowned Ph.D's were not the only ones who had difficulty finding jobs in 1970. Young men, ready to climb the career ladder in a wide spectrum of fields, had trouble locating a first rung. And their plight may not be alleviated by an upswing in the economy. Whatever opportunities the move to universal college education may offer those with doctorates, there will remain a surplus of B.A.s. In fact, the post-war baby explosion and the large numbers of college graduates during the last decade created a talent surplus even in the booming market of the mid-'sixties. Until 1969, however, Columbia

College job seekers did not feel this pressure, and indeed were usually able to attract several job offers. College educated women, however, were often forced to accept clerical positions, and as Associate Dean of Faculties Ivar Berg concluded in his monumental study, *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery*, many male graduates found themselves in positions which required a B.A., but which in truth could have been filled by men who lacked the sheepskin passport.

Times have changed—even for Columbia men. In today's market, according to Richard Gummere, Assist-

ant Director of University Placement and Career Services, "a distressing number of Columbia graduates had trouble finding responsible jobs. The classes of 1969 and 1970 went to see the college relations officers in business corporations, publishing houses, and government and found there were no openings. Many sought jobs which came easily to '67 and '68 graduates."

The problem is not that there are no jobs, but that there are very few of the types of jobs many Columbia men want. Gummere relates that two-thirds of those who seek his assistance "prefer service jobs, jobs in



SID SATTLER

A SWITCH IN TIME: Stanley Rosenbaum '67 spent two years as a graduate student in physics before changing to medical school.

which they can directly help disadvantaged people, or positions dealing with consumer protection or environmental improvement. There have never been many of those jobs, and a lot ceased to exist following government cut-backs of funds for specific programs in those areas."

Placement officers at other schools have also noted the clamor for ecology-related and public service positions among young men and women who articulate distaste for the fields of manufacturing and finance. "Aspirations have changed," declares New York University placement director John Buckley. "The Peace Corps

was big three years ago. Now every day is Earth Day. Only a few are interested in business or banking."

The experience of Hope Brothers, who heads Brown's placement services, is similar. "Most students want jobs involving social community action," she reports.

Columbia's Gummere, however, noted one service area which has decreased in popularity this year: elementary and secondary school teaching. "Two and three years ago there was a stampede of Columbia College graduates into teaching in order to avoid the draft. Now that occupational deferments have been elim-

inated, teaching is much less attractive."

No one knows just how many Columbia men serve in the armed forces. Of 115 respondents to a questionnaire sent to the Class of '68, 20 per cent indicated they were on regular or Reserve duty. This figure may be high. It is generally conceded that anyone who really wants to avoid the military net can do so, often by proving a legitimate (though frequently minor) disqualifying physical ailment. Today's seniors are usually well enough informed to deal in a sophisticated way with their local draft boards, and many make career plans



on the accurate assumption that they won't be called. The members of the Class of 1968 may have been more naive (it's hard to believe they were more willing) or the sample who answered the questionnaire might have included a disproportionate number of men in uniform.

Once a man solves his draft problem, placement officer Gummere is, in most cases, confident that he can eventually land the job he desires. Gummere insists that a job seeker analyze himself rigorously to find out what he really enjoys and wants, and what are his true strengths. The in-

formation is then incorporated into an unusual and convincing resumé. Next, Gummere counsels a candidate to solicit advice and assistance from whatever contacts he has (some of whom Gummere may provide) in his chosen field. In this manner a job aspirant can feel his way into his area, and perhaps even find a position created especially for him by a firm or agency whose public stance is "No Openings."

The process can take time, and Gummere is the first to admit that while his "system" often works, it can't be guaranteed. "The educated

proletariat is here," states the usually optimistic placement counselor. "After the recession recedes there still may not be jobs for all our graduates."

Alumni who entered the "real world" before the money squeeze and found "good jobs" from which they have since been severed by the knife of recession, or who are now dissatisfied with those jobs, sometimes call upon the placement office's services. It is also commonplace to see men who graduated two, three, or four years ago applying to professional schools. In some cases these alumni were in the military, Peace

Corps, or Vista, or in a deliberately selected draft-deferrable occupation, and their plans always included returning to school. Others decided on further training because they found they needed special credentials to make the "real world" more suited to them, or to mankind. Overwhelmingly, such men have elected medicine or law, and their application essays are full of proposed commitments to "public health," and to "poverty," "civil rights," "criminal," "environmental," or "consumer protection" law.

Applications to medical and law schools from College seniors have shot up also. Last year 110 Columbia men applied to medical school; this year the number rose to 140. In 1969-70 117 members of the graduating class applied to law school, plus 28 alumni. This year it is estimated that 40 alumni along with 150 members of the Class of '71 seek legal training.

Most of the seniors submitting their credentials to medical schools are pre-meds, reports pre-professional advisor Roger Lehecka, "but I'm aware of at least six or seven physics majors and maybe 20 engineering students who just made the decision this year. Those who switched are afraid they won't get teaching jobs in science and many say they are adverse to jobs where they won't work with people. Medicine seems to them more human."

Lehecka predicts that 90 per cent of those applying to medical colleges will find places, a figure which has remained stable over the past few years.

Perhaps 20 to 30 of the law school applicants, estimates the pre-professional advisor, originally planned to enter graduate schools but reconsidered in light of rumored job shortages. Other law school aspirants, he says, "are afraid of the limitations on what you can do with just an A.B., and consider legal training a good foundation for many things. Very few of the seniors or young alumni applying to law school envision joining a standard large law firm."

As one man who graduated in '67 explains, "When I left school the practice of law seemed a gray tedium of trust and estate work and corporate games." He has since, like other returning students, become aware of the many "do good" areas in which

lawyers can function. Undoubtedly, many of them must wish they had made this discovery sooner, for competition for places in law schools has become tremendously stiff. Applications for fall 1970's entering class increased nationally by 30 per cent over the previous year's figure. They are expected to rise by almost as much again this year, as the Educational Testing Service forecasts 100,000 candidates for 24,000 openings in 125 law schools.

Columbia students are being counseled not to count on acceptance by the four most popular law schools: Yale, Harvard, Columbia and Stanford. Nor are schools like N.Y.U. Penn., Berkeley, or Michigan considered safe bets. It's wise advice. College records for last year show that Yale accepted only three of the 16 Columbia graduates who applied, turning down a student with an Amicus average and an LSAT score above 700. Stanford took three out of nine, and NYU refused more than half the candidates from Columbia. (These figures may be slightly inaccurate, for a few men always fail to notify the College of late acceptances or rejections.) Columbia students haven't stopped applying to the top law schools, but many are also sending their records to schools which the seniors of yesteryear most likely ignored. "Any Columbia graduate who really wants to go to law school can," says Lehecka, "but he may have to dig."

Ivy League law school admissions directors agree that acceptance standards have become increasingly prohibitive. For example, Peter Bent, an admissions officer at Columbia Law, anticipates 4000 candidates for an entering class of 300—and 75 or more of those places may be filled by returning army veterans. The median LSAT score for first term students this year is 670 and the median grade point average, 3.35 on a four-point scale.

Prospects are even dimmer at Yale, where the median LSAT is already over 700 and 3000 applications are expected for 165 places. Prof. Cyde W. Summers, chairman of the law school admissions committee, is certain that "many of those accepted four or five years ago couldn't make it today."

Both he and Bent attribute the

dramatic increase in applicants to the post-war baby boom, and sizable numbers of applications from women, minority group students, and people who have been out in the world a few years. Summers adds that Yale is also receiving a good many applications from "people who might have gone to grad schools but now want a more flexible education." Most candidates, according to Summers, "express a preference for poverty, public interest, or urban law."

The desire to enter a socially useful career seems pervasive and is certainly shared by a majority of those who walk through the portals of the career services office or apply to law school. Not all, however, aspire to remake the world. Placement counselor Gummere is not surprised to meet seniors "who just want to do their own thing: meditate, tend bar, or subsistence-farm" in some quiet self-made Utopia. He also encounters students and young alumni who seek establishment careers for all the traditional reasons. In the latter group are late 'sixties graduates who trod a tried and true route from the beginning, while others "verbalized an anti-establishment ethos but came back two years later looking for a good straight job."

And one issue of *News/letter*, published by the Office of University Placement and Career Services, discussed alternative careers and salaries with the comment, "Excuse the mention of money: Even some of our most revolutionary clientele ask about it."

Recommended in the paper were the occupations of blacksmith (typical annual income, \$30,000), pipeline welder, community organizer and city planner.

A search for recent graduates of the College whose career choices or problems exemplify modern trends didn't disclose any blacksmiths, but did turn up one lion-tamer, one self-proclaimed "vagrant and mountain climber," one fulltime crusader for homosexual rights, and one entrepreneur who makes his fortune in South America manufacturing children's clothes out of the wasted corners of contour bedsheets. None of these could be reached for comment, but in the following pages eight other young alumni speak for themselves.

Lloyd Lochra '70 ... Taxi Driver

"I'm driving a cab because I need the money — and I usually clear between \$175 and \$220 a week."

Lloyd drove a taxi part-time in his senior year to help pay for his college expenses. A political science major, he couldn't find a "challenging problem-solving job," and so decided to work full-time at night driving a taxi while he continued to seek a more promising career by day.

Lochra has been held up twice while in his cab, once with a knife, and once by gunman. "Naturally, I'm scared," Lochra admits. "I need a safer line of work. And beyond that, I don't want to spend any more time than I have to doing work that isn't interesting or beneficial to me."

Originally, Lloyd hoped to join the Foreign Service, and while he was attending Columbia he took a leave of absence to study at Uppsala University in Sweden. "I met quite a few diplomats there and found them un-



SID SATTLER

LOCHRA: needs the money.

impressive men working at boring jobs," grimaces Lochra, "so, naturally I changed my mind.

"What I really enjoy is wheeling and dealing, and I'd love to be a responsible assistant to an entrepreneur. I guess that's a luxury job in an eco-

nomy like this."

Lochra is from Greensburg, Pennsylvania where his father is a division manager in a Sears Roebuck store. "I really don't have many contacts in New York"; concludes Lloyd. "I have to depend on myself."

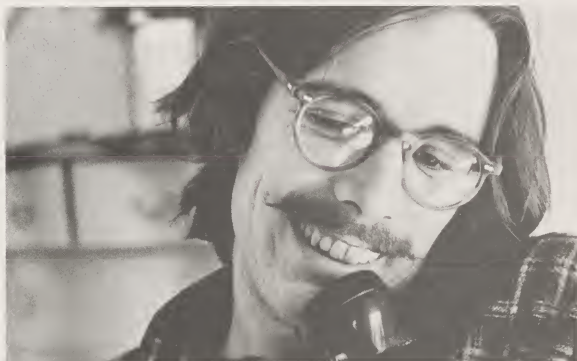
Chris Colby '68 ... Peace Corpsman and Television Crewman

Chris came to Columbia as an economics major, pointing toward a career in business. ("That's what my father does, and that was all I knew.") By his junior year he had switched to sociology and psychology. When he graduated, he joined the Peace Corps and was stationed in Senegal.

"I planted trees and dug wells," he recalls. He says of his experience there: "It certainly exposed a lot of white liberal cliches. The idea that we'd gotten ahead of them on the 'progress continuum' was all wrong. They showed me more than I showed them."

He completed his service last August. Blessed with a high lottery number, he returned to his native Indiana, where he taught school occasionally and devoted most of his time to his hobby, photography. Early this winter, as a result of a chance meeting in New York, he signed on with an Italian television team. "Sometimes I helped set up interviews," says Chris. "But mostly I hauled equipment or drove people around."

The assignment ended in February. What next? "I don't know. Some



SARAH CHARLESWORTH

COLBY: lives for the moment.

friends plan to move to Vancouver and buy cheap land. I may go in with them.

"Perhaps I can find work there with French T.V. (he speaks French fluently), but I'd want something more creative than my last job.

"Right now, I live for the moment." He defines moment, he explains, "not as the passage of suns or moons, but as an intense commitment to what I'm doing. I may have long-

range plans some day, but not now.

"I'm not sure that people are really unhappy in 'ubiquitous suburbia.' It's fine for someone whose main concern is supplying his family with basic needs. What I object to is that one loses perspective, of one's work and of what one is creating, and thinks only of the paycheck.

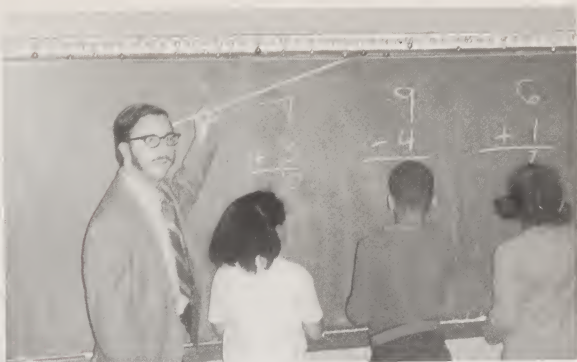
"I may go to law school if I become frustrated. But I'm not frustrated yet."

Robert Kayne '68 . . . Elementary School Teacher

"This is my third year teaching school, and I think I would have chosen the field regardless of the draft. If the army hadn't been hanging over me, however, I would probably have gone to graduate school and gotten my masters degree first."

Bob, the son of a salesman, teaches a third grade class in Queens, New York, his home borough. His students are all either black or Puerto Rican, and the school where he teaches has been designated a More Effective School (MES), which means that it receives additional federal funds for staffing. His 19 pupils are heterogeneously grouped, which is to say they represent different levels of ability and achievement.

"Each child is supposed to have his own program and work at his own pace," explains Bob. "The hope is that the duller children will learn from the brighter children. There has been some slight improvement in reading scores but I'm not sure the scheme really works. Teachers, myself



KAYNE: tries to be effective.

included, who have been standardly educated don't always know how to give individualized instruction, and not just busywork. Teachers should be taught how to teach."

This is the first year Kayne has really felt confident in the classroom. "It's difficult to be in an experimental period but I think, this year, I am

teaching something and that it will work out in the long run. I try hard to be effective."

Bob commutes to Teachers College evenings to study educational psychology. "Eventually, I'd like to become a school psychologist. I don't want to be a classroom teacher when I'm forty . . . it's a dead end."

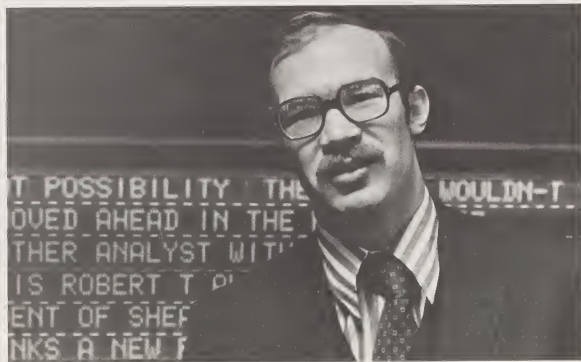
Joel Ouellet '69 . . . Stockbroker

Joel has held a variety of jobs since he graduated from the College with a major in art history. He has worked in a shipyard ("mostly sleeping"), painted abstract oils in California, run an art gallery on Cape Cod, and spent five months on active duty in the National Guard in Jackson, South Carolina, where he devoted his off-duty hours to writing for an underground newspaper aimed at creating a peace movement in the military.

Last May he decided to become a stockbroker, "because I wanted to make money and felt I could handle it."

His decision came at a time when brokerage firms were not hiring and "it was common knowledge in the trade that young brokers were starving."

Joel approached 40 firms, received three responses, and took the first solid offer. His company, Harris-Upham, put him through a six-month training period which he completed last December.



CHARLES CHRISTENSEN

OUELLET: not the worst place.

Ouellet, who lives in a downtown artsy loft, does not really fit the broker image. His father works for the telephone company in Massachusetts, and as the oldest of eight children he was a scholarship student at Columbia. "I lived on \$25.89 per week for everything. I certainly wasn't hired

for my contacts. Most of the people I know do not have money to invest in the stock market.

"Right now I'm trying to make the contacts I need to win institutional accounts. An open-minded person can handle Wall Street — it's not the worst place to be."

**Christopher Goldsmith '68 ...
Community Workshop
Drama Teacher**

Chris majored in French at Columbia but spent his summers teaching drama at children's camps, and worked part-time during the school year as a drama therapist in Harlem. Today he helps disadvantaged teenagers improvise plays and dramatic skits at a community center, and directs occasional theater-events at Columbia. Chris works more for love than for money. His annual income is between three and four thousand dollars.

"I'm happy," theorizes Chris, "because I really enjoy what I do. I don't think there's any hope in just filling a job slot. Too many people make a distinction between what they do in a job and what they *really* do in their lives."

Chris's ambitions are to have his own participatory drama studio and to start a Zen theater in New York.



SID SATTLER

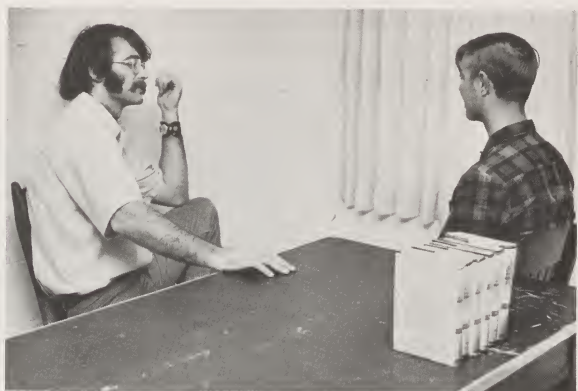
GOLDSMITH: for love, not money.

**Linwood Hammers '70 ... Counselor
to Delinquent Boys**

Lenny, as he prefers to be called, runs group therapy sessions at an old forestry site now used as a year-round camp for juvenile offenders (ages 13-19) in Pennsylvania. Lenny had planned to be a dentist. "I got accepted by three dental schools, but decided at the very end that wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to help people."

Hammers comes from the tiny rural town of Aitch, Pennsylvania, where his father is a poultry inspector for the Department of Agriculture. He followed a pre-med course at Columbia and played football for three years. Spring '68 turned out to be a watershed for him, as it was for so many others.

"Before that," remembers Lenny, "I had a football mentality. I had to compete and beat everybody. I think I came to college trying to meet the expectations of people from my small town. It was a choice between being a lawyer or doctor. And before the riots I was a non-thinker. . . . I just accepted that. I was part of the majority coalition in the beginning, but the arguments of the strikers made me change my mind and start think-



LYNN TEUFEL

HAMMERS: strike made him think.

ing about myself.

"I think I made the right decision in taking this job. I'm learning a lot here. You have to be truthful and consistent with these kids. Most of the boys are from broken homes and they're searching for something to hang on to.

"My parents I guess, are slightly disappointed. They suspect Columbia turned me into someone they don't understand, and they're not keen on having an activist in the family. And

some of the guys I played football with thought I was stupid not to go to dental school, but my closest friends could see that I had to do something I really cared about."

Lenny intends to return to Columbia next year to study psychology at Teachers College. He hopes to qualify for financial support from his home state in exchange for working for the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare when his studies are completed.

**David Sokal '69 . . . Vista Volunteer
And Inventor**

David, son of a Buffalo, New York surgeon, majored in chemistry at the College. Today he works with the Crow Indians and lives on their reservation near Pryor, Montana. "The most valuable advice I received," recalls David, "came at the end of my six week Vista training period: 'Don't try to present any new ideas until your neighbors have gotten to know you. If you're accepted as a friend of the community you're living in, people will be more willing to respect your suggestions and accept your help.'"

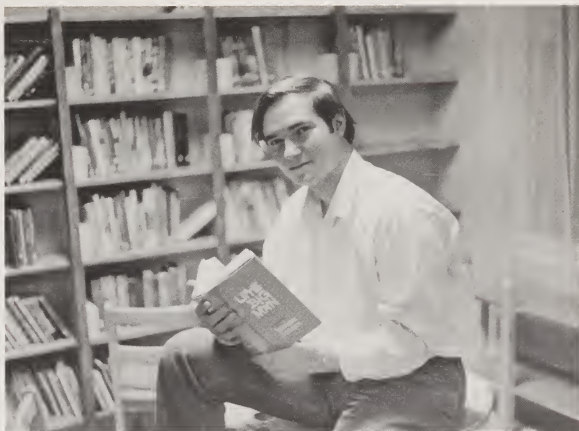
David feels he has been accepted as a friend by the Crows. In addition to his regular teaching duties (he instructs adults in math, science, accounting and typing), he is investigating new sources of income for the tribe. He is now trying to persuade the Arrow Creek Co-op (the local Indian association which markets timber) to explore the possibilities of producing jerky and pemmican (dried meat and fruit, old Indian specialties long known to serious campers) commercially.

Stanley Adelman '67 . . . Parole Officer

Stanley grew up in Weehauken, New Jersey, where his father owns a stationery store. After graduation he entered a Ph.D. program in psychology at the University of Chicago, which he left a year later for "a draft-deferred job."

As parole officer in New York City, Adelman says, "I can work with my parolees pretty much as I want to. These guys come out of jail and back to the same old environment where many of them became hooked on heroin. Most of them were busted for stealing to support their habits or pushing drugs. My job is to keep them from going back to the needle, to help find jobs for them, to encourage them to start new lives. I try not to play God but sometimes I have to."

Stan has had both his successes and failures. One of his former parolees, a 37-year old ex-junkie, is now employed by a hospital clinic to counsel adolescents. But another pa-



SOKAL: friend of the Crows.

In his spare time Sokal works in his pot-bellied stove-heated cottage on laboratory and ecological inventions. He has already created a self-balancing centrifuge head, patent pending, and is currently perfecting an inexpensive device to permit verbal

communication under water.

When his Vista stint is up, David may enter medicine. His first choice medical school is University of California, San Diego "because of its proximity to Scripps Institute of Oceanography."



ADELMAN: sometimes plays God.

rolee, only 28, died from a heroin overdose.

Stan thinks his job has changed him. "A few years ago I would have sneered at a person who was content just to be a cog in a machine and do his job well. This job has humanized me. I have to see both cops and criminals as people and it's hard to

stay prejudiced."

Adelman is now awaiting answers from the eight law schools to which he has applied. "I decided I could be more effective as a lawyer in working on urban problems and the injustices of the system. It seems to me that the major battleground today is in the courts."



Roar Lion Roar

JIMMY MAC COMES BACK

If the writers and editors of this magazine meet their deadlines, and the printers meet theirs, you should be reading this about the same time that the Los Angeles Lakers are making their second and final appearance of the year at Madison Square Garden.

The Los Angeles Lakers have a rookie forward named Jim McMillian whom they are paying approximately \$300,000 dollars to play basketball. McMillian recently played the same game for Columbia. This is what happened when the Lakers came to New York last October for McMillian's maiden professional effort in the Garden.

On the day before the game, the Lakers checked into the Statler Hilton Hotel, but McMillian was not in his room. McMillian was not at his old apartment on T12th St., either. Maybe, thought this reporter, McMillian had returned to the friendly confines of University Gym. No such luck. "Jimmy can be pretty tough to find, sometimes," said Columbia freshman coach Peter Salzburg.

If anyone would know where McMillian was, it would be Morris Dunlop, the equipment man in the basket room. Morris knows everything. "I don't know where he is," said Morris. "Jimmy can be pretty tough to find, sometimes. A lot of people make demands on his time. If I were you, I'd try the hotel again."

Back downtown went this reporter. McMillian was not there. Maybe he's at the Garden basketball

office, thinks this reporter. McMillian is not at the Garden basketball office. Maybe the Lakers' public relations man knows where McMillian is. The Lakers' public relations man, it turns out, is not even in New York.

A call is placed to the Columbia Sports Information Office. They have no information, but they have a rumor. McMillian, it is believed, will be at the gym to visit coach Jack Rohan and Morris. Back uptown goes this reporter.

"I heard that he would be here," says Coach Rohan, "but he's not here now."

"I heard that he would be here," says Morris, "but he's not here now."

It is learned that Jim Gordon, who broadcasted Columbia basketball games for WKCR, might know where McMillian could be. "You just missed him," says someone at WKCR.

"McMillian?"

"No, Jim Gordon. He just left."

The Columbia campus and environs are combed for people who might know where Jim McMillian is. They all heard that he would be back at the gym.

Back to the gym goes this reporter. And there, speaking softly to Morris, is Jim McMillian. Arrangements are made to meet in the equipment room the next day, a few hours before the game.

At the appointed time, the equipment room contains your reporter, Morris, and lot of T-shirts—everything the equipment room should contain except Jim McMillian. An hour later, the situation is unchanged. Morris smiles indulgently.

"You should have spoken to him here yesterday when you had the chance. It's not that he would knowingly stand anybody up, but there are so many people who want to see him, so many things he has to do..."

Peter Salzburg chuckles indulgently over the telephone. "You should have spoken to him yesterday when you had the chance," he says. "Why don't you try Toni? She ought to know where he is."

Toni is McMillian's girl. She works at the Urban Center at Avery Hall. Goes to all the games. Understands the pick and roll. The back door play. The combination zone defense. A Penn graduate. Very sharp.

Toni nods indulgently. "You should have spoken to him yesterday... Did you try 112th Street?"

"Yes. No one home."

"I didn't think he'd be there anyway. I'm almost positive he'd be at the hotel. Why don't you go back there?"

Back to the hotel goes your reporter. And there, outside the main entrance, talking to his friend Rodney, stands Jim McMillian.

"Problems," says Jim McMillian. "Lots of problems. I had to spend most of the day with my lawyer." When one's salary is in six figures, one spends a good deal of time with one's lawyer. Rodney asks McMillian where his uniform is. It is at 112th St. Back uptown go Jim McMillian and this reporter.



MANN WARMAN

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS: Jim McMillian before he traded his Light Blue jersey for a Laker uniform.

"I'm glad we don't come to New York more than twice a year," McMillian says in the subway. "There is so much confusion when I come back here that it's tough to think about the game."

The game is what McMillian must think about. He is a rookie, no longer a star. He must learn to adjust to a faster and rougher style of play. He must learn to tolerate, for the first time in his life, sitting on the bench. And he must adapt to the fact that when the Lakers need a basket, they will look for Chamberlain and West, not McMillian.

"I knew that I wasn't going to come into this league and score a lot of points right away," he says. "In a way that's a big relief. I don't have to contend with the pressure that I'm the one that's going to have to make the big play. I can learn and

develop at my own pace." But although his coach tells him that even Jerry West was not a full-time player until very late in his rookie year, McMillian does not like sitting on the bench.

"Otherwise, the life is good. So far I like the traveling. Los Angeles is a good place to live. It's much more low key than New York. You can relax lot more out there. The weather is warmer and you can drive a car without getting stuck in a traffic jam."

Columbia has left an imprint on McMillian's life-style. "I'm fairly close with some of the younger players, but in a way I'm sort of a social outcast. I do a lot more reading than most of the players. They seem to be more interested in women and money than I am. Sometimes someone will come into my apartment

and ask me to go out, and I'll tell him that I'd rather stay in and finish a book I'm reading. Some of the players don't understand why I'd rather do that."

"Do you think it would have been better if you had gone to UCLA, for example?"

"What for? What would I have gotten out of that? A watch? I already have two watches."

Most of the 19,500 people who were at the Garden that night came to see the Knicks play Los Angeles. But the *Spectator* sports editor, Jim Gordon, Bill Steinman of the Columbia Sports Information Office, your reporter and about 20 of McMillian's family and friends came to see something else. A few minutes into the second quarter they saw it.

McMillian came off the bench, ran Cazzie Russell into a pick, took a pass and scored a layup. Then he hit some jump shots, stole a pass, grabbed some rebounds, hit the open man with passes and started a couple of fast breaks. The Knicks took Russell off McMillian and replaced him with Dave DeBusschere, their best defensive forward. By the end of the first half McMillian had scored 11 points in less than one quarter.

He got into the game again in the fourth quarter. But this time he was guarded far more closely and did not score. Still, it had been an impressive debut. DeBusschere and Laker teammate Happy Hairston had only good things to say about McMillian's performance and his potential.

"I wasn't too happy," McMillian said in the locker room after the game. "First of all, we lost; and I still have a way to go learning the team defense, and how much contact I can get away with." Wilt Chamberlain, noticing the reporters surrounding McMillian, made it a point to stop by his locker and say, loud enough for the writers to hear, "Nice game, Jim."

Later, when McMillian was standing outside the Statler Hilton with some friends, a Columbia alumnus went up to him and gave him a book. "I don't know what you would have gotten had you gone to another school," he said. "But from Columbia people, you get books."

AFTER THE FALL

Only the soccer team and the cross country squad performed up to expectations during the 1970 fall sports season. For the harriers that meant a 2-9 record—a decided improvement over the past four years, when they won no meets at all. For the soccer team, it meant a strong showing in the Ivy League and a bid to the NCAA tournament. Columbia got to the second round before being eliminated by Hartwick, a national power.

But the football teams—all three of them—had disappointing records. The lightweights and freshmen each went 0-6. The varsity, after winning three of its first five games, lost its last four, and wound up sharing the Ivy League cellar with Brown. Two freshmen, Evan Forde and Mike Peluso, who were counted on for strong performances, did not play a single minute. Family problems forced Peluso to transfer to a school nearer to his home, while Forde, the fastest freshman in the school, sustained a leg injury before the start of the season. For one reason or another, most of lightweight coach Harvey Silver's quality players decided not to go out for the team and the results were not surprising. The closest game the Cubs were involved in was a 12-0 loss to Princeton.

After its best start in years, the varsity just collapsed midway during the season. The turning point was the Cornell game, when the Lions took an early lead and then blew it. A rout by Dartmouth, which was expected, was followed by losses to Penn and Brown, which were not.

Most of the defeats at least were close—a welcome contrast to other recent campaigns. The Dartmouth debacle was the only real humiliation Columbia endured.

Injuries to starting defensive players were a major factor in the team's decline. There were just not enough adequate replacements on the second and third units. The erratic performances of sophomore quarterback Don Jackson also hurt. There were games in which Jackson looked great, and there were some in which he looked considerably less than that. He threw far too many interceptions (20) even for a sophomore, and his judgment on option plays was often faulty. But Jackson will improve. His talent is undeniable, and so is his determination to eliminate his mistakes. Immediately after the season ended, Jackson got a film splicer—and put together a movie with nothing on it but the interceptions he threw. When he is not studying for exams, he is studying that film. Such a disciplined confrontation with reality will not go unrewarded.

BREAKTHROUGH: Quarterback Don Jackson eludes Penn defender. Quakers won anyway, 21-14.



MANNY WARMAN

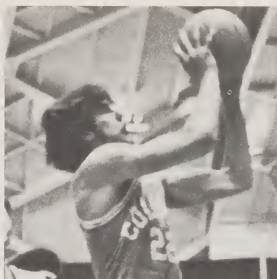
MIRACLE ON 119TH STREET?

McMillian and Dotson had graduated. Bob Griffin dropped out of school. Leon Williams, after only two games, broke his foot. The team had no superstars; it was neither very strong nor very tall. Why then, you may well ask, did the Columbia varsity five perform with such startling and satisfying efficiency through the first half of its season (winning nine of its first 13 games)?

In the first instance, the team was not nearly so incompetent as many veteran observers of the local sports scene had led themselves and others to believe. Larry Gordon (a 6-5 senior guard), the team's leading scorer, and Bob Gailus (a 6-7 senior forward) were not exceptionally aggressive, but they did have exceptional jump shots from inside 20 feet of the basket. Gordon scored more than 25 points in each of the Lions' first three league games. Gailus got 21 in the Garden as Columbia routed NYU.

Jim Boggan (6-4 swingman) was not much on shotmaking, but he played excellent defense. Man-to-man, he climbs into his opponent's uniform and stays there with him until the timekeeper says that the game is over. His second-half job on super-shooter Willie Humes in Columbia's win over Idaho State on the West Coast was typical. As a wingman in Columbia's 3-2 zone, Boggan puts such pressure on the man with the ball that he often finds himself shooting or passing it off his nose. That was one of the big reasons why Columbia had such an easy time defeating Georgetown.

Ed Monks (a 6-2 senior guard) is quiet, modest and not one of the world's great ballhandlers. But you will be very sorry if, in a close game, you foul him or give him room inside 15 feet. Ask the players at Brown or Idaho State. Then there were Bob Evans and Foley Jones (6-3 and 6-6, forward and center, sophomore and sophomore, respectively). Evans occasionally forgot the plays on offense and, every once in a while, did not get down court quickly enough on defense. But he was tough under the backboards and very good on the



CONCENTRATION: Senior Larry Gordon.

drives and short jump shots. And in the words of the noted aeronautical metaphysician Charles Dillon Stengel, he could jump over buildings. Last year, as a freshman, Jones used to miss four-foot jump shots and, heaven forbid, lay-ups. He doesn't do that any more. He's become the team's most effective rebounder, and he smashes opponents shots all over the court.

Unfortunately, Evans was declared academically ineligible after the semester break, but Williams' unexpectedly quick recovery should offset his departure.

Senior guard and captain Elliot Wolfe was the quintessential New York City backcourtman. Elliot played tough defense. Elliot broke the full-court press. Elliot engineered the fast break. And best of all, Elliot penetrated. Coaches and grizzled veterans of the urban playground scene get positively dewey-eyed over guards who penetrate. Penetration means that Elliot fakes left and goes right (or

vice versa), beats his man, draws some other defenders to him as he approaches the basket. Then he goes into the air, throws some head fakes, some eye fakes, some arm fakes, a few sneaker fakes and drops the ball off to a teammate for an easy lay-up. Elliot has all of Columbia's assist records, and now he shoots also. Against Georgetown he missed one shot. Against San Jose he didn't miss any.

In the first instance, there was talent. In the second instance there were brains—those belonging to coach Jack Rohan. Before the McMillian-Dotson Era (check out the long-playing album of the same name), Rohan made his living getting fine performances out of less than overwhelming material. He is at it again. He teaches, demands and gets tight team defense. He teaches, demands and gets intelligent, patient offense. If you force a shot, you sit on the bench. For the first half of the season, the Lions forced very few and shot better than 50 percent from the field. Against Georgetown, they shot nearly 60 percent.

As a result, Columbia had virtually assured itself a .500 season by the mid-year examination break, something very few would have granted it last November. There was even speculation that it would challenge Penn for the league title, or, failing that, take second place and a bid to the NIT. But the Lions still had the bulk of the Ivy schedule ahead of them, and the challenge of physically superior teams from Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Penn.

1970-1971 BASKETBALL — FINAL

| | | | |
|------------------------------|----|---------------------|----|
| 81 City College | 55 | 80 Georgetown | 68 |
| 80 New York University | 65 | *56 Cornell | 48 |
| 61 Rutgers | 74 | *53 Princeton | 50 |
| 71 Penn State | 63 | *79 Penn | 92 |
| 67 Fordham | 83 | *71 Harvard | 73 |
| *62 Cornell | 58 | *84 Dartmouth | 83 |
| 73 Memphis State | 93 | *68 Brown | 65 |
| 71 Idaho State | 66 | *92 Yale | 71 |
| 76 San Jose State | 68 | *66 Harvard | 85 |
| 73 Stanford | 85 | *73 Dartmouth | 78 |
| *79 Yale | 58 | *71 Princeton | 62 |
| *80 Brown | 74 | *58 Penn | 70 |

*Ivy League game

Overall Record, 15-9

League Record, 9-5 (third place)

RIGHT TRACK

A stunning upset of Rutgers, led by distance runner Larry Momo, and a victory over Lafayette got the track team off to one of its best starts in years. That is not to say that the Lions will be a track power very soon, but at least they are not going to be laughed at.

Columbia was strong in the 35-pound weight throw with Ron Frucht and Jack Girgenti. Middle distance man Dwayne Dahl and sprinters Joe Corso and Larry Lasoff also did well in the Lions' plodding climb to respectability.

NECK AND NECK: Sprinter Joe Corso and N.Y.U. opponent.



GEORGE VAN AMSON



MANNY WARMAN

PAUSE IN THE DAY'S OCCUPATION: Swimmer Homer Lane.

GOING UNDER

Even a schedule change which eliminated Army, Navy, Yale, Harvard and Colgate could not help the Lions' weak swimming team. They were slaughtered in their first four matches, though in two of them they were supposed to have had a chance for a strong showing if not outright victory. Kings Point trounced Columbia 86-26, and the following week St. John's wrecked the Lions, 81-29.

Homer Lane, Columbia's great senior sprinter, and divers Mitch Gross and Marty Farber were the lone performers expected to provide coach Jack Mayers with any solace.



SABRE-RATTLER: Defending NCAA sabre champ Bruce Soriano.

CUTTING UP

As usual, Columbia's fencing prospects were excellent. The sabre team was overwhelming. Junior Bruce Soriano, the defending NCAA champion, returned but he wasn't even expected to be the best man in that weapon, according to coach Lou Bankuti, the NCAA's 1970 coach of the year. That honor belonged to senior David Rodgers. Junior Pete Milburn and senior Peter Haskel were expected to share the number three spot.

The Lions were also deep and strong at epee. Henry Knecht, a senior, was probably the best man. He got excellent support from seniors Mark Haselkorn and Robin Koenig. Junior Dave Emery also looked promising.

Foil was the weak position. Bankuti termed the prospects there "only fair," the big loss being the graduation of Tony Kestler. Juniors Bob Berger and Gary Pepper looked competent. The key, however, will be the development of sophomore Greg Gall. The Lions finished second in the country last winter. Bankuti says that this team may be "a little better than that." That left only one other possibility, on which Bankuti would not elaborate.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

Coach Peter Salzburg has fielded the best freshman team at Columbia since 1966 (McMillian and Dotson again) and the tallest since 1964 (Dave Newmark, John Harms and Larry Borger). The Lion Cubs finished the first half of their schedule with eight wins in 10 games.

They were led by 6-9 center Dan Kelly, the team's best scorer and rebounder. Kelly has quickness, strength, leaping ability, a good shooting touch and sensitive eyes. They were bothered by the television lights which were to be used in the varsity game against Georgetown. So Kelly became the first athlete in Columbia history to play a game in shades.

The other big man with immediate varsity potential is 6-8 forward Charlie Lehman, a fine defensive player and rebounder and a good shooter. Lehman comes from Hickory, North Carolina. "The Peyton Place of the South," he says happily.

Ron Boyd, a 6-3 guard-forward, could turn out to be the best of the lot. Tremendously quick, Boyd is an explosive driver and looks as though he could become a devastating defensive player. But he's not there yet.

Harold Snow (5-11), Darryl Downing (6-2) and John Byrnes (5-10) have also had their moments.

COUNTED OUT

Before the season started, coach Jerry Seckler was talking about Ivy League championships. Then the Lion varsity lost four of its first five meets and even a winning season seemed to be in doubt. Three potential starters quit the team, and a fourth was declared academically ineligible. Only Bob Sacavage, a 167-pound sophomore, and co-captain Roger Campbell (126) did really well during the season's early matches. Their support was inconsistent.

The hope must now be for the future as Seckler waits for a powerful freshman group, led by 285-pound Al Acharer, to come out for varsity competition next year.



NARRAWA ANNAN

HENRY CAREY: *Can he teach a two-hand backwards dunk shot?*

CAREY ON

Last fall, Mike Griffin resigned as varsity assistant basketball coach to take a position coaching the freshmen at R.P.I. He was replaced by Henry Carey, the first full-time black faculty member of Columbia's Physical Education department.

"The best part about being here," says Carey, whose duties include scouting and recruiting, "is that Coach Rohan and everyone else I've met here so far treat you straight. There is absolutely no condescension." Condescension and a lot worse have been a large part of Henry Carey's life.

Carey attended Boys High. His achievements there included the development of a two-hand backwards dunk shot—Carey is 5-11—second-team All-City and the privilege of walking home after school with Connie Hawkins. Boys High in Bedford Stuyvesant offered an atmosphere conducive to long jump shots, wine, drugs, hanging around school yards and poverty. It did not

offer college guidance, or guidance of any sort. But if you could play ball you could go to college—or so Carey thought.

And with his all-city honors and his general diploma Carey waited for the offers to roll in. He waited. And waited. He took the best offer he got—a trainee position at Robert Hall. In 1961, 5-11 two-hand stuff shot artists were not in terribly great demand at the nation's universities.

Carey breezed through the program and, after about a year, decided that he could make it through college.

"I'll never forget that look I got from my boss when I told him I was going to try to go to college," Carey says. "It was a look that said, 'Well, you may be smart enough to do alright here. But no one like you is going to get through college.'"

The best Carey could do with his background was Coffeyville Junior College in Kansas. He had what may loosely be described as a basketball scholarship. "You should have seen where we had to live—literally on the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

For meals we used to have to go to the homes of some of the black families that lived in the town."

In his two years there, Carey helped make Coffeyville a junior college basketball power. He also taught himself how to study well enough to be accepted at the University of Rhode Island. When he came home that summer he was something of a success in Bedford-Stuyvesant. "All my friends wanted me to hang out in the park at night, drink wine and party. But I realized that if I was going to make it at Rhode Island I had to do two things: study and improve my basketball." That summer Carey was in the park only to play ball.

Physically, Rhode Island was more comfortable than Coffeyville, but some things did not change.

"I remember when my roommate first walked in the door and saw me in the room. He couldn't believe that I was his roommate. Of course, when I started to play ball, he'd make a big thing about my being his roommate.

"And while the administration was very good about the money aspect, it was very tough up there. They didn't help you improve your studying very much, and they wanted you to take physical education courses. Socially, it was terrible. You were completely on your own. There were very few black students and most of them were the athletes."

Still Carey graduated with a major in history and sociology, becoming one of the very few products of Boys High basketball to get a bachelor's degree. He was also All-Yankee Conference in basketball.

After graduation, Carey taught social studies at a Rhode Island high school and coached the varsity basketball team as well. Later, he went back to Rhode Island to start work on his masters and helped coach the freshman team.

Although teaching, scouting and recruiting here require that Carey often put in a 14-hour day, he is finishing his masters essay. He should get his degree this June and when he does he'll be one of the very, very few to emerge from the Boys High basketball culture with an advanced degree.

C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A: RAH! OR BLAH?

A Distinguished Sports Columnist Examines the Role
Of Intercollegiate Athletics On the Modern Campus

By Leonard Koppett

When I was a Columbia student, thirty years ago, there seemed to be a single key question in the air, a question that defined a viewpoint and could be applied in any area. It was emphasized, for my contemporaries, by Professor William Casey, but certainly no private property of his. It could be phrased: "How do things really work?"

Today, I have virtually no contact with Columbia students, but I suspect there also exists a key question appropriate to this time, evidently shared by young people everywhere. I think this question can be applied just as universally, and phrased: "Is it worth it?"

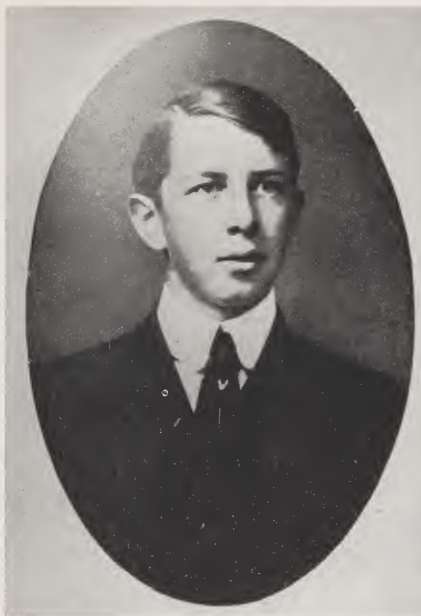
Both questions are now being put, with increasing intensity, to the subject of college athletics.

And it seems obvious, at least to me, that there is no sensible answer to the second without a reasonably detailed answer to the first.

Let's see where that leads us.

College athletics are being re-examined, everywhere, for two powerful reasons. On the one hand, a great financial crisis has gripped all educational institutions, and athletics are a visible expense. On the other, radical changes in attitude—about curriculum, about social life, about purposes and means, about traditions, obligations, needs, satisfactions—are sweeping through the academic community; and these changes, inevitably, challenge or at least modify the premises on which existing athletic programs rest.





EDDIE COLLINS '07: Philadelphia Athletics second-baseman and Hall of Famer.



FOR THE DEFENSE: Sportswriter Koppett still roots for Columbia teams.

And both these general forces, the money squeeze and the new outlook, are partly the consequence of a great new circumstance: the immense and rapid change in the nature of the college population.

The athletic programs we are used to, essentially unchanged for the last 40 or 50 years, were no one's conscious invention. They took the shapes they did because they met successfully the needs and desires of their time.

At first, about 100 years ago, school administrations were indifferent or hostile to any sort of organized recreation for their students. It was the students themselves who had to find the time, place and equipment to play games, and to make arrangements. They would get help from

some alumni and some teachers or administrators acting as individuals, but they were really on their own.

They were also, to a large degree, a one-class population (affluent) in a relatively small number of colleges. They had no movies, radio, television or automobiles, and little if any intellectual involvement with the outside world.

It is hard to realize, today, how much excitement and satisfaction could be gained then from a trip to a neighboring school to make a "big" game by pitting your best players against theirs. It could be anticipated and re-hashed in a way internal, pick-up games could not.

But such a game required arrangements, and these students—sons of prosperous business and professional men in an epoch that still looked upon capitalism as a semi-religious virtue—took as much pride in organizing their "athletic associations" as in the games they made possible.

And that's how varsity athletics were born. The mere fact of arranging systematic competition with other schools brought into being new

phenomena: an increase in playing skills, an eager audience, continuing alumni interest, heightened loyalty.

There also arose great needs for financing and personnel. The importance of winning the game was much greater when the other side was another school and an emotional enemy than when students were just playing among themselves. Winning required a captain to give directions, a coach to teach techniques, hours of practice, dedicated physical conditioning. But winning also stimulated the interest of alumni, families, townspeople, and facilities had to be provided for spectators. The natural way to cover expenses was to charge admission, and once that was done, profits began to appear—profits to be plowed back into expanding and improving the activity itself.

By 1900, college football was a firmly established feature of American college life. So were baseball, rowing, and track and field. Basketball, just invented in 1891, spread through the colleges immediately. All the aspects of Athletic Associations became more complex.

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WITHIN THE GATES: Baker Field, home of Columbia football, has welcomed thousands of fans.

More important, the athletic activities had won acceptance on the administrative level as a legitimate, beneficial aspect of undergraduate life. This acceptance spread into official support of all sorts of extra-curricular activities far removed from athletics.

Now there had to be rules governing competition between schools—eligibility requirements, uniform playing rules, compatibility between sports schedules and class time, medical supervision. It became inevitable that the school administrations would have to take formal control.

Meanwhile, a whole new attitude had developed about the desirability of organized athletics for everyone, and part of the fallout from intercollegiate play was the physical education program, often compulsory; intramurals; and a network of varsity-support teams such as freshman, junior varsity and lightweight.

The point of all this history is that the traditional format worked so well, and had such deep roots, in that time.

Once accepted, intercollegiate athletics had facets that college officials were only too glad to use:

They stimulated alumni enthusiasm and identification with the school, and thus stimulated financial contributions.

They received great attention in the press and made the name of the institution better known.

They provided a "wholesome" outlet for young energies, for spectators no less than for participants.

They provided on-campus entertainment in varied forms.

They could be used to teach and demonstrate some treasured American ideals: democracy (only ability really counted on the field), accomplishment (it took self-discipline and hard work to excel), patriotism (an obvious and easy transference of school loyalty), fair play (well-run games are, after all, inherently fair).

But—even by 1900—some not-so-desirable by-products were on the scene. All the positive aspects of intercollegiate play rested upon sufficient winning; without that, the emotions aroused turned sour. And trying for victory created a whole new area of competition—for the talented athlete, for the professional coach, for

publicity, for money to build the facilities to make more money to build more facilities.

Well before World War I, there was a flourishing system of high-school recruitment, lowered entrance requirements, easy grades, under-the-table financial support and excessive adulation for the outstanding athlete.

The evils of college football, and athletics in general, were the subject of national concern, and serious studies, in 1905 and in 1929.

So the problems that come with the benefits are not exactly new.

But until the last few years, the system itself was not questioned widely. (It was always questioned by some, of course.) What has come up now can be put this way: regardless of the function college athletics served in the past, and without arguing the relative merits and deficiencies in that system, what can the function be from now on?

It is the universal acceptance of the idea that the future will be notably different from the past that constitutes a new element in the situation.

Money will be harder to find, for



COLUMBIANA

AS IN DAYS OF LONG AGO: Columbia hosted opponents on South Field before football moved uptown.

all purposes; and larger enrollments mean automatically greater expenses for any athletic program that tries to be comprehensive. Appropriating money for athletics will require more justification than ever before.

More important, however, are questions of purpose. Do the colleges of the future need on-campus recreation of this type, or is it best left to professional teams? Can the participatory benefits be supplied just as well without the whole varsity apparatus? Are the promotion of student and alumni "loyalties" as important as they used to be? Are politically involved, pluralistic, change-dedicated student populations compatible with the mechanisms that form strong varsity athletics?

My own answer is that intercollegiate athletics, in recognizably traditional form, do have a valuable role to play in college life.

But I think this role must be rethought and re-justified, and not simply advocated on a "because we've always had it" basis.

To me, athletics have one overwhelming virtue: they force you to

confront reality.

This is especially important during school years, and, perhaps, especially important today.

In the school experience, and in the intellectual world outside of school, an enormous amount of activity deals with theory and opinion. Theories may be sound, opinions may be qualified—but it is just as easy, for a particular individual, to cling to an unsound theory or form a baseless opinion. As long as confrontations consist of words, arguments, the feelings behind them and skill in persuasiveness, the potential for arriving at a wrong conclusion is great.

One major exception to that is the laboratory. In the physical sciences (and, I guess, in math) there are no "opinions" at the elementary level. Gravity will pull the ball down the inclined plane whether you like it or not, and no brilliant set of insights will change that.

A similar exception occurs in performing music: one can disagree about the interpretation of a piece, but the ability to play the correct notes on the keyboard is subject to absolute stand-

ards: you can or you can't.

Athletics are the same.

You catch the ball or you don't. You knock the man down or you don't. No amount of arguing or theorizing will alter the physical result of your actions. You may hate the coach, feel cheated, want to do things your own way—but if you want to run a mile in 4:12, you'll have to get into the kind of shape it takes to do it.

You can always, of course, reject the activity: you don't have to play football, or tennis, if you don't like the rules. But you can play successfully only within the rules and by mastering the techniques.

In that respect, sports really are the ultimate democracy—even more than the performing arts. There is always a subjective value judgment in the success or failure of an artistic performance; in a game, there is always an objective, tangible result told by the final score. You win or you lose.

This, I believe, is a valuable experience.

Nor is it limited to the players. The spectator learns the same lesson—less intensively, of course, but to a



COLUMBIANA

IN THE BEGINNING: The varsity football team, 1888. Notice the shape of the football.

worthwhile degree. Results cannot be changed, undone, adjusted to suit one's emotional needs. The play, the score, the won-lost standing—they are there, to be lived with regardless of preferences. Again, one can reject the entire framework, and be disinterested; but one can't accept part of it and manipulate the rest. The roofer, like the player, must accommodate himself to a real-life real-world result.

Athletics, in college life, have the unique virtue of making this reality-testing experience available to everyone, in a forceful manner to most. For most students, exposure to lab courses is slight and emotional involvement (which leads to real learning) nil. For most students, playing difficult pieces on a musical instrument doesn't come up. Any student, in some way, may find some personal experience that forces him to confront external reality. But only athletics provide that opportunity so often, to so many, so vividly.

It is a much-needed antidote to the excessive fantasy life that a school environment can foster.

On that basis, I believe athletics on all levels belong in college life.

But the above argument, in itself, does not justify varsity athletics, or at least not completely. I believe varsity sports are worth supporting too.

First of all, they are the only really effective way to extend the reality-testing to spectators. Only a varsity sport can produce enough emotional involvement so that the values of that event can be transmitted to those who cannot participate. And many cannot participate for a variety of excellent reasons.

Secondly, the traditional effects on alumni enthusiasm, fund-raising, public relations and so forth can't be just shrugged off. They do exist. One can feel—as I do—that if these were the only justifications for varsity programs they wouldn't be enough; but as one part of the whole picture, they are legitimate and important.

Third is the tricky subject of "diversity".

It is a fact that our society stresses sports activity in childhood, as something to do and something to admire. That society sets personality patterns

in individuals long before they reach college age.

Now, outstanding athletes don't become outstanding by accident. In addition to physical gifts—strength, co-ordination—they have emotional and motivational profiles that differ (in aggregate) from non-athletes. They are, at the very least, the ones who have chosen to spend countless hours becoming good at their games.

In a college freshman class, in America, those who have had established athletic success in high school have already gone through a quite different set of growth experiences than those who haven't.

Whatever else they may have done, they have displayed certain qualities that we consider valuable in general—some degree of self-discipline, tolerance of pain, willingness to work towards a long-range goal, sacrifice of immediate pleasure for future gain, and self-reliance.

Therefore—with the crucial proviso that in all intellectual respects this individual meets the standards of a particular school—the athlete has something to offer his classmates as a



COLUMBIANA

BLUE STREAK: The crew that outdistanced Harvard by ten lengths on June 26, 1886.

personality. He has a different orientation than the strictly book-bound student, and both benefit from getting to know each other.

But if the outstanding athlete, indelibly so identified by pre-college experience, has something to offer the student body, the college in turn has an obligation to him: it must provide him with an opportunity to use his skills at an appropriate level of competition.

This athlete is too good to utilize his abilities satisfactorily in intramural play. He can get high-intensity competition only against the best players from other schools.

In other areas, the college community takes this need for granted. A gifted writer faces no inherent obstacle in getting his work published in a school newspaper or magazine—or in the outside world. An outstanding pianist, if he is to play a concerto, needs an orchestra of musicians capable of playing their parts. The physics and chemistry students need equipment, and get it, and the outstanding ones are quickly brought to facilities in keeping with their advancement.

In athletics, well-known problems quickly arise. A great tennis player needs only a court and a racket and someone to practice with to carry on his activity at the proper high level. A great football player needs a dozen other outstanding football players. The cycle of seeking out more athletes to go with the athletes on hand starts here.

But one can acknowledge the problem, and try to deal with it, without concluding that all the positive elements of athletics are undermined by it. The "throw out the baby with the bath water" theory is as unattractive when applied to athletics as to anything else.

Athletics, then, belong in the college of the future because they are a major reality-testing device in everyone's education, because they serve several practical public relations functions, because they help create a well-balanced student population, and because they supply a legitimate context for talented athletes (who are also worthwhile students).

And these reasons, I submit, will be all the more valid in a future col-

lege that is less rigid in structure, more concerned with "relevance" to student needs, containing a more broadly based population.

The changes that will come will have to do with definitions of eligibility, with scheduling, with shifting styles of recruitment, with re-apportionment of funds.

There will also be, I suspect, a growing gulf between the out-and-out commercial sports colleges (about whom I have not been talking here) and the majority. The Ivies, 20 years ago, achieved a sensible balance in athletic emphasis, and there is not the slightest indication that they will ever fail to maintain it. Hundreds of other colleges do too. The "abuses" of over-emphasized sports—real enough at a hundred or so colleges—aren't actually related to the programs discussed here.

On the Columbia level, therefore, my answers to the two original questions are:

How do athletics work? In an essentially out-moded fashion whose reconstruction is now in progress.

Are they worth it? Sure.





Talk of the Alumni

Trouble-Shooter

Charles E. Silberman '46 specializes in crises. Tall, gray-haired, and soft-spoken, he looks and sounds like the type of man who could salvage any disaster. He is certainly expert at articulating them.

In 1964 he authored *Crisis in Black and White*, an unsparing analysis of race relations in this country. In 1970 he pinpointed the causes of the failure of American education in an equally unsparing study, *Crisis in the Classroom*.

This second book was the result of a \$300,000 three-and-a-half-year survey commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation. Silberman, on leave from *Fortune* magazine, where he is a senior editor, directed the project. He himself visited over a hundred classrooms throughout the nation and in England. His three-member staff investigated about 150 other schools.

First-hand descriptions of classroom dynamics are printed as com-

part "items" throughout the book. The effect is powerful. It becomes immediately clear just what is happening that is so wrong in most classrooms, and what is right in a very few.

These "items" are not only vivid, they are apparently familiar to students and teachers from coast to coast. "I've had replies from all over the country," relates Silberman, "saying 'I recognize such-and-such item, it happened in my class,' but all the identifications have been wrong."

The report paints a depressing picture of the quality of classroom life from Scarsdale to Harlem. "The most important characteristic schools share is the preoccupation with order and control," it declares. "It is not the children who are disruptive, it is the formal classroom that is disruptive — of childhood itself." And school teachers, Silberman suggests, are as much victims of "the way things are" as the students they're expected to "train."

Fortunately, *Crisis in the Class-*

room is not another one of those efforts which is so busy indicting the educational status quo that it fails to perceive the exceptional schools where children are learning. From such examples, mainly primary schools in England and an isolated few in the United States, Silberman is able to propose realistic directions for reform. He advocates a child-centered informal classroom, rich in learning materials, where children work independently or in small groups and the teacher serves as an encouraging, informed guide.

To create such classrooms, school systems and teachers must change their attitudes toward youngsters. Educators must see children's natural energies and curiosities as positive enthusiasms to be guided, rather than as destructive forces to be quelled. Perhaps most important, teachers must be taught how to instruct children in a happily noisy environment by creating and using information-loaded situations. Silberman is con-

vinced such qualitative changes can take place "without significantly raising the expenditure per student."

The educational establishment has been remarkably responsive to Silberman's conclusions. The former Columbia economics teacher has been applauded by school officials in many states, and has received numerous invitations to run workshops and meet with educational groups. New York State and City officials have praised his work, as has Albert Shanker, President of the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), the union for teachers in the New York City system.

The UFT has named Charles Silberman recipient of its 1971 John Dewey Award, to be presented at a ceremony on April 24. Past recipients of the award include Justice William Douglas, Arthur Goldberg, Cesar Chavez and Bayard Rustin.

The teacher on the beat has also responded favorably. According to Silberman, ten teachers from one of the most repressive school systems

went to England at their own expense to observe primary schools there.

"Young teachers," he adds, "are the most significant force for change. They're from an overtly questioning generation and they are far less willing than their predecessors to simply adjust to the system or quit after their first year."

Silberman, who counts membership on Columbia's Seminar on Higher Education among his many obligations, remarks that since Random House published his report he has been working "seven days a week and five to seven nights a week." On at least five of those days he commutes from the Mount Vernon home he shares with his wife Arlene, a Barnard graduate and freelance education writer, and their four sons to his office at *Fortune* in the Time-Life building. Two of his sons are presently at college. One is a junior at Brandeis and the other is a Haverford freshman.

At present Silberman is overwhelmed but hopeful that the crisis in

American education may be solved. "What I have discovered," he says, "is that there is far more recognition of present failure than anyone would have thought. There is a great desire everywhere for change."

Slush Fund

Ferris Booth Hall, the home of King's Crown activities and center of student life on campus, also houses the Alumni Association. But for all the contact between alumni and undergraduates in past years, the Association might as well have been in Dubuque. Of late, however, there has been a marked increase in traffic between Executive Director Max Lovell's headquarters in Room 401 and the student offices downstairs. The difference is attributable to some ambitious programs initiated by Lovell and his staff.

For example: every executive is familiar with the "slush fund," a cash reserve which he can dip into to deal with unanticipated emergencies and finance projects not included in his budget. Extracurricular organizations at Columbia have discovered that they, too, have a slush fund: the student activities fund which is maintained by the Association.

Beneficiaries this year have included radio station WKCR, which received \$72 to broadcast the NCAA Soccer Invitationals, in which Columbia was represented for the first time; also the Hockey Club, which is not a varsity team, and therefore receives only token support from the athletic department.

The activities fund is just one of the ways in which the Association tries to maintain close ties with undergraduates. Its alumni-student committee has conducted lengthy inquiries into minority student concerns, admissions, and housing problems. The studies were carried out by special subcommittees, consisting of students and alumni in equal numbers. More recently, the committee has turned its attention to such diverse subjects as drug use and student government. "We want to prove," says Lovell, that we're interested not only in Columbia but in the students at Columbia." The students seem to be getting the point.

SOME PRAISE AMONG THE DAMNS: Charles Silberman has authored an unsparing analysis of American schools.





TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY MEDICINE: Scientists at MetPath pore over their machines.

Health Programming

As the old song proclaims, "When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, something's got to give." When a dedicated physician meets big business, something's usually bound to give as well, but in the case of Dr. Joseph O'Brien '57, his medical integrity and ethics are certainly unmoved. And business is skyrocketing.

The business in question is the medical laboratory business, which Dr. O'Brien has raised to a new level of professionalism, efficiency, and success. Dr. O'Brien is the president of the New Jersey-based Metropolitan Pathology Laboratory, a booming public company, soon to expand to

Boston and New York, which deals in highly refined computerized and mechanized medical tests.

Despite the success of MetPath, Dr. O'Brien is quick to assert that he is nevertheless a physician before a businessman. "A lab is a crucial part of modern medicine," he points out, "and the drug companies have been buying up labs and running them as businesses. We're trying to bring professionalism to the labs by attracting highly competent physicians." Although MetPath is a public corporation, O'Brien declares with emphasis that "we're not going to let the profit motive become the overwhelming impetus."

A product of the tough New York streets, Dr. O'Brien originally considered making a career of the Navy, and, in fact, first attended Columbia

on a ROTC scholarship. While wavering between Neptune and Hippocrates, he was disqualified from the Navy because of a minor eye ailment. First some time at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then a prestigious position in pathology at Englewood Hospital in New Jersey, and soon Dr. O'Brien was involved with MetPath on a part-time basis. Fourteen months later he was president, and business began to move.

Although first and foremost a physician, Dr. O'Brien knows about money and numbers. "The newest and best lab machine is the S.M.A. 1260," he explains, "which can run twelve tests on a sample at the rate of sixty samples an hour. They cost \$70,000 each, and three hospitals in the metropolitan area have one. Since the hospitals use them for only two hours a day, the prices for the tests are more traditional than real." If the ramifications of this are not obvious, they are not hidden from O'Brien, who warns: "When the government starts investigating, and wants to know why these costs are so high, the hospitals are going to be out on a limb."

With the next generation of machines costing \$700,000, the answer to the problem, according to O'Brien, is regionalization of facilities, probably organized around institutions like his own MetPath. "Centralized hospitals are inevitable," he predicts "and MetPath has gone a long way towards this."

The doctor's concerns range far beyond his own business interests. He is acutely aware of major trends in modern medical practice. "Medicine tends to be stodgy," O'Brien believes. "Physicians are conservative and rely more on ritual than on rationalism." Dr. O'Brien therefore sympathizes with many discontented med students. "The students are becoming activists," he observes, "but to the benefit of the hospitals."

O'Brien prophesizes, however, that today's radicals will become tomorrow's conservatives. "Their lack of thought and their emotionalism lead to conservatism," he explains. There are some, perhaps, who would call physician-businessman O'Brien conservative, but no-one could possibly accuse him of lack of thought.



DAVID HEIM

MOUNTAIN LION: William Voelker and his fellow alumni sometimes encounter a communications gap.

Keeping In Touch

Columbia graduates who cheer faithfully at Baker Field or make it to Dean's Day each year are as plugged into the College as anyone on Morningside. But what about alumni too far away to stay physically attached to the campus? How do they maintain their identity as Columbia alumni? What problems do they face raising money or finding new students for a school which is often remembered only through faded varsity letters or yellowing yearbooks?

William Voelker '42 is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate who also edited the 1948 *Columbia Law Review*. Originally a New Yorker (he grew up in the same Bronx neighborhood as William McGill though he met the new president only recently), he has practiced corporate law in Denver, Colorado for

the past 16 years. For 14 of those years — since 1957 — he has been an active and remarkably well-informed alumnus.

It was student recruiting that first got Voelker involved in alumni affairs. "Until 1957 we had no alumni committee canvassing the high schools," he recalls. "There was one alumnus, a counselor at a Denver high school, who would spot 'Columbia types' or 'Harvard types' and somehow get most of them in. The officers of the Alumni association out here asked me one day what I could do to improve things. I told them and they made me chairman of the schools committee on the spot." Since then, he has also been president of the Columbia University Club of Colorado and a member of the College Council, and is still a regional director for the Columbia Alumni Association.

Colorado alumni had a remarkably active organization 60 years ago,

and minutes of their meetings are still preserved. Today, their successors go about their duties with far less ceremony than in the past. The association used to throw an annual dance for alumni and students, but that has been scrapped (lack of money and lack of interest, Voelker explains). High school seniors once endured a "Star Chamber" interview with a panel of fearfully crusty graduates; no longer.

There is also little interference (or guidance, depending on one's perspective) from administrators on Morningside Heights. Perhaps this is one reason why the association, in Voelker's words, has been "practically moribund" for the past five years. Another is that some traditional alumni tasks are now performed by College officials. Most alumni activities today, says Voelker, are related to fund-raising. ("I just got a batch of names to follow up for this year's John Jay Asso-

ciates campaign.") But as for recruiting: "I don't think there's any correlation anymore between our efforts and the number of Colorado boys in the College. Where we used to go to high schools to look for applicants and interview them extensively, we wouldn't dream of doing that now. The admissions office has things too well-organized."

The association today is an informal collection of graduates from several Columbia schools, including the College. "We do have officers but I couldn't draw you an organizational chart," Voelker says. "And we have a charter and a bank balance and that's about it."

In spite of the paucity of formal contacts, Voelker and some of his colleagues manage to keep in close touch with campus developments. He reads everything about Columbia he can get his hands on (through he has inadvertently let his subscription to *Spectator* lapse), and displays a minute knowledge of who is saying or doing what on campus. Most of his information is second-hand. "I was in New York 13 times last year," the securities lawyer said, "but only once to Columbia."

Colorado alumni have problems in helping the university make itself known out west, but they are largely problems the alumni can't really control: getting young Colorado graduates back to their home state, and getting more news—any news—about the University.

"The problem with getting alumni back here is Denver," comments Voelker. "There isn't much we can do about it." As for publicity, the last big spurt of news about Columbia—in the spring of 1968—was more than Voelker had bargained for. Because of it, he recognizes, "a lot of people out here are starting to vote with their pocket-books." That and the recession, he believes, have been especially harmful to fund-raising. But he feels that the alumni haven't done as much as they might to generate some favorable publicity of their own. "We had President Kirk out here several times, President Cordier was here too, and McGill was here just a few months ago," he says. "But we've never had a program of faculty speakers, as they have in other cities. We could do more."

The Money Rolls In

Columbia College Fund officials, who have been singing the blues for the past several years, are now whistling the old hit "My How the Money Rolls In."

A glance at the figures explains the change in tune. By February, the 19th Fund had already collected more than half a million dollars, an increase of \$130,000 over last year's intake at the same time. With individual gifts averaging \$170, and 485 alumni already designated John Jay Associates for having contributed \$250 or more, Executive Director Al Barabas '36 is predicting that contributions will ex-

ceed the million dollar mark by a substantial margin. Last year's campaign grossed less than a million for the first time in the Fund's recent history.

Officials, who are understandably exuberant, offer several possible explanations. "We're doing some things we haven't done before," says one, "and we're doing other things differently." One innovation is a student telethon, in which undergraduates solicit donations by phone. Another is the establishment of special alumni committees organized by profession: doctors, lawyers, etc. The Parents' Council has been reconstituted under the chairmanship of Hart Perry and Arthur Lautkin '32, and has set itself a goal of at least \$40,000. Perhaps the most important factor of all is the widespread publicity given in the press to the financial plight of Columbia and other private universities. "It looks," summed up a College administrator, "as if people are starting to get the message."





LION IN THE JUNGLE: Richard Ney, who attacks big business in his book, *The Wall Street Jungle*, is himself a successful broker.

Wall Street Stinger

Columbia's anti-establishment young alumni might be surprised to find an ally in Richard Ney '40. Ney, an investment broker as well as an actor and novelist, has become the most militant public interest advocate in the world of finance.

His target is what he calls the American fascist-capitalist system, in particular the stock exchanges and their specialists, but he isn't about to throw bombs on Wall Street. Indeed, he remains a firm proponent of capitalism. Capitalism, according to Ney, means that "business exists for the people." What we have now, he says, is fascism, "when the people exist for business."

Ney outlines his theories in his

financial best seller, *The Wall Street Jungle*. There is, he warns, an entente involving the federal government, the newspapers, the regulatory agencies and, of course, Wall Street. "I wouldn't use the word conspiracy," he explains. "But there is a definite link between Wall Street and Washington." Ney charges that the men and women in these privileged circles control the market for their own benefit, and he cites an impressive number of names, facts and tables to make his allegations frighteningly believable.

His solution is two-fold. First, he calls for an entirely new stock exchange. And second, he proposes to run for President in 1972, under the slogan, "Not only couldn't I be bought for a million dollars, I couldn't be bought for a thousand." Ney has no illusions about his prospects for victory, but does hope to "put the issue before the public."

Underlying the often sensational prose is a sober and perhaps justified fear for the economic future of the nation. "The system," Ney declares, "exists to make the poor poorer and the rich richer. The majority of the poor are honest—and that's why they're poor. Youth wants nothing to do with this system, and it's no wonder. All you have to do to be punished is be black or a student." In support of this last contention, he cites the numbers of prominent financiers who have been convicted of fraud and freed without serving time in prison.

The public, says Ney, must support such men as himself and consumer advocate Ralph Nader, "before it's too late—if it's not too late now." This note of urgency has been sounded often in recent years by reformers and radicals—but seldom have these included successful, established businessmen like Richard Ney.



FROM KEROUAC TO KOCH

Columbia Has Produced Some of the Most Exciting Writers of the Last Two Decades

We now take so for granted the fact that Columbia has produced a number of noteworthy writers that it is difficult to imagine a time when this was not so. But there was a time — and not many years ago — when some teachers at Columbia began to despair that the College would ever produce a literary culture of its own. Although their students seemed at least as bright as those at other universities, and their undergraduate writing as promising, once they had graduated they wrote very little of worth. Some began precociously, even brilliantly, but they had, it seemed, little staying power or capacity for growth.

The appearance, in the 'fifties, of Ginsberg, Kerouac and company changed all that for a time. Here at last were writers who had met in the College and began to write there, and who afterward went on to publish works like *Howl* and *On the Road*, which provided models for an entire generation and defined a style of life so unmistakable that it was given a name.

For the College, and especially for its students with literary ambitions, the Beats provided what had been missing: excitement and a sense of possibility. For two succeeding generations — during the late 'fifties and early 'sixties — these students gathered in the then-dreary West End Bar and Grill, which Diana Trilling has called "that dim waystation of undergraduate debauchery on Morningside Heights." There, at the very tables where the Beats had sat, they discussed their own writing, the previous evening's poetry reading at McMillin, or the latest issue of the *Review*, and enjoyed being a part of a community where important and controversial works of literature had been conceived and were, even then, being created.

From this renaissance of the literary life at Columbia have come some of today's most imaginative young novelists, playwrights and poets. Like artists of every generation, they have struggled to find their own material and their own voice. For some the challenge, the creative spark, came in combining the singularly powerful influence upon the modern imagination of such writers as Kafka, Joyce, Faulkner and Yeats with the new Jewish awareness of Bellow, Malamud and Roth. In the process some of them, especially those who had grown up in New York, came to realize for the first time that their own experience could provide the substance for worthwhile fiction.

By Michael A. Willis

Among the first to emerge was Ivan Gold '53, who came to Columbia, right on the heels of the Beats, from New York's Lower East Side. Like many of his famous predecessors, he worked on the Review — he was also associate editor of *Jester* — and wrote short stories. One of them, "A Change of Air," was much admired by Lionel Trilling, who brought Gold to the attention of his editor at The Viking Press. It is a remarkable story about a gang rape on the Lower East Side—a scene in *Last Exit to Brooklyn* could almost have been inspired by it—and it became the lead piece in *Nickle Miseries*, a collection of Gold's stories published by Viking in 1963.

Set in New York, Japan (where Gold was in the service), Spain and an American army camp, they are violent, shocking stories with underlying humor and pessimism. Reviewers, who found them "dazzling," "distinctive" and "memorable," were struck by two things in particular. One was Gold's keen eye and ear, which revealed an intimate knowledge of his characters and their backgrounds; the other, a technical facility, marked by tautness, economy and understatement, which brought them to life, fully realized and recognizable, in a short space. Lionel Trilling wrote that the five stories gave "promise of an even further development which will make Mr. Gold one of the commanding writers of our time."

Such was the reputation earned by *Nickle Miseries* that Gold lived for a time on several fellowships and a large advance toward his next book, a novel whose appearance was keenly anticipated by a band of followers which by then included some of the leading writers, critics and editors in the country. They had to wait nearly seven years, and one can imagine their surprise when *Sick Friends*, published by Dutton in 1969, turned out to be about a Jewish writer in his thirties, a Columbia graduate and the author of a highly regarded book of stories, who struggles to complete his first novel while enmeshed in an obsessive, destructive love affair.

Sick Friends appeared not long after such books as Frank Conroy's *Stop-Time*, Willie Morris' *North Toward Home*, and Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes*, all combining fiction and memoir. Nevertheless it seemed, for all its craft, so painfully autobiographical that some reviewers found it difficult to assess as a novel or were embarrassed by its graphic sexuality. Others hailed it as the long-awaited

fulfillment of brilliant promise. Again, readers were impressed by Gold's immense involvement with his material, his vitality and literacy, and his deeply personal sense of reality. The *New York Times Book Review* numbered him among "the few who've almost mastered the art of seeming artless." R. V. Cassill, who praised the book's "splendidly managed language," thought Gold "a master of the vernacular appropriate to his particular scene."

Portnoy's Complaint had just been published, and when a few reviewers considered the two books together,



CHARNY: fulfillment in a bizarre and violent world.

the comparison was not always to Gold's disadvantage. It was pointed out that his characters, "unlike those of Roth, are not superbly drawn caricatures but are true, bungling people." Columbia graduates will especially appreciate Gold's amusing and affectionate portraits of two of the English Department's most eminent members, whom he credits with having set him indelibly on the road to becoming a writer.

From the Class of 1959 came not one but two prolific authors, Jerome Charny and Jay Neugeboren. Charny, at the age of 33, has already assembled an astonishing oeuvre and is widely regarded as one of the outstanding young writers in the country

today. His fifth novel, *Eisenhower, My Eisenhower*, has just been published by Holt; there is a collection of his stories; and he is the editor of two valuable anthologies of contemporary fiction which bear his introduction.

Born in New York City, Charny came to Morningside in the fall of 1956 from Manhattan's High School of Music and Art. He was, he says, "an illiterate wild child, a Classic Comics graduate, a reader of gangster novels, a weightlifter, and a Marlon Brando fan." He lived at home and did not take part, in any of the usual ways, in the traditional literary life of the College. During his freshman year he failed "the absurd, painful Humanities quizzes" and was "drummed out" of the NROTC, but he did get to read Sophocles and Rabelais and encountered sympathetic teachers in such men as Thomas Goethals, Bert Leefmans and James Shenton. During his last two years he showed some of his writing to Andrew Chiappe, whose encouragement he remembers with special gratitude.

After graduating with honors he studied Russian and comparative literature in graduate school, but there was little doubt about what he really wanted to do. He left school, took a job as a recreation director in the City Parks Department, and continued to write. He has since taught at Stanford and at City College and is now on the faculty of Lehman College of the City University of New York.

Charny is a genuine black humorist, an unsentimental prose stylist whose books, full of the comic, the irrational and the absurd, do not gloss over what he has called "the terror, the loneliness, and the perversity of human existence." Often his stories are allegorical, his characters eccentrics who seem to parody the infinite variety of ways in which human beings attempt to fulfill themselves — or merely to survive — in a bizarre and violent world. This is especially true of his third novel, *Going to Jerusalem* (Viking, 1967), about a six-year-old chess prodigy, his nymphomaniac mother and their epileptic traveling companion, a former Nazi chess champion. Mark Shorer, who was among the admirers of the book's verbal energy and imaginativeness, wrote that "For sheer inventiveness and for a positive excess of the comic-grotesque, few contemporary novels can match it."

Charny also possesses a very evident talent for capturing, at a certain moment in their lives, small, picture-

esque neighborhoods that have all but disappeared — Lower East Side tenements and Second Avenue cafeterias in his first novel, *Once Upon a Droszky* (McGraw-Hill), published four years after his graduation and praised by Mark Van Doren; the slums of the East Bronx during World War II, depicted in his collection, *The Man Who Grew Younger and Other Stories* (Harper, 1967). But Charyn's stories, unlike some, are not marred by what Robert Alter has called "the palpably ersatz touches of Jewish local color . . . the garbled Yiddish, misconstrued folklore." His worlds are authentic, his convincing characters speak with the ring of truth.

Charyn has been able to extend his vision of the Jewish experience into broader terms. Whether he is dealing with Italians or Polish Catholics or Puerto Ricans, the characteristic humor and angst are present. The metaphor, too, of imprisonment — of people trapped in ghettos, concentration camps, institutions, dark corners of the mind — figures strongly in his work, together with rebellion against oppressive authority and a fierce will to survive. These characteristics are used to notable effect in Charyn's highly regarded fourth novel, *American Scrapbook* (Viking, 1969), in which six members of a Japanese-American family tell of their daily life in a U.S. government "relocation camp" during World War II. At once funny and sad, *American Scrapbook* is the most experimental of Charyn's novels and the first treatment of its subject in American fiction.

Similar themes are evident in an earlier novel, *On the Darkening Green* (McGraw-Hill, 1964), set in the Blattenburg Home for Wayward Jewish Boys, whose despotic director is overthrown in a coup led by a defrocked rabbi named Rosencrantz. Considered by some Charyn's finest work, the book's "Dickensian vigor and inventiveness" were much praised, and the evocative, unforced narrative was likened to Malamud's.

Jay Neugeboren, Charyn's classmate and friend, has the distinction of being the only Columbia graduate in memory to have written his autobiography at the unlikely age of thirty. *Parentheses*, published last year by Dutton, is the story of Neugeboren's personal and political journey from the streets of Brooklyn, by way of a politically apathetic Columbia, to full-fledged activism. As a portrait of a type of activist who came of age between the Silent Generation of the 'fifties and

the revolutionaries of the 'sixties and 'seventies, *Parentheses* is probably unexcelled.

Neugeboren's description of the College during those years of uninvolved involvement is convincing. He was in the Glee Club, played varsity lightweight football, wrote for the *Review*, enjoyed his courses with such men as Dupee, Trilling, Chase and Chiappe, and was proud of the amount of reading and writing the College required. He never once saw a demonstration or signed a petition.

"Our fiercest opinions had to do with ideas and literature," he writes

Andrew Chiappe, his freshman composition teacher Charles Van Doren, and at the end of his first year he decided to major in English. A year later he signified his commitment to the literary life by beginning his first novel, commuting between Brooklyn and the campus each day and working on his book at night. During his senior year he finished a second novel under the guidance of Richard Chase and began the round of publishers.

Neugeboren dropped out of graduate school at Indiana University to join a junior executive training program at General Motors in Indi-



NEUGEBOREN: writing and politics are necessary and inseparable parts of his life.

in *Parentheses*. "We prided ourselves on our apolitical sophistication, our 'disinterestedness' . . . We must have supported Martin Luther King's bus boycott — but I don't remember doing so. Birmingham was far away. Harlem was equally far — on the other side of Morningside Park; and we all laughed during Freshman Orientation Week when an upperclassman warned us about not taking the 'wrong' subway line to that 'other' 116th Street stop."

Neugeboren had not thought seriously of becoming a writer when he entered Columbia. (On his application he listed, as probable career choices, advertising, television producing and directing, and architectural engineering.) But his advisor was

anapolis, believing — mistakenly — that a daily job would leave him more time to write. And there, where he encountered, for the first time, blacks from the South, blank-faced assembly line workers and undisguised bigotry, his real political education began.

His involvement — as a writer of political tracts, civil rights demonstrator, teacher of ghetto children and early peace march organizer — became so great that for a time his writing suffered. But writing and politics are necessary and inseparable parts of Neugeboren's life. The need to maintain a delicate balance, between activism and the peace and solitude which creative work requires, keeps him on the move. He has taught at

Stanford, in the New York State University system and in the College's English Department, and now lives with his wife and child in a small village in southern France, where he is at work on a new novel.

Although they reveal a special sensitivity to minority life and an idealistic view of the world as it could be, Neugeboren's books are not overtly political. His first published novel, *Big Man* (Houghton Mifflin, 1966), is the story of a black All-American basketball player, caught in game-fixing, who loses his job and returns, broken, to Harlem. Hailed by *The New York Times* as "as good a first novel as you are likely to come across," it demonstrated energy and expressive vigor and is remembered by many sports fans as one of the finest novels written about basketball. One reviewer wrote that "Jay Neugeboren joins the surprisingly tiny company of fiction writers who have captured the essence of the athlete as a human being."

Six of the award-winning stories in *Corky's Brother*, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in 1969, are told by an adolescent Jewish boy from a lower middle-class Brooklyn neighborhood. They are good introductions to what F. W. Dupee has called Neugeboren's "innocent, stripped prose" — muted sandlot baseball pastorals about growing up and the sadness that comes with the loss of innocence. Geoffrey Wolff wrote in *Newsweek* that "His sentences, like Ted Williams' swing, give the illusion of ease, an illusion made possible only after the exercise of great craft and care...."

Neugeboren's way with minority life is revealed to an impressive degree in *Listen Reuben Fontanez* (Houghton Mifflin, 1968), a novel about a lonely Jewish public school teacher in his sixties who lives in a furnished room on the Upper West Side and teaches Hebrew to Puerto Rican youths and Spanish to Yeshiva students. The *Times* praised the book's understanding and compassion and Neugeboren's "shrewd and concrete eye for detail." *Saturday Review* thought that Neugeboren realized "a special kind of truth about his characters." One reviewer suggested that "There is hardly another young writer today who can catch so successfully the wild, grim subculture of our urban ghettos." That, apparently, is precisely what Neugeboren is trying to do. "I can do no more, and no less," he said recently, "than try to describe, with

as much precision, clarity, honesty and accuracy as I can, what is there."

Terrence McNally '60 arrived at Columbia from Corpus Christi, Texas a year behind Charyn and Neugeboren, intending to become a journalist. He is remembered by classmates as a shy, soft-spoken young man, and many of them were no doubt astonished when he began, in a creative writing course taught by George Nobbe, to show promise of becoming the most notable playwright the College had produced in years. One of his first plays was published in the *Review*,



MANO: CC B drove him into the arms of the Church.

and he wrote the book for the 1960 Varsity Show, *A Little Bit Different*.

Of the several writers mentioned here, McNally happens to be the only one who is not from New York, yet he, more than any of the others, has made his career in the city and become a part of its cultural scene. Five of his plays were produced in New York within a single season, and he has become prominent among a group of young writers known as the "New Playwrights." This group, whose members write frequently for off and off-off Broadway and educational television, also includes, among others, Sam Shepard, Israel Horowitz, and Arthur Kopit.

McNally's first production after

graduation was a one-act play, *This Side of the Door*, performed off-Broadway in 1963, when he was 23. It was followed two years later by his first full-length work, *And Things That Go Bump in the Night*, produced on Broadway and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. The critics were as much baffled as outraged, and the play had a short run. Later McNally wrote the book for *Here's Where I Belong*, the musical version of *East of Eden*, and worked for a time on the staff of Columbia College Today.

His *Sweet Eros*, about a lonely young man who kidnaps a girl, strips her, ties her to a chair and subjects her to a long monologue, opened off-Broadway in 1968 and was one of the first plays in New York to feature nudity and simulated sexual intercourse. Again the critics seem to have been more shocked than impressed, although *The New Yorker* admired McNally's choice of targets—"the self-smitten and self-absorbed, the slack and the obtuse among us."

McNally's best-known and by far most successful work is *Next*, which ran for two years off-Broadway on a double bill with Elaine May's *Adaptation*. Miss May directed both plays. *Next*, which starred James Coco and reminded some viewers of Kafka and Ionesco, is about an overweight, middle-aged man who is called, perhaps by mistake, for his army physical and suffers a nervous breakdown in the process. Clive Barnes found *Next* "extraordinarily funny, but . . . also very touching." Time thought it "richly comic."

McNally's latest full-length play, *Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?*, went into rehearsal just before Christmas and was performed by the Yale Repertory Company in January. Directed by Larry Arrick, it starred Robert Drivas, and if all goes well it will be produced on Broadway by Lynn Austin and Oliver Smith at the end of the current season. Meanwhile, McNally is at work on the film versions of two of his plays, *Sweet Eros* and *Noon*. A collection of his works, *Sweet Eros, Next and Other Plays*, was published by Random House in 1969.

Faulkner was a postmaster for a time; Wallace Stevens sold insurance. D. Keith Mano '63 comes into New York City once a week to oversee the family business in Queens, the X-Pando Corporation, of which he is vice president. (They manufacture a kind of expanding cement.) The rest of the time, living in near isolation with his

wife and two small sons near upstate Newburgh, Mano writes. His fourth novel, *The Death and Life of Harry Goth*, has just been published by Knopf, and, at 28, he is about to complete his fifth.

An English major, Mano never wrote anything "creative" in the College but was known instead as an actor, a leading member of Players. Andrew Chiappe once mentioned to his Shakespeare class that Mano's Richard III was one of the finest he had ever seen. When he graduated — *summa cum laude* — he was awarded a Kellett Fellowship to Clare College, Cambridge, where he studied with F. R. Leavis and acted with the Marlowe Society.

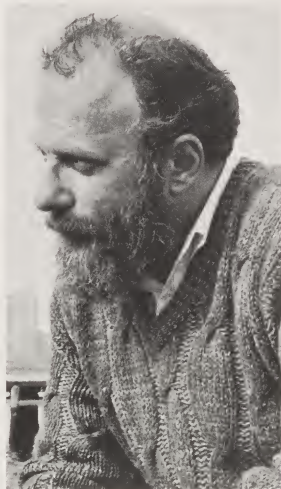
He gave up the Kellett after a year and returned to this country with his wife, an actress he had met in England. He studied for a time on a Woodrow Wilson, appeared in several off-Broadway productions, taught at the Henry Street Playhouse and toured with the National Shakespeare Company. It was during that busy time — when he also took over management of the family firm — that Mano began his first novel, *Bishop's Progress*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1968. It is the story of an Episcopal bishop who enters a New York hospital for heart surgery and the twelve days of testing — physical and spiritual — he undergoes. In a major review, R. V. Cassill called it "witty, disturbing, entertaining, grave, full of suspense, and a prolonged meditation on the riddle of faith in our epoch." Regarded by John Leonard of *The New York Times* as the best first novel published in the United States that year, *Bishop's Progress* attracted wide attention and immediately established Mano as one of the finest young writers in the country.

In *Horn*, issued by Houghton Mifflin the following year, Mano tells of the confrontation between a black political leader (with a horn sprouting from his forehead) and a timid white clergyman assigned to a Harlem church. This second book drew even greater praise. "Constantly gripping and deeply rewarding," said the *Wall Street Journal*. John Leonard wrote that "*Horn* is an absorbing novel of character. . . . Names like Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and Georges Bernanos come to mind; but they are just scribbles on the margin of my admiration. I can think of few young novelists today capable of dealing in such an accomplished and compelling way with such important themes."

War Is Heaven! (Doubleday,

1970), Mano's third novel, concerns an American army jungle patrol in a fictional South American republic, helping to assist the established regime against Communist guerrillas. *The Times* compared it to *The Red Badge of Courage*. Its hero, Sergeant Clarence Hook, is young, black and deeply religious, a totally committed soldier who believes that war is good because it reminds men of their insignificance.

Reviewers have remarked that Mano's novels are actually about something: good, evil, suffering, self-confrontation, the futility of war, but



GOLD: violent, shocking, with underlying humor and pessimism.

most of all about Christianity, a subject which almost no one but Graham Greene writes about these days. Mano's Christianity is Protestant and pessimistic, but whether, as various readers have thought, it is also simple, profound, fatuous, or fiendish, it is there: a real and unavoidable presence which his characters must confront, often at their peril.

Mano's family is Protestant but not devout, and he was never confirmed. How, then, did he come to be preoccupied with religion? Just as he acknowledges — half-jokingly — that he got his inspiration for *Horn* from Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, so he claims that Columbia, and particularly a poorly taught CC B section, drove

him into the arms of the Church. "Instead of reading, I went to chapel."

The novelist who deals with such profundities risks losing his readers, but Mano's stories are curious mixtures of symbolism, realism and fantasy which are compelling in themselves, the result of considerable skill, wit and imagination. Mano has never been in a hospital, was never in the army or South America, has no black friends and went through Harlem once — on a bus. Yet no one who knows any of these worlds can doubt the authority with which he writes.

Among poets — one thinks of Berryman '32, Ginsberg and Simpson '48, Hollander '50 and others — Columbia has fared especially well. In recent years the single most profound influence among younger poets has been the so-called New York School, whose members include John Ashbery, Kenneth Koch and the late Frank O'Hara. The New York School of Poets has ties which link it as inextricably to Columbia as to New York itself. Among other things, many of its members met at Columbia in poetry workshops and writing classes taught by Professor of English Koch, and it seems appropriate that the recent collection, *An Anthology of New York Poets* (Random House, 1970), should have been edited by two College graduates, Ron Padgett '64 and David Shapiro '68. Both are considered to be among the New York School's most prominent younger members, and some of their own best poems are included in the anthology.

Shapiro, the son of a Newark dermatologist, was admitted to the College in 1964 after three years of high school and a year of travel. Already an accomplished violinist who had performed with Stokowski and the New Jersey Symphony, as well as a published poet, Shapiro majored in English and contributed to the *Review*, to *Spectator* and *King's Crown Essays*, and to leading publications outside the University. His first book of poems, *January*, was published by Holt while he was still an undergraduate. Marianne Moore was one of its admirers.

Although not a member of SDS, Shapiro was among those who occupied Low Library during the upheaval of 1968, and a photograph of him, cigar in hand, sitting in Grayson Kirk's chair, was widely reprinted. Of his pose he later said: "What I was deliberately trying to do was to parody the elite, gang, clique, cabal, club. This is the technique of parody—

I don't smoke cigars." Upon graduation Shapiro went off to Clare College, Cambridge, on a Kellett. While he was in England, Dutton issued his second collection, *Poems from Deal*.

Shapiro has been called a serious light poet. Many of his poems are about his childhood, and many do exhibit a certain jauntiness and playful use of words which make this characterization an apt one. A reviewer in *Poetry* magazine spoke of Shapiro's "incredible mastery of the language" and his "ear sensitive to every nuance of idiom." Others have pointed to such distinctly musical qualities as rhythmic sensitivity, skillful modulation, the rise and fall of phrases. Recalling his career as a violinist and the fact that his father and two sisters also play musical instruments, Shapiro agrees that his poetry "grew out of all this music"—plus the youthful influence of Eliot, Pound, Rimbaud, Ginsberg and Koch.

Shapiro first met Koch at a summer poetry workshop when he was still a high school student. Together they edited *Learn Something, America*, a collection of children's stories and poems published by The Brooklyn Museum in 1968. Shapiro has won several awards, including the New York Poets' Foundation Award and a Robert Frost Fellowship to Bread Loaf, and during the past year read at the YMHA Poetry Center in Manhattan, perhaps the ultimate acknowledgment that a young poet has indeed arrived. A third book of his poems is being readied for publication later this year.

Among a number of other College writers who deserve more than passing mention are poet and translator Richard Howard '51, whose third volume of poetry, *Untitled Subjects*, won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize; Alex Karmel '52, whose recent historical novel, *My Revolution*, was enthusiastically received; and Michael Goldman '53, now a member of the College's English Department, whose most recent collection of poems is *At the Edge*. Dan Wakefield '55, known first as a sociologist, produced one of the past year's most commercially successful novels—his first—in *Going All the Way*, about two boys who return to Indianapolis after the Korean War. Samuel Astrachan, also from the Class of 1955, whose much-admired first novel, *An End to Dying*, was written while he was an undergraduate, has since published two others, *The Game of Dos-toevsky* (1965) and *Rejoice* (1970).

Mark Dintenfass, a talented member of the Class of 1963, is the author of two very funny books, *Make Yourself an Earthquake* (1969) and *The Case Against Org* (1970).

It may be true, as Lionel Trilling for one believes, that no Columbia writing tradition, in any positive or honorific sense, has emerged. Still there is the strong impression, affirmed by more than one of the writers represented here, that Columbia is a place where imagination counts, where excellence in writing is valued and cultivated, and where some students and faculty share a deep, discriminating commitment to literature.

gained an appreciation for the power and effect of words. There is not a single writer here who does not prize technical prowess, craftsmanship, and the conscientious, responsible use of language. Jay Neugeboren spoke what might be a credo for them all when he wrote recently of his feeling "that when you can count on so little else in this life, you can try, at the least, to be accountable—to hold others accountable—for what you say and the way you say it." To preserve this feeling and to inspire it in every succeeding generation of students is, perhaps, as much of a tradition as any school can hope for.



MCNALLY: the critics were as much baffled as outraged, and more shocked than impressed.

The faithfulness, humor and grace with which these writers have reconstructed their various worlds have been singled out so often that it would be agreeable to suppose that there is something about Columbia itself—some peculiar blend of poetry and reality, perhaps—which encourages this special vision. As undergraduates we used to pride ourselves on being forced, by the University and the city, to a clear-eyed perception of things as they were, and we knew what Whitman meant when he spoke of New York with "its tremendous and varied materials . . . the advantage of constant agitation, and ever new and rapid dealings of the cards."

From the University we also

Michael Willis '64 took his M.A. in European history at Columbia in 1965, and is now on the staff of a New York publishing house. His principal interest, both in college and in graduate school, was cultural history, and he studied with such men as Andrew Chiappe and Lionel Trilling.

They Liked Ike...

As President of Columbia

*When Spectator Came Out
For Stevenson In 1952,
I. R. S. Didn't Raise An Eyebrow.
But Others Did.*

In its 93-year history, *Spectator* has supported Presidential candidates as widely separated in time and philosophy as William McKinley and Eldridge Cleaver. But the most controversial endorsement it has ever issued came in 1952, when it called for the election of Gov. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois.

Even in 1952, a *Spectator* Presidential endorsement constituted no break with tradition. If anything, it revived an earlier tradition, interrupted at various points during the century. As long ago as 1896, the editors had declared in favor of William McKinley, warning their readers that "Bryan's banner is sullied with the stain of national dishonor.

"We hope that those men who have left these halls and are now scattered in every state of the Union," continued the newspaper, "will do their utmost to break down the false barriers that Bryan is endeavoring to create between the 'masses and classes.'"

Not until 1932—36 years and 9 elections later—did *Spectator* announce for a Presidential candidate again. Its attitude during those years was summarized in a 1928 editorial, which stated flatly: "This news-

paper is not officially interested in presenting its readers news and editorials not directly pertaining to this campus."

Then, in '32, the paper came out for Norman Thomas, while conceding that he had no chance to win. In '36, '40 and '44 it backed Roosevelt, the last time by a narrow three-to-two vote of its five-man managing board.

In '48, however, *Spectator* reverted to the hands-off policy which had prevailed throughout the first quarter of the century. Except for signed statements by sponsors of various candidates, and reports of an occasional speech, even its news columns scarcely betrayed the fact that it was a Presidential year. During the month of October, editorials focussed on such issues as the extension of training table privileges to the wrestling team (the editors were in favor); the opening of the Lion's Den to students from G.S. (the editors were opposed); and the finances of the Band and the Glee Club. The two editorials on Election Day itself consisted of a complaint that the College lacked adequate facilities for housing and recreation, and a tirade against the throwing of water bags from

dormitory windows.

By 1952, therefore, there was ample precedent for a decision either to announce a choice or remain aloof. Why, then, should *Spectator's* support of Stevenson have precipitated such a fuss?

For one thing, the daily had taken no Presidential stands since the war. For another, it was the heyday of McCarthyism. Any expression of even the most cautiously liberal sentiments, especially on the campus, invited the wrath of the witch-hunters. Third, and most important of all, Stevenson's opponent was Dwight D. Eisenhower, popular war hero and President of Columbia.

On Wednesday, October, 1, *Spectator* published the first of two editorials endorsing Stevenson. "I don't think we ever questioned the propriety of our doing so," recalls Jerry Landauer, who now writes for the *Wall Street Journal* and was then *Spectator's* editor-in-chief. "We took it for granted that if we agreed on the merits we should make an endorsement. The only question was whether we could get the necessary unanimity. We'd agreed that if we couldn't, we wouldn't do it.

"We were all very disillusioned by the Eisenhower campaign, in particular the refusal to repudiate McCarthy. When it came to taking gutsy positions, the Great Crusade just wasn't there."

The first editorial, which went through a number of drafts before it was deemed acceptable by all eight editors, appeared on the front page, next to a story headlined "Lamont Claims Korean War Can Be Halted." It reflected the disillusionment which Landauer describes. It was entitled "The Great Disenchantment," and its lead paragraph compared Eisenhower to Shoeless Joe Jackson, the baseball idol who had taken money during the Black Sox scandal, and whose youthful fans had implored him, "Say it ain't so, Joe."

"Consider," the editorial urged, "the company the general keeps"—a reference to his alliances with Senators Albert Jenner of Indiana and Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin.

"Consider: the low level of Eisenhower's speeches . . .

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Ike and Adlai

1—The Great Disenchantment

When the Black Sox scandal rocked the baseball world 31 years ago, legend has it that one small tyke strode up to Shoeless Joe Jackson, the White Sox star, and wailed, "Say it ain't so, Joe." Joe could only hang his head in shame.

The Eisenhower campaign is also the story of a great disillusionment. The hopes of millions of Americans who once believed in Eisenhower's great crusade have now been shattered.

Before the national convention, the American people were told by those who promoted the general's candidacy that he was uniquely fitted to be President. They contended that he represented a foreign policy which the great majority of Americans have come to accept. It was a policy of helping our allies to help themselves, dictated by our enlightened self-interest." This policy, it was argued, would be scuttled should Senator Taft gain the nomination and presidency.

General Eisenhower, it was further contended, would restore integrity, frugality and decency to government. When the Eisenhower forces refused to compromise on the issue of the Texas delegation at the GOP national convention, the nation was told that here was a man who would never compromise with what he considered to be wrong.

Though his supporters admitted that his knowledge of domestic affairs was limited, they argued that his proved ability to select the right men for the right posts more than compensated for this deficiency.

After his nomination, when the general announced that he would lead a great crusade to restore the people's faith in their government, the great disillusionment began to take form.

Consider: The company that the general keeps. A man may be unlike his acquaintances, but General Eisenhower's support of Senators Jenner and McCarthy effects an inexcusable alliance with what is worst in the Republican Party. The general is naturally concerned with holding his party together, but has sacrificed principle for expediency.

(Continued on Page 2)

"Consider: the Nixon affair"—in which, the newspaper charged, "General Eisenhower allowed a television soap opera . . . to be submitted to the American people.

"Eisenhower," concluded the editors, "has played the role of party man to the hilt . . .

"In short, the campaign has shown that Eisenhower the politician is a plodding, orthodox, unimaginative

thinker."

Reaction was not long in coming. At first, it was entirely favorable. The following morning's edition carried four telegrams, all congratulatory: from UAW-CIO public relations director Fred Winn, from journalists Sam Ragan of the *Raleigh News and Observer* and Irving Dilliard of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and from alumnus Edward R. Fay Jr. '32.



ACADEMIC QUESTION: Eisenhower was their president, but *Spectator's* editors still favored Stevenson.



IN VAIN: Adlai E. Stevenson captured the *Spectator* election but lost the national one.

That same day, a Thursday, the editors published their second editorial, also on page one. It was called, "Why Stevenson?" and praised the Democratic candidate for "daring to criticize the policy of the very pressure group he was addressing" when he attacked character assassination in a speech to the American Legion. Stevenson, proclaimed the editorial, had "met the issues squarely" and "shown great respect for the intelligence of the American people." The lead news story for that issue announced the formation of a Faculty for Stevenson group on the campus.

On Friday, October 3, negative responses began to pour in. Millard Faught '38, vice-chairman of Columbia Alumni for Eisenhower, accused the newspaper of "taking advantage of the greater news possibilities in indorsing the presidential candidate of the Democratic Party." Three more congratulatory telegrams appeared, but so did a wire from Miami, which read: "DEAR SENSATIONALIST — EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOUR SCHOOL HAS BEEN OVERWHELMINGLY PINK FOR YEARS STOP IKE TRIED TO GET YOU OUT OF THE RED STOP SINCERELY — YOUR GENERATION."

Another correspondent complained, in a letter, that "*Spectator's* editorial support of a presidential candidate is in bad taste and ill-advised . . . They are . . . overstepping the limits of their function as a student paper concerned primarily with University and College news."

Acting President of Columbia Grayson Kirk replied with a statement, affirming the University's commitment to freedom of the press for its undergraduate editors. And *Spectator* explained its stand in an editorial entitled "A Newspaper's Job":

Some readers fear that our position may be interpreted as the position of the majority of the students of Columbia . . . No newspaper, including this one, ever claims at all times to represent the dominant opinions of the community it serves.

In that same Friday edition, *Spectator* reported that the Barnard *Bulletin* had also come out for Stevenson.

The following week — Monday, October 6 through Friday, October 10 — the volume of mail in response to

the editorial was so great that the editors set aside a special section, apart from the regular letters column, to accommodate it. Much of the correspondence came from people who had no apparent ties to Columbia. "Masterpieces of pseudo-intellectual rubbish," sneered a graduate student in Monday's issue. "Honest and courageous," exclaimed Dr. Joseph Landy, P & S '14. "Congratulations for having the courage of stating your collective conviction," wrote a Mrs. Jeaninne Dawson. But the most outspoken communication of the lot came from Sylvia Hanks Wood:

I am more than proud to say I am a graduate of Columbia University of the Class of Oral Hygiene of 1918, when real people were proud of their University. Not like now with people like you who would dare cut the throat of their President. What do you think Dr. Butler would say if he were here? . . . It is not customary for students to mix in politics, therefore walk carefully before you criticize Ike Eisenhower.

P.S. Have you served your country?

Meanwhile, Monday's lead headline announced that 23 Columbia professors had attacked the ethics of vice-presidential candidate Richard Nixon, whose campaign fund has been the subject of considerable controversy earlier in the year.

By the next morning, the level of rhetoric had escalated. "I quite confidently feel that we are better off without . . . such radical publications as you are evidently identifying yours with," wrote Mrs. Myron Thomas Shannon of Sterling, Ill. A Florida man who identified himself as "an alumni of Columbia" declared: "I can't see how you get the absolute gall to represent the views of the student body. Keep it up and the rest of the nation will look upon you and C.C.N.Y. as sister institutions."

Herbert L. Chabot, a first-year Columbia law student, pointed out that "if it is wrong for a journal in a one-newspaper school to subject the students to one opinion, then it is at least as wrong for the private owners of a journal in a one-newspaper town to subject the citizens of that town to one point of view."

And George F. Jenkins of Charleston, W. Va. demanded to know "the names, ages, place of birth of both your associates and their immediate ancestors. Such facts often have a considerable bearing on the character and thinking of people given to making such statements of the nature you have printed."

On Wednesday, October 8, James M. Blackwell, President of the College Alumni Association, expressed "shock" in a letter to Kirk over *Spectator's* editorial stand, although he conceded that the authors might be "excused" by virtue of "their age and inexperience." Blackwell also levelled a blast at the 23 professors who had commented on the Nixon Fund.

That day's "Ike and Adlai" letters section contained four pieces of mail. Three were sympathetic. The fourth, from Mrs. Louise A. Lewis of Kansas City, Mo., chided the editors:

General Eisenhower has repeatedly voiced his belief, faith and admiration of you, and I should think you could not bring yourself to turn your backs on him, particularly you students of

the University of which he is President.

The following day, Acting President Kirk, replying to Blackwell, reaffirmed his free speech statement of the preceding week. Blackwell reportedly responded, somewhat incongruously, that Kirk's position did not differ from his own. *Spectator* noted in an editorial that Blackwell had professed himself most incensed by the linking of Columbia's name to a partisan political position, and wondered what the Association's president thought of Columbia Alumni for Eisenhower. Also on Thursday, the *New York Daily News*, in a banner headline, accused nine of the 23 anti-Nixon professors of belonging to "communist fronts."

Thursday's choicest correspondence came from Henrik J. Thaat, of Helsinki, Finland, who wrote:

You lack experience at life. You don't know a hole in the ground from yourself. You are despicable low down ornery cusses. You will shout with the mob. You lack foresight, deduction, discrimination, addition, subtraction, multiplication. You will stab a man in the back and cry afterward. You are on the surface skin deep. You have not the qualities that make for an understanding being.

Enclosed with the letter was a clipping from a Finnish newspaper, which nobody on *Spectator* had been able to translate.

Friday's "Ike and Adlai" section contained three letters. None of the writers appeared to be connected with Columbia.

From New Haven, Connecticut: "I would like to congratulate the editors of the *Spectator* for courageously expressing the thoughts of many young Americans."

From Bluffton, South Carolina: "Thank you! General Eisenhower could have no better endorsement than having Columbia's half-baked young radicals against him."

From Coral Gables, Florida: "Disloyalty is a cardinal sin, and thereby you've disgraced that great N.Y. University where most of my family have

graduated."

Friday's edition was the last to publish a separate "Ike and Adlai" letters section, though occasional letters appeared afterward in the regular letters column, all of them fairly sedate. During the following week, the controversy generated by the *Spectator* editorials died down, only to be revived briefly toward the end of the week by Walter Winchell. Winchell, the well-known syndicated columnist, reported the emergence of "a revolt against the editorial board of the campus newspaper." Citing unnamed "pro-Eisenhower students," the columnist contended:

The situation has worked this way, according to those student critics: persons of one train of thought (once in control of the editorial board) have seen to it that their successors think the same way.

On Friday, October 17, *Spectator* replied, in an editorial captioned "Dear Mr. Winchell":

We will continue to support Adlai Stevenson no matter how many alleged charges you print from alleged student sources.

And that, to all intents and purposes, was the end of the flurry, which in any event had been generated almost entirely by persons outside the University community. Except for adverse reactions on the part of a few alumni, Landauer reports, *Spectator* received "no flak whatever" at Columbia.

Four years later almost to the day, the eight members of another *Spectator* managing board gathered to consider a Presidential choice. According to the editorial which appeared the following morning, "After reviewing their disagreements — thrashed out many times in private discussions — they decided not to endorse a Presidential candidate.

"And then," concluded the editorial, "They turned out the lights, locked the door, and headed back to the West End."

Not with a bang but a whimper.



Alumni Authors



The Sound of Laughter by Bennett Cerf '20 is a treasury of old jokes, stories and anecdotes, along with riddles, limericks, and a sampling of the "satirical" puns for which Cerf has long been famous. (Doubleday, \$6.95)



The Unpardonable Sin: A Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne by James Playstead Wood '27 is an engaging, warm and thoroughly well done biography of Hawthorne for young readers. Ages 10 up. (Pantheon, \$4.50)



Love & Fame by John Berryman '32 is a collection of fresh, bright poems dealing with the poet's yearnings as a youth and his beginnings as an artist. (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, \$6.50)

Legal Ethics by Raymond L. Wise '16 is a hand-book for attorneys containing the full text of the American Bar Association's new Code of Professional Responsibility with explanations of the purpose and meaning of each canon and disciplinary rule. (Matthew Bender, \$12.95) **Order Please**, also by Wise, is his blueprint for erecting a world of decency, reason and law. (Central Book Company, \$7.50)



Hellenistic Ways of Deliverance and the Making of the Christian Synthesis by John Herman Randall '28 analyzes the post-Alexandrian emphasis on the individual's moral condition and the consequent emergence of cults of deliverance. Randall shows how these Hellenistic systems — the Epicurean, Stoic and Skeptic — were absorbed by Rome and eventually assimilated into Christianity by the great synthesizer, Augustine. (Columbia University Press, \$7.95)



Claude Kirk: Man and Myth by Ralph de Toledano '34 and Philip V. Brennan, Jr. is an irreverent and unflattering portrait of Florida's ex-governor which ends with the ominous warning, "Caveat emptor—Buyer Beware! — the Romans had said. After almost four years of a man who was all mouth, Florida was coming to know what they meant." The authors of this study, published last July, are both staunch Nixonite Republicans. (Anthem Paperback, 95c)



Jean-Jacques Rousseau by Matthew Josephson '20 is a thoroughly researched biography of the life and work of the formidable eighteenth century philosopher and man of letters. (Russell & Russell, \$21.00)



Autobiography by Louis Zukofsky '23 is the poet's account of himself, in verse set to music by his composer-wife. Zukofsky prefers this slim volume by saying, "As a poet I have always said that the work says all there needs to be said of one's life." These poems, which deal with both the prosaic objects and delightful imaginings of Zukofsky's life, prove his point. The result is rich and charming. (Grossman Publishers, \$5.95)



The Music Forum: Volume II edited by William J. Mitchell '30 and Felix Salzer contains a variety of articles on the many aspects of music — theory, analysis and performance. Included in this volume are a reduced facsimile of the autograph of Beethoven's *Opus 69*, a study of Landini's treatment of consonance and dissonance, and other charted studies dealing with Chopin, Bach and Barok. (Columbia University Press, \$13.50)



A History of the African People by Robert W. Jolly '38 is a 605-page history of the black people of Africa from ancient to modern times which concentrates, however, on the last century-and-a-half of internal African politics. To anyone interested in the African continent and peoples this primer. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$15.00, also available in paperback)



Cocteau by Francis Steegmuller '27 is an urbane and elaborately prepared life-story of the famed opium-addicted, homosexual French poet and filmmaker. The book captures the entire decadent ambience of artistic society during the Belle Époque. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50)



Mark Twain: An American Prophet by Maxwell Geismar '31 is a rich and intelligent interpretation of the life and works of Samuel Clemens. The volume abounds in high-spirited detail and lively insight; its enthusiasm is happily contagious. (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00)



New Hope for the Childless Couple: The Causes and Treatment of Infertility by Sherwin A. Kaufman '41 is a highly readable as well as informative treatment of an important and, for many families, painful subject. (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95)



The Social History of Poverty: The Urban Experience edited by Francesco Cordasco '42 consists of reprints of 22 volumes of reference material for the study of impoverished city dwellers in the late nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries. Titles include *Life and Labour of circa 1902; Tenement Conditions in Chicago, (1901); and How The Other Half Lives, Jacob Riis'* sketches of the lives of the poor in New York near the end of last century. Many volumes contain new introductory essays by Cordasco. (Garrett Press, \$350.00 for the whole series; individual volumes priced between \$13.50 and \$52.75)



20 Plays of the NO Theatre, edited by Donald Keene '42 is a selection of plays in the active repertoire of Japanese theater from the late fourteenth to the late sixteenth century. The short dramas—consisting of poetry (which is sung) and prose—are important both as works for the stage and as masterpieces of Japanese literature. (Columbia University Press, Hardcover, \$15.00; Paperback, \$4.95)



The Young Scientist by John Navarra '49 with Joseph Zaffaroni is a series of six elementary school text books. The authors believe that every child is a natural scientist, and their six concept-based books aim to provide a framework for understanding the interrelationships between different types of scientific knowledge. Ages 6-11. (Harper and Row, Prices range from \$2.75 to \$3.75 per book)



Cold Mountain: 100 Poems by the T'ang poet Han-Shan translated by Burton Watson '49 offers fine examples of the Golden Age of Chinese poetry. Cold Mountain has been described as a state of mind as well as a locality; and these poems, which had so much impact on later Buddhist literature, are permeated with a sparkling mysticism. (Columbia University Press, Hardcover, \$5.50; Paperback, \$2.25)



Confessions of a Cultist: On The Cinema, 1955-1969 by Andrew Sarris '51 is a collection of the critic's film reviews and witty thinking-pieces on cinema spanning fifteen years of curiously independent and sometimes brilliant judgment. Sarris likes movies but chooses with care the shrines at which he pays homage. This volume echoes many of the enthusiasms and irreverences which have made his film courses here so popular. (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95)



Phthalocyanine Technology by Yale A. Melzer '54 examines recent developments in phthalocyanine products and progress in such fields as dyes, pigments, lubricants, nuclear energy, guided missiles, electro-photography and food. (Noyes Data Corp., \$35.00)



Going All The Way by Dan Wakefield '55 is a well-written and humorous novel about two young men's raunchy struggles to attain adulthood in the 'fifties. The book succeeds in evoking a curious love-hate nostalgia for the world of Sinatra and girls who were "hot to trot." (Delacorte Press, \$6.95)

The Mirror of Infinity: A Critics' Anthology of Science Fiction edited by Robert Silverberg '56 provides a baker's dozen of all-time great sci-fi stories, each prefaced with a two or three page comment by different critics of the genre. (Harper & Row, \$6.95)



The Artist in American Society: The Formative Years 1790-1860 by Neil Harris '58 is an important inquiry into the relationship between our fledgling republic's values and its culture. This study of the changing social attitudes towards art and artists, and of the achievements and ideals of artists themselves, should be a rich contribution to the field of intellectual history. (Simon and Schuster, Clarion Paperback)



A Thinking Man's Guide to Pro Football by Paul Zimmerman '58 is a lively compilation of anecdotes and insights acquired during the sports writer-author's five years on the football beat. (E. P. Dutton, \$6.95)



Labor and Development in Latin America by Joseph R. Ramos '59 is the optimistic, well-documented report of an economist on the size, quality and sectoral distribution of the labor force in Latin American countries. (Columbia University Press, \$12.50)



Student Power, Participation & Revolution edited by John L. Erlich '59 and Susan Erlich is a compendium of 32 movement articles written between 1960 and 1970 which give some perspective on the changing attitudes and growing militancy of the new young left. Two of the articles specifically pertain to Columbia: "The Education of a Radical" by an anonymous leader of the '68 rebellion, and "Notes on Columbia" by Mark Rudd. (Association Press, \$5.95). **Strategies of Community Organization** edited by John L. Erlich '59, Fred M. Cox, Jack Rothman and John E. Tropman is a collection of 26 essays dealing with making communities more responsive and responsible to their inhabitants. The book advocates planned change through well thought-out intervention measures and programs. (F. E. Lee Peacock Publishers, Paperback: \$5.95)



The New Deal and the Last Hurrah by Bruce M. Stave '59 studies the effect of the New Deal on urban political machines and challenges the traditional view that bossism declined during the '30s, '40s and '50s. Using Pittsburgh as a case study, Stave concludes that power was merely transferred from the Republican machine to the Democratic machine. (University of Pittsburgh Press, \$8.95)

Guide for Mental Health Workers by Armando R. Favazza '62, Barbara Starks Favazza and Philip M. Margolis is a monograph written for non-professional workers in community psychological health. The manual explains—in jargon-free language—the basic categories, causes and symptoms of mental illness, and the ways in which volunteer workers can help sick individuals. (University of Michigan Press, \$2.95)

America's Black Past edited by Eric Foner '63 is a collection of historical readings focusing on the black community itself, its ideologies and social patterns. In choosing works on slavery, for example, the editor avoided articles on the planter regime or slave codes, and selected instead two essays dealing with the effects of slavery on the mass of slaves. This compact book should broaden the horizons of students and teachers, and is a history of black people in America. (Harper & Row, \$12.50). **Free Soil, Free Labor, Free Men** is Foner's original study of the ideology of the Republican Party before the Civil War. He argues that the Party's endorsement of the working man's freedom of contract led, inevitably, to the clash with the Southern States over the extension of slavery. (Oxford University Press Galaxy Paperback, \$2.75)

The Case Against Org by Mark Dintenfass '63 is the boisterous howl of a Falstaffian fat man contemplating the ecstasy and anguish of devouring the world through chocolate covered cherries. (Little, Brown, and Company, \$5.95)

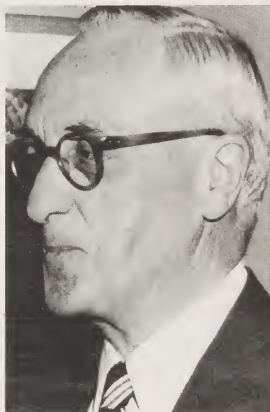
Obituaries

*Those who wish to write to relatives of the deceased may do so c/o
Columbia College Fund, 4 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10036*

- 1900 Henry G. Alsberg
November 1, 1970
Everett M. Hawks
July 28, 1970
- 1904 Frazer W. Gay
July 12, 1970
- 1905 William L. Wilson
- 1907 Oliver P. Chisholm
October 5, 1970
Fritz A. Leuchs
January 3, 1969
H. Raymond Smith
- 1908 Carlo D. Cella, Sr.
November 17, 1970
Austin P. Montgomery
October 31, 1970
- 1909 Samuel Melitzer
July 6, 1970
- 1910 Sydney L. Goodman
September 24, 1970
David E. Kronman
January 10, 1970
John O'Brien
August 22, 1969
Maurice Picard
December 7, 1970
- 1911 C. Alan Hudson
January 15, 1971
- 1912 Percy E. Landolt
September 27, 1970
- 1913 Gove Hambridge
September 25, 1970
Wharton Miller
March 8, 1970
- 1914 Herbert C. Dickinson
- 1915 Leonard I. Houghton
December 4, 1969
- 1917 DeBaun P. Claydon
Joseph A. Dornes
Edmund C. Smith
November 11, 1969
Frederick A. Wurzbach, Jr.
November 8, 1970
- 1918 Albert S. Lathrop
June 22, 1970
Howard W. Rolston
May 23, 1970
- 1919 Norman F. Darmstadter
September 30, 1970
Leopold Nathan
August 25, 1970
Charles Paley
October 6, 1970
- 1920 Moses Goldberg
November 27, 1970
John C. Litt
January 12, 1971
Henry Meyer, Jr.
- 1921 Reginald B. Weiler
- 1922 Nathan Friedman
Mordecai S. Jacobsen
September 15, 1970
Herbert T. Johnson
Edward J. Rosenwald
Abraham Schmith
March 20, 1970
Harold Walters
- 1923 Douglas D. Donald
November 5, 1969
James C. Goggin
November 9, 1970
Saul Rubin
January 23, 1971
- 1924 Robert S. Alshuler
July 11, 1970
Rudolph P. Cohen
October 3, 1970
Bernard Goldman
December 1970
- 1925 Samuel B. Feller
January 26, 1971
Benjamin Franklin Hearn
October 1970
Frederick N. Nye
September 24, 1970
George A. Rawler
October 15, 1970
- 1926 Walter H. Bruckner
September 6, 1970
- 1927 Allan W. Ackerman
July 4, 1970
William L. Story
- 1928 Richard M. Ace
August 5, 1970
Edwin J. Dealy
January 23, 1971
Richard F. Meyer
July 9, 1970
Jacob I. Smith
- 1929 Howard Pearson
December 22, 1970
- 1930 William T. J. Middleton
October 1, 1970
- 1932 Michael Bibko, Jr.
February 12, 1970
Matthew F. O'Brien
May 1, 1969
- 1933 Deforest Ely
January 3, 1971
Richard Hirsch
January 16, 1971
Carl H. Schweikhardt
November 6, 1970
- 1935 W. Parke Johnson, Jr.
- 1936 William N. Chambers
January 1970
- 1938 John S. De Vries
March 21, 1970
Wilford J. Ratzan
October 1970
- 1940 George Stonebanks
September 16, 1970
- 1943 Russell C. Archibald
November 10, 1970
- 1944 Eugene P. Wolfahrt
November 19, 1970
- 1945 William J. Caselton
July 1, 1970
- 1946 Victor Weston (né Wolkodoff)
Summer, 1970
- 1950 George E. Haelters
- 1963 John George Haddock
March 1970

Charles H. Tuttle '99, lawyer, educator and civic leader, who headed investigations into political and judicial corruption which ultimately ended in the downfall of Jimmy Walker's Tammany administration. In 1926 he helped to establish New York City's Board of Higher Education, and served as a member until his retirement 40 years later. For the last 20 years of his life he was unpaid general counsel to the National Council of Churches, on whose behalf he successfully argued for a "released time" plan for religious education in the United States Supreme Court. Died January 25, 1971.

William King Gregory '00, ichthyologist and paleontologist, associated for many years with Columbia and with the New York Museum of Natural History. He specialized in the anatomy and dentition of fish and animals, published 360 scientific titles between 1900 and 1951 and taught many of today's professors and museum curators. Died December 29, 1970.



George E. Warren

George E. Warren '03, life trustee of Columbia University, who served until last spring as clerk of the Board of Trustees. After a long career in banking, he retired in 1947 as a vice president of what is now the Chase-Manhattan Bank. In addition to laboring almost full-time for Columbia, George Warren engaged in many philanthropic activities. He was a director of the Associated Hospital Service of New York, and a trustee of the finance committees of Tuskegee Institute, New York Infirmary and the Ladd Foundation. Died January 28, 1971.

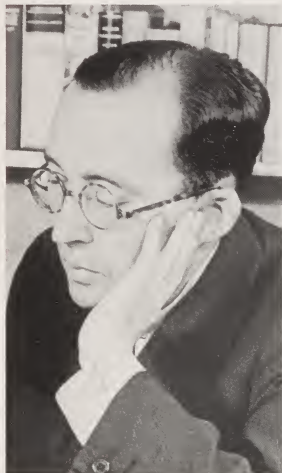
Abraham A. Newman '10, Jewish historian, educator and rabbi, president of Dropsie College from 1941 to 1946. Dr. Newman raised the standards of Jewish scholarship, and published numerous articles, as well as one massive history, *The Jews in Spain*. Died December 29, 1970.

Gonzalo Cordova de Garmendia '10, an active alumnus and energetic supporter of community and church projects in Baltimore, where he was a high-ranking official in the state civil service. Died December 10, 1970.



Louis H. T. Mouquin

Louis Monquin '15, insurance executive, athlete, alumni medalist and champion varsity fencer, who also was named to the all-American water polo team. Mr. Monquin, a vice-president of Hagedorn and Co., was awarded the Columbia University Alumni Medal in 1958. Died October 23, 1970.



M. Lincoln Schuster

Max Lincoln Schuster '17, publisher, journalist and scholar, was one of the founders of Simon and Schuster. As a publisher, he introduced many esoteric works to a wide audience, as well as such titles as "How to Play Winning Checkers," and is largely responsible for the inundation of the American book markets with "pocket-books." Mr. Schuster was also a trustee of Montefiore and New York Jewish hospitals, and the winner of the 50th Anniversary Medallion from the Columbia School of Journalism. Died December 21, 1970.

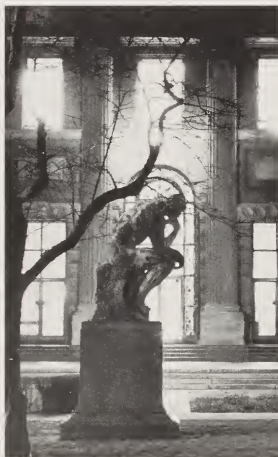
Rudolph Aebli '19, nationally known ophthalmologist and professor of ophthalmology, and developer of many new techniques and specialized instruments. He gained national attention in 1951 when he performed one of the earliest corneal transplants, restoring sight to a blind seaman. He was past president of the ophthalmic section of the New York Academy of Medicine, and clinical professor of ophthalmology at N.Y.U. Died January 4, 1971.

Henry Simon '23, author, critic and scholar, and editor of books on Shakespeare, music and teaching. Vice-President of Simon and Schuster, he also taught at Columbia. Died October 3, 1970.



Andrew Stewart

Andrew E. Stewart '26, senior partner of the law firm of Royall, Koegel and Wells, where he specialized in corporate law. A former trustee of the Village of Plandome, he was class treasurer for more than 25 years. Died January 13, 1971.



Emanuel Freedman

Emanuel Freedman '31, assistant managing editor of *The New York Times*. As foreign news editor, he directed coverage of such events as the Suez crisis, the Hungarian uprising and the Geneva Conference of 1954, and won numerous journalism awards. He served three terms as president of the Columbia Journalism School alumni. Died January 27, 1971.

Samuel Coleman '31, a former labor mediator who returned to Columbia in 1959 to study and teach philosophy. His introductory philosophy course was a favorite of undergraduates, and he himself was highly regarded for his approachability as well as his skill as a lecturer.



Oleg G. Cherny

Oleg Cherny '48, financial consultant who was recently appointed chief financial advisor to the New Communities Program of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Mr. Cherny was a director of the United Student Fund and a member of many management associations. Died October 7, 1970.

'Cambodia is a Correspondent's Nightmare'

No Road Is Secure — And Eight Journalists Have Already Perished There By Arnold Abrams

HONG KONG—You see a lot of s—, as the expression goes, in the course of covering the Indochina war, but full awareness of its human cost does not sink in until men who mean something to you start turning into statistics.

They needn't be long-time acquaintances or intimate friends. Just knowing them and sharing some of your life with them is sufficient.

We report at length about victims in Vietnam and Cambodia, but rarely come to know them as people. We enter and leave their lives by helicopter, pausing between landing and takeoff to view their burned-out villages, their bomb-cratered fields, and the bodies of their children. For all that some of us try, we remain something approximating voyeurs—more concerned, perhaps, than pilots who drop the bombs, or officers who prattle about body counts at the daily briefing in Saigon—but voyeurs nonetheless, reporting the pathos we see but knowing only in a second-hand way what it is really about.

This also holds true when American soldiers, the other victims of this war, are the subject of our dispatches. For years we have accompanied the grunts who beat around the boondocks, scared and miserable and with no idea why they are there; but it always boils down to *us* writing about *them*.

In Vietnam it can hardly be otherwise, for this war has separated correspondents from combatants as never before. It has nothing to do with educational background or economic status. It is a matter of having choice. We can choose the patrol or operation we want to accompany; then, within limits, we can decide when we have had enough, and split.

Arnold Abrams '61, former Spectator managing editor and Newsday reporter, studied Chinese as a Journalism Fellow at Columbia's East Asian Institute. He has been based in Hong Kong since September, 1968, and has traveled extensively through Southeast Asia. His dispatches appear regularly in the Far Eastern Economic Review and The New Leader, and are carried in numerous domestic newspapers. He is a frequent contributor to CCT.



EDDIE CHAN

24 HOURS TO LIVE: Reporter Abrams (left) and ABC correspondent Steve Bell (center) attend briefing with Frosch the day before Frosch was killed.

Almost all correspondents pay a price for this privilege: we remain outsiders, with only ephemeral involvement in what we report. But when the war catches those with whom we have some ties—namely, colleagues—it produces much pain among us.

We accept such happenings with some grace in Vietnam, where death is a recognized risk assumed by all who enter combat zones. Bullets and booby traps and B-40 rockets must take a toll among those who come within range. It is an impersonal thing, getting killed or maimed in Vietnam.

Cambodia, however, is another matter. The circumstances victimizing correspondents there have been especially horrifying. Of eight newsmen killed and 21 captured in that country, none was in a combat situation or even accompanying government troops when it happened. Almost all have had their fate determined after face-to-face confrontation with their captors. That is a very personal thing.

Cambodia is a correspondent's nightmare. On the straightest of roads in the most serene surroundings, death may lurk behind any thicket. In Vietnam you know which areas are insecure and when to seek military escort; in Cambodia reliable military intelligence or protection is non-existent. You are on your own in a land roamed almost at will by enemy forces.

Some precautions can be taken, like checking with inhabitants along the route, and avoiding long, empty stretches. But Cambodians, however friendly, may not know what lies a mile outside their village; and long, empty stretches of road are the rule rather than the exception.

It was on such a stretch that CBS correspondent George Sylvester '53 and producer Gerald Miller were killed last spring. They were traveling in a jeep which was blown up by an enemy ambush.

That incident, which apparently killed an Indian cameraman and Cambodian driver as well, could have occurred in any war. Enemy attackers probably mistook Syvertsen's jeep for a military vehicle, and fired a B-40 rocket before asking any questions. But the same ambush soon caught more newsmen, and in their case no mistakes were possible.

Minutes after destroying the jeep, enemy soldiers surrounded two civilian vehicles which had been following. Those cars carried two Japanese cameramen employed by CBS, and a four-man NBC team led by correspondent Welles Hagen. They all were taken prisoner.

Several days later, Hagen's Cambodian driver showed up in Phnom Penh. He said he had escaped in the confusion following an attack by government forces. He reported that his colleagues had been treated well during their first hours of captivity, usually the most crucial. But there has been no direct word of those men—or any other still-captive correspondents—since then.

Syvertsen's death and Hagen's unknown fate are tragic for professional as well as personal reasons. Each was a talented and thoughtful newsmen, fluent in several languages, concerned with human aspects of important stories.

Syvertsen, 38, concentrated in English literature and Soviet studies as an undergraduate at Columbia. He learned Russian while in military service, and spent seven years with the Associated Press in New York, Warsaw, and Moscow before joining CBS in 1966. He had reported from Asia since 1967.

One of his finest tributes comes from a competitor and fellow alumnus, ABC correspondent Howard Tuckner '56. "George was the purest journalist I've ever met," says Tuckner, a veteran Vietnam hand like Syvertsen. "He never let what can be the liquid-and-lollipop world of TV change him. He never tried to prove anything. He never indulged

in showbusiness heroics. He was above that. He tried to get the story, period."

Now there are many ways of getting stories, and no one story, in any case, is worth what it cost Syvertsen and the others. But serious newsmen cannot simply sit in Saigon or Phnom Penh and parrot official versions of what is happening. If you put out that kind of crap, you might as well go into public relations and get good pay for it.

Some correspondents are motivated by the lingering sense of never coming fully to grips with the Indochina

HANGEN: *no wide-eyed
cub reporter
or boy scout.*



NBC

story, that furtive feeling of being on the outside peeking in. There is keen awareness of the danger. But corny and even crazy as it may seem, professional dedication can override personal fear.

Hangen, 40 and the father of two small children, was no wide-eyed cub reporter or overgrown boy scout. He was a veteran foreign correspondent, with a total of 18 years spent overseas for *The New York Times* and NBC. He was a Council of Foreign Relations Fellow at the University in 1965, and one of the most concerned newsmen covering this region.

Welles studied Chinese while at Columbia, and continued his language lessons in Hong Kong. He was a voracious reader, fascinated by whatever region he was reporting from. A lunch with him here invariably turned into a three-hour seminar on Southeast Asia; I, for one, always enjoyed and benefited from it.

Like others, Welles was dissatisfied with the performance of communications media in reporting and interpreting the most significant story of the past decade. "I sometimes wonder if people back home can make any sense out of all the stuff we give them," he once remarked.

A similar sense of obligation drove Frank Frosch, whom I only came to know on the day before his death last fall.

We met by chance that day in Taing Kau, a strategic, well-blasted village about 50 miles north of Phnom Penh. Frank, UPI bureau chief in the Cambodian capital, offered me a ride back after we had spent some time interviewing army commanders heading the government's northern offensive.

During the return trip, I sat with Frank and Kyoichi Sawada, the Pulitzer Prize-winning UPI photographer who was killed with him. Sawada was as reticent as he was camera-skilled, so the return ride was largely a running conversation between Frank and myself: two strangers who suddenly found they had a lot to talk about.

We started back with car windows up, air-conditioning on and radio tuned to the American Forces Vietnam Network in Saigon, which was broadcasting a taped play-by-play of a Cleveland Browns game. I remarked that listening to pro football in an air-conditioned Mercedes, while passing through the war-torn Cambodian countryside, was a bit much for my psychic system.

Frank understood. He chuckled, then tightened. Traveling this way can be dangerous, he said, because it instills an unreal sense of well-being and impenetrability. "It probably was a factor with most of the guys who've gotten it," he added, referring to correspondents already killed or captured in Cambodia.

Partly because of his receding hairline, partly because of what he had experienced in Southeast Asia as an army officer and combat correspondent, Frank seemed older than his 28 years. Tough-looking but soft-spoken, he had been happy working for UPI in Atlanta after a year-long army tour in Vietnam. Yet he had volunteered to return.

"Strange as it may seem," he said, "I really wanted to get back out here." I said I didn't think it strange at all; that, for some, life in Asia has a lure that goes undiminished after only a year or two.

I mentioned that most of my family, and some friends also, thought I was crazy to forsake a placid suburban

existence in the States for this. He nodded. "Mine too," he said, adding that his wife and two children were looking forward to joining him soon in Phnom Penh.

We passed a company of Cambodian soldiers struggling to the front, and conversation turned to differences between these people and the Vietnamese. We both admired the Cambodians' patriotic fervor and commitment to defend their country. We also chuckled over the foibles of the Cambodian army — particularly the beer-guzzling propensities of some officers supposedly leading the latest offensive.

Then we stopped for drinks at a roadside stand near a ferry crossing on the outskirts of Phnom Penh. Frank said I was wise to forego chopped ice, a health risk in this region. Yet he let the merchant put some in his glass. "What the hell," he said. "If you're going to live, you might as well do it right."

As we stood sipping, a truckload of pigs pulled up, heading to market. Several dozen of the animals were on their backs, feet tied and stuck straight up, all squealing like mad. They were frightened and uncomfortable and riding to their death, and it bothered both of us to see them. "They know where they're heading," Frank said.

I had recently read a short story by Sholom Aleichem, "Pity for Living Creatures," pertinent to this scene. I wondered aloud whether the Cambodian driver felt any compassion for his unhappy cargo. Frank smiled and shook his head. "They're gentle people," he said, "but that's asking too much of them."

On the ferry we sat together at the bow, our feet dangling overboard not far above the water, and spoke of what our work meant to us. It's an absurd business, Frank said, considering the risks, the pay, and general working conditions. But he readily agreed when I remarked that, for moments of sheer satisfaction, however infrequent, journalism beats selling insurance or being an accountant.

Still, Frank said he would be getting out of this field someday because he doubted he would feel the same enthusiasm in 20 years. Then he voiced a private fear that gnaws at us all:

"One thing I don't want to do is overstay my time, then limp around trying to do what younger guys can do without working up a sweat," he said. "I've seen too many burned-out types like that. I don't want to be one of them."

Frank was considering radio work, but teaching was a strong possibility. He already had earned a master's degree and compiled some classroom experience. He also had coached high school basketball and football, and had enjoyed it.

His interest quickened when I remarked that I still prided myself on being able to put in a jump shot from the keyhole. "Did you bring your sneakers here?" he asked. I hadn't. "Maybe you can dig up a pair," he said.

The last few minutes of the trip, after the ferry crossing, were spent in silence. I was thinking of the future. I suspect Frank was, too. When we got back in the gathering darkness about 5:30 p.m., I shook hands all around and thanked him for the ride. "Don't mention it," he said. "Let's get together for dinner later this week."

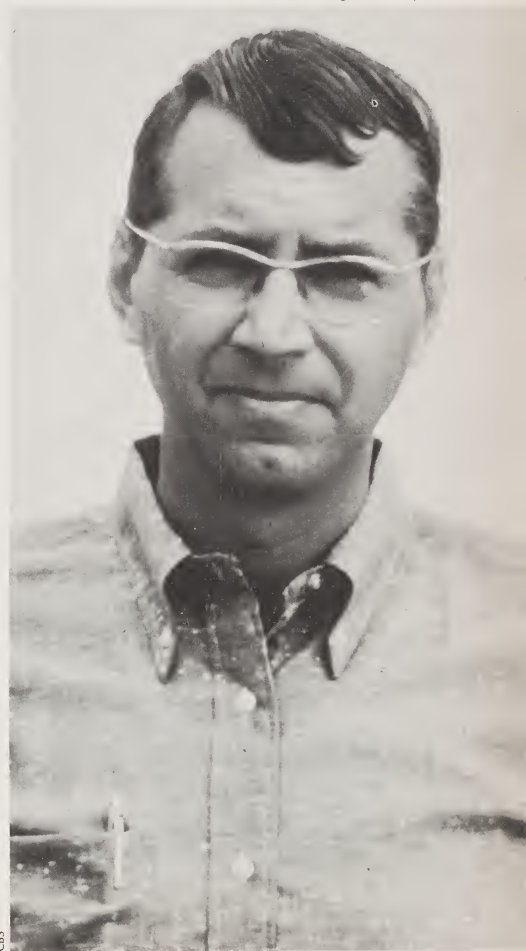
We didn't, of course. Frank and Sawada were gunned down at 5:30 p.m. the following day, Oct. 28, as they

drove together on a lonely stretch of highway south of Phnom Penh. It was a stretch no more or less secure than most roads outside the Cambodian capital.

There were indications that both men were executed by their ambushers, despite the fact that they were driving a civilian vehicle, clad in civilian clothing, and carrying proper credentials. This was not war, it was murder.

What determines who among us lives, and who dies, in Indochina? Only one thing is certain: professional ability and personal decency play no part in the process.

SYVERTSEN: "He never tried to prove anything. He tried to get the story."



Letters

More on the Gym

Mr. Walter J. Green '58, ended his letter in the Fall 1970 *Columbia College Today*, "Were it not so pitiable, the pre-occupation with the gymnasium would be laughable." In his letter he wrote, "I and most of those who attended Columbia College with me worthy of my respect, cared not the slightest about Columbia's gymnasium and intercollegiate athletic program." Giving the gym no priority, he presented his list of needs: faculty salaries, scholarships, strengthening the library, and improving community relations.

Such self-righteousness bothers me. Does Walter Green realize that a faculty made of flesh and spirit, as well as mind, find working conditions as important as salary (and often more important)? Just a simple parking place for a commuter to Morningside Heights can make all the difference in the world. Rewards for work well done take a variety of forms, not the least of which is physical well-being. A sauna bath, a modern pool, some squash courts and a good trainer are a part of faculty salary at most large universities. Unfortunately, professors who would put such sycaritic pleasures ahead of total dedication to intellection will no doubt remain unworthy of Mr. Green's respect. I wonder, too, if Mr. Green has considered using modern gym facilities for, as he puts it, "improving relations with the abused Morningside Heights community"? Think of the neighborhood youth programs in which Columbia's own needy students could find employment. Perhaps some of those local kids would end up at Columbia; individual confidence develops in a variety of ways. A new gym can help with all the priority needs listed by Mr. Green except strengthening the library, and some of the library staff might enjoy regular workouts away from the stacks.

Finally, does Mr. Green understand that intercollegiate athletic programs came into being a century ago and have remained with us because a large number of students enjoyed and benefited from them? Despite pressure from proponents of intellectualism (as opposed to true intellectuals), most colleges and universities have not felt that they were wasting educational funds on gymnasium facilities; indeed, if we are to believe our sister institutions, they have been quite willing to open as many avenues to total education as possible. A great deal of

experiential lab work in self-understanding has occurred over the years, thanks to intercollegiate athletics. The current human potential movement in humanistic psychology continues to validate the classical ideal of the whole man. Has Mr. Green forgotten that fine old Columbia motif? Why subtract the educational option that athletics provides because it does not happen to be one's own choice? Higher education already suffers too much from tunnel vision.

I sympathize with the difficulties presented by the issue of a Columbia gymnasium, and I trust Columbia will support a high gym construction priority only to the extent it continues to honor the educational goal of human wholeness, an ideal espoused since 1754. It seems obvious to me that balance and wholeness have become far more than classical abstractions in an urban society characterized by rampant narrowness and specialization. For that reason alone I find it pitiable that Mr. Green would continue to accord his personal respect only for mere congruence with his own life style. Pitiable, but not laughable.

Henry M. Littlefield '54

One of Columbia's main problems has not been a lack of attention to academic affairs, but a lack of sufficient concern for its athletic facilities and programs. This has resulted in the University being ridiculed because of the poor performance of some of its teams, especially the football team, and the appearance of that pile of kindling wood at Baker Field. It also resulted some years ago in the drowning of a student under the boardwalk which had been constructed at one end of the swimming pool in University Hall in an attempt to make that inadequate facility sufficient for swimming contests.

What are simpleminded and pitiable are those lopsided creatures who are unable to appreciate that man is a physical sport-enjoying being as well as a mind.

Columbia should engage in athletics and it should do them well, just as it has excelled in its intellectual activities.

Frederick C. Stark, Jr. '51

Mr. Walter J. Green's letter to the editors appearing in the Fall 1970 issue was well taken. He depicts correctly the present over emphasis on athletics on the part of the alumni. Be that as it may, athletics, intramural and intercollegiate, contribute toward the social, physical, and mental development of the student. Mr. Green's thing was not athletics and I would not say that he is worse off because of his disinterest. My thing was three hours a day, six days a week, for eight months of the year for four years at Baker Field and South Field. I loved it! On one hand I support Columbia College athletics for its inherent values, but I would side with Mr. Green when I see mature alumni becoming genuinely unhappy if a Columbia team loses. They have lost sight of the true purpose of athletics and in its place have embraced a philosophy in which winning is all that matters.

I urge Columbia to select competition equal to its own caliber.

John J. McGroarty '58

Walter Green must have been suffering from an acute fit of pique when he wrote his recent letter attacking Columbia's plans to build a new gymnasium, for what else could account for his eagerness to lay this country's ills at the doorstep of intercollegiate athletics? I grant that too often the attitude of many universities toward their student-athletes has been less than edifying, but to link Columbia's new gym to those attitudes and then finally to the problems of our society is to offer, at best, a hopelessly convoluted argument.

Furthermore, Mr. Green has quite obviously missed to whole point of the new gym which is to provide the Columbia community with an adequate physical recreation facility. To deny that such a facility is badly needed, is to deny that physical recreation is vital to the well being of most Columbia men, not to mention lesser mortals. It is to deny that people with plenty of intellectual capacity often find real satisfaction in athletic activity. In fact, many find it an essential part of their lives.

That Mr. Green does not appreciate the importance of physical activity is understandable, but what is not understandable is that he should try to prejudice the case against the new gym by invoking arguments that are devoid of substance.

Bennett Miller '59

Up-to-Date

I was delighted to read the Fall 1970 issue of *Columbia College Today*. It is good to see that the magazine is finally making an effort to present an accurate and up-to-date picture of what is going on at Columbia. For too many years the magazine was devoted to confirming misconceptions entertained by some of the older alumni. It is an indication of the College's confidence and trust in these alumni that *Columbia College Today* is now willing to tell them a straighter story.

William H. McDavid '68

Ted Gold

Ted Gold '68, whose death was perfunctorily reported in the obituary column of the Summer 1970 edition of your magazine, was a revolutionary who was dedicated to the struggle to build a new world based on equality, peace and freedom. His life was worth a thousand times more than those of the real estate brokers, judges, professors and lawyers whose deaths are reported in considerable detail on the same obituary page. Ted Gold lives! Power to the people!

Allen Young '62

Intransigence

I enjoyed reading the Summer 1970 issue of *Columbia College Today*—especially the article by J. Chambers on Columbia during WW I. Comparing this period with the Columbia outbreaks in the Springs of 1968 and 1970 yields some interesting results. What came out rather loud and clear was that the intransigence of President N. M. Butler and the faculty in favor of WW I (with the students following dutifully along) was matched by the current intransigence of the students in 1968 and 1970 (with the President and many of the faculty following along this year).

Although there may have been some improvements in 1970 over the administration of 1968, with its unfortunate appointment of the so-called "Westin Committee" of the faculty, strong issue must be taken with then-President Cordier, who, together with other members of the faculty and the administration, officially resolved against Cambodia and took the unfortunate act of announcing that University facilities would be utilized "for effective anti-war activity."

Just as the University was terribly wrong in acting on one side of the war issue in 1918, the University was equally wrong for acting on the other side of that issue by attempting to commit the University as an institution on a question of national policy—regardless of the personal beliefs of its employees and the opposite pressures to which they were subjected. We still need bigger men at Columbia—if they can be found.

W. Noel Keyes '43

Dissent

I disagree completely with you. The campus should not be made a political battleground.

B. S. Troedsson '27

Transfiguration

Either Lou Kusserow looked a lot like my Columbia roommate and friend, Peter DeBlasio, or you had the wrong photo for the "Gold Dust Twins," on page 49 of the fall issue. That partner of Gene Rossides sure looks a lot like Peter.

Roland E. Kuniholm '51

EDITOR'S NOTE: You're right.

Ind-cent L-nguage

I think the fall 1970 issue of *Columbia College Today* would have been one of the finest issues yet published. However, "Everyone's Gone Crazy" more than nullifies all the plaudits for the other articles. I think it is shocking that the author used such very bad taste in repeating a vile word in his dispatch, even though he was quoting verbatim.

On completing the reading of the articles before this one I thought my nephew, a high school sophomore, might like to see *Columbia College Today*, so I planned to put it in his hands. Now I shall not let him see it. How could I when it contains such indecent language?

I have always and everywhere sung the praises of alma mater and shall continue to do so in spite of such things as this. Why did you and the author not censor the use of such a vulgar word? Why did you print it?

How dare you and how dare the author of this article!

Philip T. Moore '23

The Persuaders

There is a photograph on page 68 of the Fall issue of *Columbia College Today* incorrectly captioned "UNFRIENDLY PERSUASION: Police arrest a demonstrator at a political rally."

The photograph should properly be captioned "So-called police beat up a citizen," inasmuch as (1) there is no evidence in the photo that the gang of men (7) shown in the photograph are actually members of the police force; nor any way to individually identify them, (2) there is no indication at all of anyone being "arrested," as legally defined, but rather of physical violence being inflicted on a citizen whose back is turned, and, finally (3) the so-called demonstrator was actually a citizen on his way back to work from lunch who tried to secure medical help from the police for another citizen who was lying badly beaten and severely bleeding on the sidewalk of Fun City.

I request that you print a correction to the caption in your next issue.

Louis Lionni

Wonderful Moments

Your *Once Upon a Time* story, Columbia vs. Princeton, made wonderful reading, but there was another "wonderful moment," Columbia's upset of Army in the Polo Grounds in 1925, maybe it was 1926, but no matter it was wonderful. George Pease was Columbia's quarterback, and what a job he did. Both *Spectator* and the downtown press featured this victory as Columbia's most significant since intercollegiate competition had been reinstated on Morningside Heights. The score, if I remember rightly, was 21-7 Columbia. Columbia's Student Employment Office recruited ushers with free admission to the game as the principal stipend, and I drew a section on the Army Band in attendance (not a cadet band) and my cheers for Columbia made me so obnoxious that the band leader instructed his cohorts to spread out and thus unseat me from the seat on the end of a row, and I cheered the rest of the time from a seat on a cold concrete step.

J. E. Cowie '29

Fekless Slobs

Some issues back *Columbia College Today* featured an account of the riots that fractured Columbia.

The editor illuminated the day-to-day events for those of us watching in dismay at a distance. Performing a valuable service he named names—both faculty and student, chronicled their actions in deed and word, exposed the phony issues which screened the root purpose. It was a brilliant depiction of the anatomy of student riots everywhere.

Shortly, this man was accused of being an anti-semitic—in Fun City a charge more heinous than matricide. After that, he was replaced as editor. A neat piece of reverse McCarthyism!

The Fall 1970 issue of the same magazine begins with a mewling editorial by his replacement deploring an administration guideline that political groups which use University facilities will have to pay for them. Where, he asks, will the Young Socialists obtain the \$58.50 to rent Harkness? He anguishes over the violent response this policy may provoke.

I would go further. Meetings for the purpose of political propaganda should not be held within the University at all—for pay or free—regardless of the sponsoring organization.

Columbia used to be a respected, even loved, institution of learning. More recently it has become a haven for drug culture devotees, Marxists and feckless slobs whose devotion to learning is minuscule. It will continue so as long as the abject permissiveness typified by this editorial continues to represent the rudderless non-policy of those in authority at Columbia.

Enough is too much!

Omar Legant '35

Columbia College Today

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ANDREW AMES



Columbia College Today

SUMMER 1971



**TENURE:
FREEZE OR SQUEEZE?**

Letters

Surprised

I am a recently admitted student to the Class of 1975. I am truly looking forward to attending Columbia. Recently, I was given a copy of *Columbia College Today* by my guidance office. The Spring issue was interesting reading. I found the viewpoints within the various articles at once refreshing and surprising: refreshing to hear an honest opinion and constructive criticism and surprising to read it in an alumni magazine.

Irving Schenkler

Columbia Forum

Columbia Forum was founded to replace the *Columbia Alumni Magazine* which had been published by the Alumni Federation.

Columbia College Today was founded to replace the College class notes and news information previously carried by the Alumni Magazine. With Joe Coffee I was one of the founders.

Wayne Van Orman '28

Will to Perform

It was sneaky of you to be less tardy than I. You got out another issue before I got around to responding to Mr. Walter Green '58 who said in the Fall 1970 CCT that he didn't care at all about the gym or inter-collegiate athletics, nor did any of the classmates whom he respected.

Mr. Green obviously doesn't qualify for the "rounded man" diploma, but certainly he should have the perception to realize that the opportunity to exercise and compete and, yes, also root for one's school are definitely needs of 90 per cent of college-age men.

Mr. John McGroarty '58 came to Mr. Green's defense in the Winter-Spring '71 CCT, questioning Columbia alumni who become "genuinely unhappy if a Columbia team loses . . . I urge Columbia to select competition equal to its own caliber." What unthinking balderdash! No sane Columbia alumnus, nor any reasonable human, believes that "winning is all that matters." No one is upset "if a Columbia team loses." One is upset if a Columbia team loses ALL THE TIME, even when playing in a league of its intellectual peers, all of whom are bound by a mutual agreement to pursue intercollegiate athletics on an amateur basis.

I don't think I'm twisting logic too much if I venture that "you are whom you play." We have an honored intellectual tradition at Columbia and we compete against schools of similar substance. Why then should we be consistently drubbed in certain sports? (and mind you, we hold our own in quite a few—basketball, fencing, tennis come to mind immediately).

If we cannot compete athletically with our peer schools, if we must degrade our athletic schedules, is it too far-fetched to suspect that this could be a reflection of a parallel slippage in our academic achievements?

I'm not talking about winning all the time, or some of the time, or even once in a while. I'm talking about a swimming team (even Mr. Green will concede that swimming is a useful sport throughout life for competitors and non-competitors alike), that could not win a meet in two whole seasons, that was so inferior to its peers that it was forced to schedule schools that are not on Columbia's level as educational institutions, and was still walloped by them.

The will to perform creditably, when it exists on the intellectual level, will be just as urgent when applied to other areas. Just as it is foolish to desire athletic excellence while performing like a slob intellectually, it is distasteful to achieve high academic results and perform like a slob in other areas.

In 1972—albeit because of a scheduling emergency—the football team will play against a local team newly removed from the "club" football status.

The swimming team, as I noted, has dropped several Ivy opponents in favor of some local teams. This "local" area is my home area; I have nothing against it. But the question remains, is Columbia to remain a great cosmopolitan institution, or is it going to fade into just another big university in a big city?

Success in sports requires hard work, brains and pride. That's exactly what makes for success in intellectual endeavors. Athletics should never take priority over education, but it should maintain parallel standards.

If Mr. McGroarty cares much about Columbia, he should examine the nuances of his statement that Columbia should "select competition equal to its own caliber." That's exactly what I'm saying.

Charles K. Sergis '55

Musclebound Philistinism

Your choice of words in the second paragraph of "Off Broadway Closing" (Page 8, Winter-Spring 1971 issue) is inaccurate. The School of Dramatic Arts did not "founder" in 1958. It was killed by the razing of Brander Matthews Theatre to make way for the new School of Law without finding it other quarters.

The pattern is not far different from the killing of the Theatre Arts Division of the School of the Arts in the present instance, with the excuse that the city is razing the old Women's Hospital building. A long time loyal alumnus must reluctantly conclude that it is indeed true Columbia has little respect for the arts, less for the performing arts and none at all for the art of the theatre. (Contrast this with the perennial furor over building bigger and better athletic facilities and teams to represent this great cultural/educational institution.)

Let us admit that the practice of theatre is a laboratory rather than a lecture hall discipline. I see no evidence of an entire science curriculum being discarded because its laboratory requirements are more expensive than others. It would have been reasonable to require Theatre Arts to cut its budget in proportion to the other divisions of the University—or perhaps even a little more deeply—as is being done in some institutions in these financially difficult times. Obviously the University administration thought the theatre at Columbia had little enough support to safely permit its elimination.

This may prove to be an error in judgment. Columbia, being as you point out the very capital of the theatre world, has many alumni active and successful in that world. (Some of us, including personages of the stature of Richard Rodgers, served for years on more or less nominal committees presumably devoted to the establishment of a preeminent theatre curriculum.) We do not take lightly Alma Mater's outdated pedagogical snobism and/or perennial musclebound Philistinism. Nor will many more colleagues in related fields who now see all the arts at Columbia threatened by this first purging.

Robert C. Schnitzer '27
Executive Director
Professional Theater Program
The University of Michigan

1971

COLUMBIA COLLEGE CENSUS
INFORMATION FOR THE ALUMNI RECORDS

Please return to Columbia College Census, 4 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Name and Address

Your Class _____

Is above address ☐ residence or ☐ business and your preferred mailing address ☐ yes
☐ no

Alternative address (☐ residence or ☐ business):

Telephone numbers and area code: Residence:

Business:

Profession, company, organization, or military service with which you are concerned:

Your Position:

Other current connections (business directorships; civil, philanthropic, etc.), with offices held:

Columbia activities with dates (College Council, Annual Fund, Alumni Association, etc.):

If married, give spouse's full name:

No. of children: Girls _____ Boys _____

Ages _____ Ages _____

Miscellaneous publications, honors, special interests, etc.:

Within the Family

The most spectacular news on the nation's campuses this year has been the absence of large-scale disruptions. Knowledgeable observers derive no comfort from the phenomenon. The relative silence of today's students does not mean that they are any better accommodated to "the system" than the young men and women who stormed buildings in 1968. Rather, it reflects a growing disbelief that the system can either be improved from within or transformed by revolution.

President William McGill summarized the prevailing mood when he said in a recent speech:

No matter what you do the war does not end, the racial antagonisms do not abate, the faculty does not care, and the administration is too busy playing up to alumni and trustees to listen to students' voices. It is all hopeless and useless. The only way to handle it is to draw into yourself and do what you can within the narrow dimensions of your own personality or the small group with which you travel. The radicals are hung up in petty ideological disputes. They try to trap you in their causes and you wind up getting busted while they go on to the next movement. To hell with it all! Nothing works; nothing means anything.

The students who will enter college in the fall of 1971 have grown up with the war. They were in elementary school when the Senate enacted the Tonkin Bay resolution. They were high school freshmen when the Paris peace talks began, more than three years ago. Many of them have run the gamut of political experience, both conventional and radical, while still in their early teens.

Their disenchantment with the fighting, and with the government's efforts to rationalize it, has led them to a more basic questioning of American institutions and values. Such questioning was healthy, in that it uncovered evils which had not been generally acknowledged—as long as the questioners believed that the evils could be remedied. Many no longer do. The activism—revolutionary and otherwise—of the 1960s has given way to introversion, the optimism to quiet despair.

It is now ten years and three Administrations since we sent troops to Vietnam. All that we have to show for those ten years is a generation of cynics. Millions of young Americans, outwardly unscarred, have become casualties of war.

M.B.M.

At the annual Convention of the American Alumni Council last month, Columbia College Today won the grand prize in The Atlantic Monthly competition for excellence in writing. We also received certificates of honorable mention for being among the top five entrants in the following categories: alumni content, student content, and editorial comment. Infrequency of publication rendered us ineligible to compete for the Sibley award (best alumni magazine), which our predecessor had virtually monopolized.

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SURPRISE PARTY

Federal officials who visited campus last March to begin an investigation of the employment status of women at Columbia received two surprises.

Their first surprise was a hefty footnoted report aimed at documenting widespread discrimination against women at the University. The report was presented to the government investigators by a group of staff and faculty women — many of whom, as members of Columbia Women's Lib-

eration, had been instrumental in its preparation.

But even much more unexpected than the unofficial black paper was the administration's failure to submit its own statistics concerning female employees.

In order to keep federal contracts, the University is required to prepare an annual breakdown of its employment picture for the Labor Department's Office of Federal Contract Compliance. The purpose of this procedure is to ascertain whether an employer provides equal job and promotion opportunities for persons regard-

less of race, creed, or sex. An employer who is found to be derelict in any area must present a corrective plan, which must then be approved by the government.

The University, which has routinely supplied statistics to the Labor Department reflecting the distribution of minority group employees, had done no similar analysis of women workers. And before this past year it had never been challenged to show it did not discriminate on the basis of sex.

The challenge came in May, 1970, when the Women's Equity Action

League (WEAL), acting on information supplied by Columbia Women's Liberation, filed a complaint with the government, charging Columbia University with discrimination against women.

"The University Administration had ample time to prepare a report about 'women,' charges a spokeswoman from the Columbia liberation group, "but it hoped the investigators would do its work for it."

Vice-President for Administration Warren Goodell, whose office is gathering the information for the government, explains in rebuttal: "We couldn't really start until it was clear what the government wanted to know. And it takes time to do the job properly. The data in this University is in an awful mess."

Assisting Goodell in preparing the report is equal employment officer Beverly Clark. Clark, who is black, was an assistant office supervisor at the medical school before stepping into the new post, the creation of which was announced just two days before the government investigators came to campus.

While Labor Department officials await the University's official statistics, they should find interesting reading in the staff study prepared by angry Columbia women. Their report declares that only one of the top 70 administrative positions at the University is held by a woman. On the lower rungs of the employment ladder, the imbalance seems to be in the opposite direction. Over 98 per cent of Columbia's secretarial-clerical staff is female, and the authors maintain that "there is strong evidence that the number of women with B.A.s or higher degrees functioning at this level is disproportionate to (i.e. higher than) the national average."

The staff study further alleges that men with degrees invariably hold more prestigious and higher paying administrative jobs than women with the same credentials.

The paper charges, too, that in the area of maintenance services women dominate the lowest paying job category—maid—and are not employed at all most of the higher paying levels.

Appended to the comparative survey of administrative and supporting staff positions filled by women are

over 30 allegations of specific instances of sex discrimination. The complainants are all female.

A copy of a report on discrimination against women teachers at Columbia, prepared last year by faculty members of Columbia Women's Liberation, was also given to the government inspectors. (This report was the basis of the complaint filed against Columbia by WEAL.) The faculty study points out that while Columbia grants 26 per cent of its doctorates to women, only 2.10 per cent of its tenured faculty is female.

High-ranking University administrators (all male) have responded with varying degrees of caution to the women's accusations.

Personnel Director Robert Adams notes that if discrimination against women is found to exist, the University would be forced to revamp its policies in two areas: hiring and promotion. In that case, he says, "If there is a problem, we've solved part of it already, because we aren't filling any jobs in the administration."

President William McGill places the charges of discrimination against women at the University in a larger context. "The traditional structures of society that accord status to certain elements of society are under attack," the President declares. "And women are now beginning to challenge the structures that exclude them."

"You can't prove sexism by statistics, but statistics do point to certain questions. The fact that there are many women graduate students here, for example, is not reflected in the faculty."

Frankest of all the administrators is Dean of the College Carl Hovde. "I think," concedes Hovde, "that a fair number of complaints are justified. Clearly, you can indict not just this institution but almost any other from top to bottom." He adds, however, that opportunities for women are greater today than at any time in the past, due largely to the activities of militant women's groups. "The pressure of the women's movement has made us all more aware of the situation of women in the academic community," the Dean explains. "I wouldn't hire any person simply because she was a woman, but I see no barrier to a woman's receiving any job in the University."

NEW ALLIANCE

"Music, Free Beer, Girls" proclaimed a bright red and white poster advertising a business school mixer. Twenty-four hours later the announcement had been amended. In big black letters the words "and Boys" had been added.

No one in Uris Hall seemed to know who had made the alteration, but its meaning was clear to all: the feminists had struck again. If girls were bait to lure males to a party, then surely business school boys should be advertised, along with music and free beer, to attract women.

The addition of two words was just not one more coy play in the ancient battle between the sexes. For today at Columbia, men and women do not stand on opposite sides of the scrimmage line. Instead, female and male liberationists are aligned together against the "traditionalists" or "male chauvinists." The feminist who scrawled "and Boys" may well have been a man.

Messages from the contemporary women's movement have fallen on receptive ears, particularly in the College. At a time when youth is exalting the personal response to situations and society, this is not surprising. It is difficult to be genuinely concerned about the quality and straightforwardness of human relationships and still regard all Barnard women as inherently inferior—both to College classmates and Vassar girls.

The clues to changes in attitudes towards women are varied and sometimes subtle. Teachers who instruct classes which include Barnard students still make jokes about women but they often do so self-consciously—"with apologies to women's lib." Laughter does not always follow. There are also indications that some Columbia men are not averse to doing "women's work." During a week-end women's conference held on campus last March, College students helped man three all-day child care centers. Along with a few husbands from the community, the Columbia men diapered infants, cooked for moppets, and generally kept over 50 children entertained and reasonably clean.

Spectator on more than one occasion has aroused the wrath of Columbia women and their supporters. A



THE HANDS THAT ROCK THE CRADLE: Nick Shannon '74 and Richard Barth, husband of CCT's associate editor, care for tots while women attend liberation conference.

review written by General Studies student Richard Leary of female director Barbara Loden's film, *Wanda*, ended with faint praise: "Despite some major flaws and her own pretentious rationale, Barbara Loden has made a pretty good little film. For a girl."

Before campus women's groups had time to meet to fire off a letter of complaint, an angry response to the Leary article appeared in *Spectator*. The reply, authored by College sophomore Brian Berkey, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, referred to the offending review as "chauvinist crap."

Leary, elaborating on his remarks at a subsequent interview, acknowledged: "I wouldn't deny that I'm a male chauvinist. I enjoy shocking people." Men who took offense, he declared, were "trying to play Sir Galahad." Retorted Berkey: "I don't think people are shocked. They're just disgusted. Most of the guys I know have spent a lot of time gaining consciousness of how people relate to one an-

other individually, and how classes treat other classes."

Questionnaires filled out earlier this year by 100 Columbia freshmen, selected at random, suggest that many Columbia men are indeed more disgusted than shocked by anti-women remarks, particularly lewd ones. The question-sheets were specifically designed to elicit freshman reactions to the orientation program last fall. For many years, one of the leading features of orientation week has been King's Crown Activities Night, during which the various extracurricular organizations attempt to attract new members. Recently, however, KCA Night has been transformed. In place of the staid presentations of the 1950s, many of the activities have tried to outdo their competitors in the use of obscene sexual jokes. Scantly clad girls have appeared in the skits, while upperclassmen made pitches about the sexual rewards of joining a particular society or publication, or else

warned their audiences about the "Barnyard pigs" across Broadway. Needless to say, although all KCA activities are open to Barnard students, the women were not invited to KCA Night.

More than half of the respondents to the questionnaire indicated that they had found KCA Night neither enjoyable nor enlightening. Specific comments on the evening included "pandering, sexist," "most tasteless junk imaginable," and "highly exploitive of sex and women." The majority of the freshmen not only believed that the KCA stag evening should be dropped, but recommended also that orientation week become co-educational. And this fall it will be.

A co-educational student committee headed by Leslie Mazza '73B and Keith Addis '72 has revamped freshman orientation into a program that will emphasize "getting people together." KCA night will give way to a Clubs Carnival at MacIntosh, the

new Barnard student center. An informal barbecue on South Field will probably replace the traditional formal banquet for College freshmen. All non-academic orientation activities will be open to Barnard, Engineering, and Columbia students.

Addis hopes that the new orientation program will "give men and women a chance to meet, and to get to know people before everyone hibernates for the winter. Half the guys around here never see a girl. We forget how to deal with them. We can do a lot to improve the vibes by getting a people-thing started during orientation."

Upperclassmen who never see a woman will also have a chance to re-

verse that sorry trend this autumn. Two dormitories, Livingston Hall and 616 West 116th Street (a Barnard residence), will become co-educational in September. Tenants for the two buildings were selected from a pool of men and women who opted for co-ed arrangements.

In 616 West 116th Street, one suite per floor will be occupied by Columbia students. Four floors in Livingston will house both sexes.

A poll taken next Spring might illuminate the issues raised in the Leary-Berkey controversy. Are Columbia men feminists, malechauvinists, or Sir Galahads? The Barnard experimenters in co-ed living would be the ones to ask.

DRAWING THE LINE

Student dissidents waited until February before giving President William McGill his baptism of fire, and even then the disturbances were mild compared to the massive disruptions of previous years. Puerto Rican militants, dissatisfied with the content and staffing of a Puerto Rican history course, shouted the professor down during his first lecture, then boycotted two subsequent classes when security guards were stationed outside the room.

The roots of the controversy go back to the fall of 1969, when Kempton E. Webb, Director of the Institute for Latin American Studies, visited the University of Puerto Rico. There he discussed with Professor Arturo Morales Carrion plans for a course, at Columbia, in Puerto Rican history. There had been no demand for such a course, but, as Webb explained afterward, "we wanted to anticipate one."

In the spring of 1970, Morales Carrion delivered three lectures on the campus. Attendance ran from about five at the first session to about 20 at the third. There was also some mild heckling of the professor, and at the final meeting radical students passed out leaflets attacking him.

The response, though hardly overwhelming, encouraged Webb and Morales Carrion to proceed with a full semester course the following spring. The history department agreed to sponsor it, and the Institute undertook to pay the professor's salary. Original plans called for Morales Carrion to commute from Puerto Rico every other week, with a graduate assistant taking over on alternate weeks.

Arturo Morales Carrion's credentials were impressive. Raised in Puerto Rico, he studied at Columbia College for a year before taking his B.A. at the University of Puerto Rico in 1935. He earned his Ph.D. in Latin American Studies at Columbia, where he was a pupil of Carleton H. Hayes, Jacques Barzun, and Frank Tannenbaum. He has taught at the University of Puerto Rico, the University of Miami, and George Washington University, and 25 years ago offered the first Colum-

THEY BOTH WEAR THE PANTS: *Do dress-alikes symbolize the growing equality between the sexes?*



bia College course in Latin American civilization. He has authored six books and a spate of articles and essays.

He has also served as a special advisor to the Secretary-General of the Organization of American States, and as a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State during the Kennedy administration. And therein lay the nub of the problem.

The first class met on February 8. Morales Carrion had scarcely introduced himself before he was interrupted by hecklers, all of whom were Puerto Rican, and many of whom were not enrolled in the class. They accused him of favoring statehood for Puerto Rico ("Anyone who knows me knows I'm for commonwealth," replies Morales Carrion); of having sent the Marines to Santo Domingo ("I had nothing to do with the State Department in those days, and I was critical of that decision"); and of being re-

sponsible for the fact that University of Puerto Rico courses are taught in English ("With the exception of mainland professors, all teaching there is done in Spanish.")

Professor Morales Carrion is a dedicated scholar who believes that "Universities should offer a detached view of society, or, if not entirely detached, one which should offer the longer perspective." He is not a man to roll up his sleeves and engage in verbal slugfests with angry militants. After hasty discussions with University representatives, who had been alerted to possible trouble and were waiting outside the room, he dismissed the class.

During subsequent negotiations, student dissidents expressed resentment that neither they nor members of the Puerto Rican community in New York City had been consulted about the structure of the course. "We

didn't want some radical scholar to teach it," said one. "It's fine for people to make up their own minds. But Morales Carrion's presentation would be highly biased, and these biases would be passed on to students who have no basis for discernment." The protesters demanded that other speakers, of their own choosing, be invited to lecture during the alternate weeks when Morales Carrion would be absent.

Morales Carrion demurred. "He felt," observed a colleague, "that it was his course." He also objected to all but a few of the proposed lecturers, most of whom, he declared, were not historians. (Eventually, the Institute offered the militants money to organize a lecture series of their own. They accepted, but never came forward with a list of speakers.)

Another complaint was that the professor didn't spend enough time with his students. Morales Carrion responded by meeting classes every Monday instead of every other Monday, and by making himself available through dinner until late in the evening.

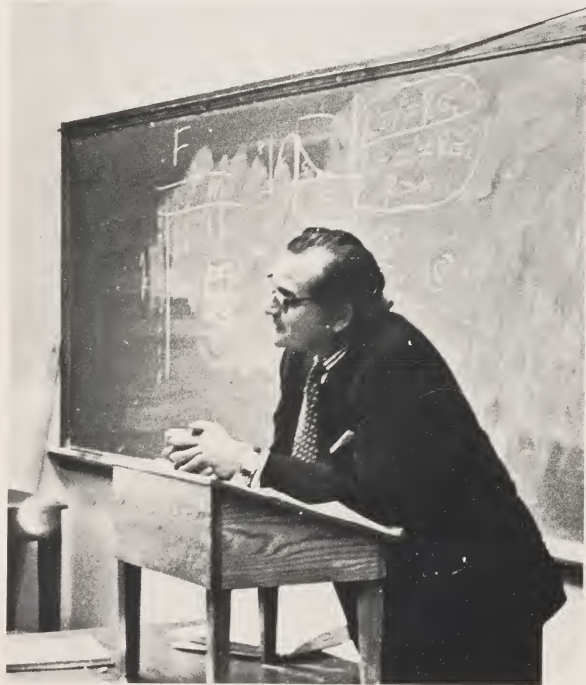
"He became more human," one radical leader conceded. "But that wasn't the issue." The issue, the student explained, was more basic:

"He's the super-scholarly type. I don't relate to that."

President McGill, meanwhile, viewed the incident (together with an unrelated trashing episode outside the School of International Affairs later that week) as "the first instance in which I was being tested." He reacted accordingly. The following Monday, he issued a strong statement condemning disorders and asking University Senate to support him. That same afternoon, as Professor Morales Carrion prepared to meet his class for the second time, security guards were posted at the door to exclude outsiders. Several administrators were present, including McGill. Four persons were barred from the room, and others walked out in protest.

The following Monday, student and faculty negotiators thought they had reached an agreement for the guards' removal. Somewhere along the line, however, there was a misunderstanding, and as students approached the classroom at one p.m. they were astonished to find eight

STORM-CENTER: The appointment of Prof. Arturo Morales Carrion to teach a course in Puerto Rican history aroused bitter controversy.



helmeted officers standing near the entrance. This time, ten students refused to go inside.

Senate's response to the incident was somewhat more ambiguous than the President's. It tabled a strongly worded measure introduced by Professor Quentin Anderson, and adopted instead a milder resolution calling upon "all members of the University to refrain from acts of a violent, coercive or destructive nature," and urging the administration "to take all necessary and proper steps to restrain outside persons, organizations or agencies from interfering in the educational processes of the University." The vote was 53 to six, with 14 absences. At least one dissenter, Vice President for Administration Warren Goodell, explained that he voted against the resolution because he didn't consider it strong enough. But McGill, who earlier had denounced the tabling of the Anderson proposal, declared himself satisfied with Senate's action.

Whether because the President's stand achieved its desired effect, or because students were satisfied with the offer of a lecture series, there were no further disruptions of Morales Carrion's classes. But attendance fell off badly, and the course will not be offered again next year. "It was a one-shot deal anyway," says Webb, who acknowledges, however, that it might have been repeated if interest had been higher. Some dispute his contention that the poor response reflects lack of interest in the subject-matter. "Perhaps," offered one historian, "we should try something more sociological, more involved with contemporary problems. The Puerto Rican community is here, and we'll have to make some kind of response to it, if a modified one."

To all parties, Morales Carrion was a symbol. "This is the only course in Puerto Rican studies at Columbia," explained a student. "We had to show that Columbia shouldn't create such a course without consulting Puerto Rican students and the Puerto Rican community in the city." "He's holding the line for everyone," said Kempton Webb. "If you yield on him, then who's next?" The result was a confrontation which left no one particularly happy, the symbol himself least of all.

TAKING OFF

During his chairmanship of the Political Science Department, a post he has just vacated, Professor Wayne Wilcox tried to make sure that all of the "senior people in the department" taught courses in the College.

Wilcox has nothing but the highest regard for College students: "They are very, very bright, many of them are much brighter than I am. And give them something worthwhile to do and they'll work like dogs." Professor Wilcox never takes attendance: "That would be insulting."

Nevertheless, Professor Wilcox became involved in an unprecedented situation at Columbia, in which he was called on the carpet by a student on the College Committee on Instruction and publicly criticized by Executive Vice-President Polykarp Kusch for having missed about half of his sessions with his College class.

Last fall, when he was teaching an undergraduate course on international affairs, Wilcox had two opportunities to do research abroad, in Western Europe and the Soviet Union. He availed himself of both. He secured temporary leave from Dean of Faculties George Fraenkel, and arranged with colleagues to take over his classes. Then he left.

Early the following semester, primarily at the instigation of Robert Fuhrman '71—an A-student in Wilcox's class who will attend the Harvard Business School next fall—and College Committee on Instruction member Michael Orenstein '71, Wilcox was invited to defend his absences. He did. He maintained that he had arranged for coverage, made himself available for consultation with his students, and personally graded each piece of written work; and he argued that the trips were essential to his professional career.

Dissatisfied, the students brought their complaint to Dean Carl F. Hovde, who, though Dean of the College, had not been consulted about the leaves. Finally, Vice-President Kusch was asked to adjudicate the issue.

"You know, they have a legitimate case," Kusch told Wilcox.

"I know," the professor replied.

In the middle of May, Kusch announced his decision. He recom-



mended more clearly defined procedures for the granting of leaves. He decided that although Professor Wilcox had "acted in good faith throughout," his course was "less valuable to students than it might have been." And he closed the case without taking any formal action against Wilcox.

That a professor should be publicly chastised by a vice-president was unheard of; that he should be publicly taken to task by his students for neglecting them was equally unprecedented. "I was profoundly moved by their sincerity," Wilcox said. "I don't think I would have had the guts to do the same thing if I were in their place."

What was not unusual, however, was for a professor to miss classes in order to engage in outside activities—especially a professor of political science. There is a faculty member, now in the University administration, who was, well, notorious for not showing up for lectures. Seven years ago, Professor Richard Neustadt spent half a semester in England doing research and consulting for the Kennedy Administration on the Skybolt crisis. His graduate course on the Presidency (open to undergraduates) was taken over by a distinguished professor from N.Y.U. whose approach to the Presidency was not so much contradictory to Neustadt's as it was irrelevant to it. The students received half of two worthwhile but mutually exclusive courses. If they were also in the course on the Congress, they were treated to an excellent presentation by the assistant of the listed professor. The listed faculty member spent most of his time at the Ford Foundation, and was in the estimation of most students significantly less effective in the classroom than his junior partner.

The major issue raised last spring was: if forced to choose, does a faculty member assign his first priority to teaching or to research? Wilcox likes his students and he likes to teach. "There are no more interesting people than students," he says, "except politicians." Yet, as seriously as he takes his teaching, Professor Wilcox would not want to be placed in a position where he could not avail himself of research opportunities as they arose. "I am a scholar-teacher," he said. "If I had it to do over again, I would have done some things differently, but I would have tried to make both those

trips. There was no substitute for my not being in residence but the students were not the only ones who were screwed. I have a wife and four children."

Wilcox had only good things to say about his students. ("I didn't realize how important they thought my presence was.") Noticeably absent were any feelings of ill-will.

Some of his students felt the same way. They called him a "great professor," "quite fine" and "creative." (The high point of the course was the "gaming," by the students, of an imaginary crisis in the Middle East. Wilcox was absent for those performances.)

Some, on the other hand, did not. One called him a "performer, not an instructor." Another said, "It doesn't take much to get him to stop lecturing and start telling stories."

The student course evaluation guide suggested that "it would have been wonderful had Professor Wilcox permitted his students to accompany him on his overseas excursions."

Such "excursions" will probably occur less often in the future. College leave-taking procedures have been clarified, and even a teacher who spends most of his time in the graduate school must consult with Dean Hovde if he wishes to miss undergraduate classes. But there will be no specific guidelines for resolving conflicts between teaching and research. "That," says Hovde, "would be an insult to the teachers."

HOLDING OUR OWN

"We held our own," said Admissions Director Michael Lacopo. "These days, that's not bad."

Actually, Columbia did better than hold its own in the annual scramble for Ivy League talent. Figures released by the Admissions Office reveal that the College is one of just three Ivy League schools—Dartmouth and Cornell are the others—whose applications rose since 1970. Significantly, Columbia is the only one located in a large city. Lacopo is pleased that Columbia continues to attract applicants in spite of the well-publicized problems which afflict urban campuses.

However, the College still ranks near the bottom in total number of applications. It is also forced to accept more applicants per place available than most of its Ivy League competitors. This means that Columbia expects relatively large numbers of high school seniors to refuse its offer of admission. Lacopo blames the situation on inadequate financial aid.

"We're forced," he declares, "to admit people who we know won't come because we don't have enough money for them." (It is considered improper to deny admission to a candidate on financial grounds.) "Admit-Denys"—young men who are accepted into the College but refused any financial assistance whatsoever—are up from 40 last year to an ominous 100. Moreover, financial aid packages, even when awarded, are often manifestly not enough. "Our most attractive offer includes \$1,000 in self-help," Lacopo points out. "Harvard frequently requires no self-help at all." Is it any wonder, he concludes, that Columbia lost about 100 applicants to Harvard?

"We're not just losing people to the other Ivies," the director adds. "Some are going to demonstrably inferior schools." The principal beneficiaries of the nation-wide financial squeeze have been, of course, the state universities, with their low tuition and proximity to home.

Applications from members of minorities—Blacks, Latins, Asians—remained fairly constant compared to 1970, except in the case of Latins, where the figure rose from 136 to 225. Admissions officers attribute the increase to intensified recruitment efforts on the part of the Latin American Students' Organization. Many of the applications were never completed, however, and as a result the Class of '75 will probably contain no more Latin students than the Class of '74. Admissions figures for the other groups also underwent no significant changes. In all, at least 70 Blacks, 35 Latins, and 33 Asians are expected to register in the fall, adding up to about 20 per cent of the freshman class.

That class, which will number some 730 students, will also include its usual share of outstanding achievers. Already it boasts Yo Yo Ma, one of the nation's most accomplished cellists, and Paul Zuckerman, the youngest person ever to run for elective office

in Denver, Colorado. Zuckerman had sought a seat on the local school board. "If he'd won," grinned Lacopo, "we'd have lost him." Fortunately—for Columbia, that is—the candidate was disqualified because of his age. A sign of the times is that six returning veterans have promised to register. Previous freshman classes rarely contained more than one returning veteran, Lacopo said.

ZOO STORY

Many Barnard students, quantum physics majors with nine o'clock exams, and denizens of 114th Street would agree that there have been animals in the Columbia dormitories for years. But now the flocks of two-legged animals are being augmented by hordes of furred, feathered, and . . . yech . . . scaly things.

The Residence Halls Office and dorm counselors have relaxed their enforcement of the rule against pets. As a result, increasing numbers of dorm dwellers are seeking non-human companionship. Although dogs and cats are most common, one student keeps a pair of gerbils in his bottom desk drawer and visits them during study breaks, while a freshman football player shares his quarters with a boa constrictor. A graduate student even ran an exotic animal wholesale business from his dormitory room in John Jay, where he peddled such endearing specimens as rattlesnakes and scorpions. He has since moved to an apartment, much to the relief of the cleaning ladies.

Owen Isaacs, the assistant dean for residence, renders careful lip service to the official policy that "animals are not encouraged," while acknowledging that "having a living creature in a room makes it feel more like home." But Isaacs draws the line. One freshman left school after the assistant dean excluded his pet, a very poisonous snake. "Poisonous animals are not allowed in places where people live," explains Isaacs reasonably.

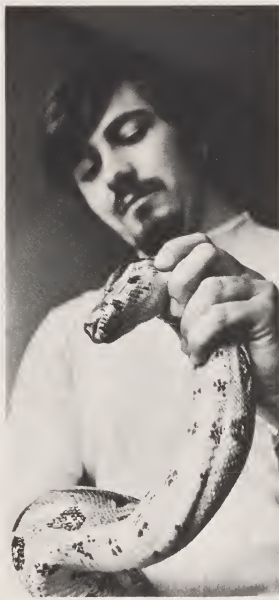
A cat-owner in Hartley describes the companionship offered by his room-mate, who has since been exiled to New Jersey: "At night, the cat used to jump into my bed and suck my fingers." Although dogs have to be walked, and occasionally make mis-

takes, cats are relatively clean, presenting other problems. "I got used to the smell of the litter box in here," the cat-owner recalls, "but anyone else who walked into the room was amazed."

Why maintain pets under such adverse conditions? Besides the usual reasons, there are some extraordinary explanations. "The humming of the compressor helps me sleep at night, and makes me feel as if someone else is in the room," offers one John Jay freshman who keeps fish.

A tenant of Hartley explains that usually an entire floor will take an interest in a pet, thereby promoting harmony and a sense of community. He notes that Carman and John Jay, which provide the most sterile and depressing living conditions, also account for more pets than any other residence hall. The large number of big dogs to be found in the dorms suggests another possibility—protection. But then again, "a very poisonous snake" or a boa constrictor could provide protection as well.

SNAKE-EYES: Freshman Richard Manfredi huddles with his room-mate, Jim Bean. Mr. Bean is a boa constrictor.



GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT

For many Columbia alumni, the term "service society" conjures images of exhausting and humiliating interviews, three-piece suits and bowties, vicious political infighting, and service to the Columbia community as enervating as throwing a dance or shaking the hand of a dean.

Ted Kremer was the youngest of the three service societies (Blue Key and Van Am are the others). Alone among the three, it accepted any candidate willing to work and "serve" the campus.

As the meaning of relevant service shifted, Blue Key and Van Am lumbered on, changing insignificantly like Lamarckian dinosaurs, while Ted Kremer abolished its annual dance, abandoned the pretense of maintaining a commuters' mail room, and began—before either of the others—to accept probates from Barnard.

The Ted Kremer Course guide, an informative and methodical evaluation of most Columbia and Barnard courses, matured from an amateur mimeograph job to a polished, scientific instrument of education.

It was therefore a shock to outsiders when, in February, the retiring actives and incoming active class voted to forego seeking new probates and to dissolve the Society.

The causes for the failure of Ted Kremer are obviously complex. Jaimie Studley '72B, the outgoing vice-president of Ted Kremer, approaches an explanation when she says, "The problem was that Ted Kremer had a lot of trouble defining what a service is for Columbia."

The course guide, which had been prepared with increasing outside assistance in recent years, finally became too grandiose and independent to continue under the auspices of Ted Kremer. It severed its ties with the Society during the winter, and the resulting vacuum was debilitating.

For a short time, the members cast about for a worthy service on which to focus their attentions. Entering the arena of campus politics, Ted Kremer agitated and organized for increased coeducational activity between Barnard and Columbia. Co-

education was a perfect objective—sufficiently non-partisan to preserve the ideal of universal service, yet relevant enough to interest members and prospective members. Unfortunately, it turned out to be too perfect, as Ted Kremer's early efforts developed into the Coeducational Alliance, an independent organization with its own distinct governing board.

As a last hope, Ted Kremer considered merging with Blue Key and Van Am. But the older societies, although failing, were still managing to struggle along on tradition, and declined to shed their individuality for a questionable common benefit.

Finally, according to Miss Studley, the members of Ted Kremer, many of them active in several campus activities, decided that they "weren't doing anything in Ted Kremer to justify the time taken from their other interests." The probate class, two Columbia men and three Barnard women, voted to disband. The outgoing actives concurred.

Campus apathy is a convenient scapegoat for failures at Columbia, but apathy played only a minor part in Ted Kremer's demise. In fact, an absence of apathy elsewhere is partially responsible. Every possible function that Ted Kremer formerly performed is now being executed more efficiently by some other group. Dances and parties are presented regularly in Barnard's McIntosh Center and in Columbia's Ferris Booth Hall. The governing boards of both buildings also show movies, thereby obviating another Ted Kremer tradition, the Festival of the Arts.

Any apathy lies in the failure of the service societies to explore worthwhile new avenues of service, and in the failure of the community to respond to whatever overtures were made. Miss Studley wryly commented, "We gave an oldies sock hop which was a huge success, but that was just because it was the 'groovy thing' of the moment." Service societies evidently cannot survive on such transient achievements.

One Ted Kremer alumnus, who has maintained close communication with College affairs, does not question how Ted Kremer deteriorated from a healthy service society to a defunct one. Instead, he muses, "I don't know if Ted Kremer was ever healthy. I don't

know if any service society on the Columbia campus was ever healthy."

The same alumnus, however, looks at the dissolution of Ted Kremer with sadness. "At a time when I didn't know what to do with myself, Ted Kremer gave me something to do." That, after all, is a service.

HAPPY ENDINGS

The sagas of Columbia's two troubled publications have both ended happily. *Spectator* is out from under in its dispute with the Internal Revenue Service, as the I.R.S. has abandoned its bid to revoke the newspaper's tax exemption. And *Forum*, whose University subsidy was terminated last winter, will arise, Phoenix-like, under the auspices of University Seminars.

Spectator's troubles began a year ago, when the district director of the I.R.S.'s New York office concluded that the editors' past endorsements of political candidates violated the terms of their tax exemption. They ended abruptly early in June, with the publication of a memorandum from the federal agency's national office, advising the district director that there was no basis for taking action against the daily. The memorandum, which had actually been issued more than a month earlier, cited in support of its findings the fact that editorial policy is determined by majority vote of the undergraduate editors, not by the University. The annual turnover of editors, it noted, approximates 80 per cent, and, furthermore, dissenting editors frequently register their opinions in separate columns. The decision leaves *Spectator* free to endorse political candidates and take stands on pending legislation in the future.

Forum, too, is secure, at least for the time being. It will reappear in October under the editorship of Erik Wensberg. Wensberg, who replaces Lee Ambrose, edited the magazine from 1957, when it was founded, until 1963.

His first task is to redeem the pledges which poured in during the winter and spring, ever since the *Forum* took its plight to its readers and launched a drive for subscribers. 6,000 readers have already promised to support the venture, and Wensberg hopes to attract 15 to 20,000 by the end of

the 1971-2 academic year. He will have to, as the magazine will receive no funding from any other source. The October issue will be sent to everyone on the old mailing list—that is, to all alumni—in a bid to sell more subscriptions. Subsequent mailings will go to subscribers only. The price per year, for four issues, will be \$6.50.

The new editor-in-chief emphasizes that the magazine will continue to have substantially the same format and content as before, with one difference: it will no longer be obligated to carry articles about Columbia.

Wensberg describes the Seminars' sponsorship of *Forum* as "purely nominal." Seminars not only will supply no money, but will exercise no editorial control. But then, Seminars' own institutional ties to Columbia are tenuous. Founded by the late Prof. Frank Tannenbaum, they are discussion groups conducted by non-Columbia as well as Columbia faculty members, with the University providing nothing more than secretarial assistance and a place to meet.

The association is enough, however, for *Forum* to continue to bear the Columbia name on its masthead. As Wensberg explains it, "They (the Seminars) thought that if we were to call ourselves a Columbia publication, we had to have some sort of plug to plug into. The whole thing was their idea. The Seminars are conducted by an extraordinary group of scholars, representing just about all the disciplines there are, and as such they considered themselves an appropriate body to do the job."

There will be a publication board, chaired by University Professor Jacques Barzun, to assist with the venture. Members of the board were appointed by University President William McGill. This does not imply, however, any continuing relationship between the administration and the magazine. According to Wensberg, McGill, as the former publisher, was simply turning the publication over to a new—and independent—group of directors.

While the institutional arrangements are confusing, one thing is clear. *Forum* will continue to function as a high-quality vehicle for the dissemination of scholarly ideas—for as long, that is, as enough of its readers want it to.

GAY LIBERATION

It was the best-attended social event of the year. Over 500 people joyously grooved to taped rock music in Columbia's Earl Hall. The dance, held last March, was sponsored by Gay People at Columbia (G.P.C.). Most of the dancers were homosexual and more than half were not affiliated with the University. For G.P.C. members, the large turnout was one more sign of the changing attitude at Columbia towards homosexuals or, as they prefer to call themselves, "gay people."

Four years ago, when the Student Homophile League was registered as a campus activity, it was the first of its kind in the nation and "news" in *The New York Times*. The league was a controversial subject which seemed to embarrass both its student founder and administration officials. Using a pseudonym, the former explained in lengthy mimeographed press releases that the club included an equal number of homosexuals and heterosexuals and that its purposes were civil-libertarian: to educate the public and fight for equal rights for homosexuals. In a letter to the *Times*, Wesley First, Director of University Relations at that time, assured the public that Columbia's registration of the league carried "no explicit approval or disapproval of the student organization as such."

Today, one G.P.C. leader, Morty

Manford '73, estimates there are more than 100 campus homosexual groups, including clubs at Yale, Cornell, M.I.T., and the University of Kansas.

Gay People at Columbia formed itself last fall, when the Student Homophile League failed to survive the graduation of its founder. The principal difference between the new organization and the old one is apparent in G.P.C.'s manifesto, which proclaims: "G.P.C. does not concentrate on the political goals of the homophile movement. It seeks, through informational, educational, and social activities, to present as complete a view as possible of the contemporary gay experience. An important function of G.P.C. is its service as a center where members of the campus gay community can congregate—as gays and as individuals—with dignity and without fear."

Most G.P.C. members stress the importance of sponsoring programs through which campus homosexuals can meet. A junior from Pennsylvania explains, "Too often there is no place for gays to congregate except in oppressive gay bars. G.P.C. is trying to provide better activities and to make homosexuals feel at home on campus."

Last April the group won a "home" for itself, at least for the time being, when the Fernald Undergraduate Dormitory Council granted it space to be used as a lounge for homosexuals. The room allocation

was made in spite of reservations voiced by President William McGill and Director for Student Interests Philip Benson. Benson opposed the grant on the ground that lounges should only be reserved for groups with "the unique problems of ethnic minorities." Dr. McGill told *Spectator*—before the grant was made—that he did not feel that "the University is obliged to give lounge space for the cultural activities of gay people." Dean Carl Hovde has yet to give formal approval to the U.D.C. action.

About 15 G.P.C. members work hard at planning programs. Aside from dances, they have sponsored a theater performance, a film, educational raps in the dorms, and semi-monthly lunches. A forum on "Sexual Liberation," co-sponsored by G.P.C. and Columbia Women's Liberation, featured Kate Millet, author of *Sexual Politics*, and attracted an audience of nearly one thousand people.

It is impossible to say positively how many undergraduates belong to G.P.C., since no membership lists are kept, and graduate students, faculty, alumni, and others in the Columbia community are welcome to—and do—attend meetings and activities. Business sessions draw anywhere from a dozen to fifty people, but the faces are not always the same. Although "straights" may join G.P.C., and heterosexuals have attended some social events, none has been active in running the society.

While G.P.C. is certainly not evangelical in nature—many among its constituency prefer to remain anonymous—it naturally is supportive of its members' sexual preferences. Most members oppose a view of the homosexual as "sick." Morty Manford sums up for them when he says, "The person who believes he can change or be 'cured' is oppressed. A person is not facing himself if he believes the problem is sexuality. The enemy is not his gayness but a society that does not allow him to express himself."

Even within G.P.C., Manford's assertion does not go completely unchallenged. One member, a freshman from Westchester County, has "not closed the doors on the possibility of a heterosexual life" for himself. But he is also quick to affirm the G.P.C. motto: "Gay is beautiful."

GAY TIMES: Militant homosexuals led by Morty Manford '73 (facing camera, left), hold protest meeting at Gold Rail.



SPECTATOR

TENURE: FREEZE OR SQUEEZE?

COLUMBIA IS CONTRACTING.

**FOR JUNIOR FACULTY,
THIS MEANS FEWER PROMOTION OPPORTUNITIES,
THOUGH NOT AS FEW AS THEY FEAR.**

BY THE EDITORS

"If we continue the way we're going," a young assistant professor warned recently, "Columbia in 20 years will consist almost entirely of preceptors and professors with tenure. There'll be virtually nothing in between."

Administrators and department chairmen insist that things aren't all that bad. And indeed they are not. But the speaker was expressing a fear which is shared by many of his colleagues. Moreover, the fear has just enough substance to be credible.

For what is certainly true is that University-wide contraction is forcing gradual reductions, both in the size of the teaching staff and in the total number of courses. These reductions can be accomplished only in part through normal attrition, resulting from death, resignation or retirement of tenured personnel. Since senior men cannot be dislodged against their wishes, the rest will have to be brought about by trimming the numbers of junior faculty.

This is not to suggest that Columbia's non-tenured teaching staff, consisting largely of assistant professors, will suffer the fate of the Assyrians at Sennacherib. But a greater percentage than before will not be promoted to tenured positions, and will therefore be forced, under the University's up-or-out rule, to look elsewhere for jobs. Since job opportu-

nities at other institutions are also diminishing, it is small wonder that the period of the assistant professorship—always an anxious one—is becoming more tension-ridden than ever.

Neither is it surprising that many young teachers believe the promotion picture to be even grimmer than it is. From the standpoint of the institution, the belief is almost as destructive as the reality would be, because of the morale problem which it creates. Contributing to that morale problem is a widespread impression (which department chairmen challenge) that a cost-conscious central administration is insensitive to the liberal arts.

The predicament of the junior faculty had its genesis in the major events of our times: the Vietnam war, the state of the national economy. But the proximate cause can be found in sharply changing patterns of graduate school enrollments over the past two decades. It is, of course, the graduate schools which not only turn out new instructors but make the greatest demands upon existing faculty resources—especially in highly specialized graduate seminars, where the student-faculty ratio can be as low as one to one.

The mid-1950s through mid-1960s, like the period immediately following the Second World War, were expansion years for American higher education. The products of the war baby boom had reached college age, and large faculties were needed to accommodate them. Fears of a technology gap, generated by the launching of the Soviet satellite *Sputnik*, brought an influx of federal money, especially in the sciences. Young men and women with newly-acquired B.A.s pounded on the doors of the graduate schools, lured by prospects of attractive positions in teaching and government. The graduate schools did not turn them away. New ones opened, while older ones expanded. As the number of students rose, so did the number of teachers.

Of the young men whom Columbia hired in those days as instructors or assistant professors, roughly one in three could expect to attain tenure, and be insulated thereafter from arbitrary dismissal. While tenure was never granted indiscriminately, departments were willing to gamble. If Professor A turned out to be a disaster, why, it would always be possible three years later to elevate Professor B, who specialized in the same area. Besides, some degree of gambling was necessitated by two new developments. One was the gradual introduction of the up-or-out rule, imposing a seven- (or, in some circumstances, eight-) year ceiling on non-tenured appointments. As a result, candidates for tenure were younger than in the past, and had accumulated a less impressive set of credentials. The other was that rival institutions were besieging youthful instructors with attractive offers,

thereby forcing their departments to make tenure decisions on the spot.

By the late 1960s, however, those World War II babies had graduate degrees of their own. Now they too were looking for teaching jobs—but the population had not continued to expand at the same rate. The flow of federal money, diverted by military commitments around the globe, had dwindled. The effects of recession, coupled with a rising backlash against campus disorders, had tightened alumni purse-strings.

The spiral, in short, had been halted. But administrators, accustomed to thinking big, were slow to adjust. At Columbia, decentralization, accompanied at times by the empire-building of deans and chairmen, made it impossible to reverse the expansionary trend. Like so many runaway cancer cells, the departments continued to grow.

Statistics do not adequately tell the story of what happened during those years. Figures are misleading, because of differences in methods of classifying students and teachers. Clearly, however, the number of graduate students fell rapidly between 1964 and 1969, back to the level which had prevailed before the boom. Part of the cutback was by design—some departments realized they had grown too large to be manageable—but the rest was due to declining demand.

Meanwhile, there was no corresponding reduction in the size of the faculty. The young men who had attained tenure during the boom years were still in their thirties or early forties, with three decades to go before retirement. Some were ensconced

in subject areas which attained sudden, but ephemeral, popularity during the 'fifties, and which were particularly hard-hit thereafter by decreases in registration. More traditional fields, with older tenured professors, also declined in appeal.

In short, Columbia—like many of its sister-institutions—now finds itself dangerously over-extended, and must cut back. "We've gone," summarizes one chairman, "from an expansionary period not to a static period—which would be bad enough—but to a deflationary one, involving the shrinkage of several departments." The precise consequences, in numbers of persons affected, are impossible to predict. The University has only recently awakened to the crisis, and corrective measures are too new to assess. However, several developments can be anticipated.

- Department chairmen have been alerted to expect no increases in allocations for at least five more years. "The most we can hope for," a chairman reports, "is to stay even in real purchasing power—that is, to keep pace with the cost of living—but even that is optimistic." Moreover, departments have been instructed to use whatever moneys are available to augment the salaries of existing staff. "If," continues the chairman, "priority is to be given to raising the salaries of tenured people, some men will have to go." Obviously, he is not referring to senior men.

- Cross-listing—the process whereby duplicate offerings in the College, the School of General Studies, and even the Graduate Faculties—are consolidated (or "rationalized," to use a prevalent phrase)—will continue at

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an accelerated pace. Within each division, parallel sections will be merged. A few of the less popular or more esoteric courses will be eliminated altogether, or else bracketed (that is, given in alternate years.) There will be fewer courses, a somewhat higher student-faculty ratio, and fewer teachers. Department chairmen will no longer be able to take for granted that vacated tenure lines will be filled, especially if other men are teaching similar courses elsewhere in the University, or student interest in the field has declined. Thus, departments accustomed to maintaining three or more instructors in major areas of specialization—one for each liberal arts subdivision—may have to make do with just one.

between graduate and undergraduate teaching will gradually be erased. Senior professors, formerly tucked away in the graduate school, will be forced either to teach undergraduates or go elsewhere. A few, asserted an administrator with grim satisfaction, "will be working for the first time in 25 years." One consequence—a happy one for the College—will be to bring even more distinguished names into Hamilton Hall classrooms. Another, less felicitous, will be to leave fewer slots open for junior personnel, whom some regard as better teachers than their seniors, because of their greater enthusiasm and rapport with students. The transition could have particularly dire consequences for the CC program, which relies almost exclusively

become necessary to dismiss at least some instructors and assistant professors before they have completed their full terms. Until now, for instance, an assistant professor whose performance was satisfactory could normally expect to serve out the five years allowed him under the up-or-out rule. This may no longer be so. There are isolated instances in which such premature dismissals have already occurred. However, it is still too early to detect a trend.

"People aren't being fired," one chairman insists. "The administration is being very humane." But the same chairman adds that he will make no predictions beyond the coming academic year.

Institutional controls on the

"Ten years ago, tenure was granted to one candidate in three; today, according to Associate Dean of the Graduate School Robert Brookhart, the figure is closer to one in four. The difference does not amount to a tenure freeze, but certainly reflects a significant diminution in opportunities for young teachers."

(Just how many tenure lines are being permitted to lapse is in dispute. According to outgoing Associate Dean of Faculties Ivar Berg, "a department can count on pretty-near automatic approval of a tenured appointment to a vacant tenured line, as long as its program is sufficiently meaningful and viable." ["A lot of departments must be non-viable," a chairman responded].)

• Until now, there has been, in some departments, a *de facto* division of labor, whereby most senior professors supervise dissertations and teach small graduate seminars, while non-tenured faculty teach larger (and—by many—less desirable) lecture sections in the undergraduate College. As the number of courses diminishes, the line

on non-tenured faculty.

Where possible, the University is accomplishing its purposes through normal attrition: that is, by allowing tenure lines to remain vacant after the departure of the incumbent, and by letting junior faculty members go after they have served out their full probationary periods. This has meant fewer hirings and fewer promotions. Ten years ago, tenure was granted to one candidate in three; today, according to Associate Dean of the Graduate School Robert Brookhart, the figure is closer to one in four. The difference does not amount to a tenure freeze, but certainly reflects a significant diminution in opportunities for young teachers.

In addition, it could conceivably

granting of tenure in the liberal arts divisions have tightened considerably. A chairman who wishes to promote an assistant professor to an associate professorship—the lower of Columbia's two tenured ranks—must first seek budgetary approval from the budget subcommittee for arts and sciences, consisting of the Deans of the College, General Studies, and the Graduate Faculties. Although in theory such approval has always been required, this procedure had occasionally been bypassed when the chairman was seeking merely to fill a vacated tenure line, rather than to create a new one. Now, it is mandatory in all cases.

"We look," says Dean of the Graduate Faculties George Fraenkel, "to whether the department needs the

man in the context of its overall plans." By "overall plans," Fraenkel means that he and his associates inquire into the demand for the candidate's specialty, and whether the department has other men teaching in the same area. Ultimately, the decision involves a judgment as to whether the department should expand in that particular field, remain at its existing level of strength, or cut back. "If embalming has become obsolete because of new developments," explains Ivar Berg, "then you don't permit the replacement of a retiring professor of embalming."

Once budgetary approval is granted, and the tenured members of the department have voted on the nomination, an *ad hoc* committee, consisting of five tenured professors from other departments of the University, is convened under the supervision of the Vice President for Academic Affairs. For the past two years, committeemen have been appointed, in practice, by a ten-man advisory committee. Members of the advisory committee, in turn, are named by the committees on instruction of the College, the School of General Studies, and the three Faculties of the graduate school (Philosophy, Political Science, and Pure Science), with each selecting two. One purpose of the reform was to avoid even the appearance of "command influence" on the *ad hocs*.

The *ad hoc* committees were instituted in the mid-1950s, to counteract what many regarded as inbreeding and slipshod promotion practices in several departments. Meeting in strictest confidence—even the names of the members are supposed to be unknown to the nominee—they review his published writings, references from distinguished scholars in his field, his qualities as a teacher, and his services to the University. Unlike the budget subcommittee, the *ad hocs* concern themselves principally with the merits of the individual candidate, although they sometimes examine the needs and plans of the department as well.

About a year ago, the administration drafted a new set of procedures for *ad hoc* committees. Among the changes, perhaps the most important is one which requires the members to function as Anglo Saxon jurors, seeking evidence on their own. (In the past, they were merely permitted to

do so. Many committees relied almost entirely on materials submitted by the department chairman.) In addition, the new guidelines call for more extensive documentation than was necessary before.

It is widely acknowledged that the committees are taking their task more seriously than ever. "I don't know anyone who doesn't believe that they're getting tougher," announces one chairman, expressing what seems to be a consensus among his colleagues. Tightened procedures are not reflected, however, in higher rates of rejection, which have remained fairly constant over the last five years. (Between 85 and 95 per cent of the candidates who go before *ad hoc* committees are successful.)

able to correct mistakes as readily in the past. "You think twice," a chairman pointed out, "when you know that if you promote the wrong guy, you won't get another chance for ten years."

There is other, less ambiguous evidence that *ad hocs* are scrutinizing portfolios more carefully. Of the 17 committees which convened last year in the arts and sciences, six insisted upon meeting a second time before passing judgment on the candidate—more, observes Dean Fraenkel, than in any previous year.

Once the *ad hoc* committee has recommended promotion, the recommendation must still be approved by the Vice President for Academic Affairs and, ultimately, the Trustees.

"It is widely acknowledged that the committees are taking their task more seriously than ever. 'I don't know anyone who doesn't believe that they're getting tougher,' announces one chairman."

Rather, they are apparent, if at all, in a sharply declining number of nominations. In the arts and sciences alone, for example, the annual number of *ad hocs* between 1967-8 and 1969-70 averaged more than 30. This past year, there were only 17.

That chairmen have grown more cautious in recommending promotions, for fear that *ad hocs* will veto them, is only one possible explanation. The decrease could also mean that fewer requests are being approved by the budget subcommittee. Some departments may be moved by a genuine desire to cooperate with the administration in its efforts to trim expenses. Most important of all, perhaps, they realize that they will not be

However, a nomination which has gone through the department, the budget subcommittee, and an *ad hoc* committee is not expected to encounter difficulties at the higher levels.

Although Columbia's problems have been rendered particularly acute by the decentralized administrative structure which prevailed throughout the 'fifties and 'sixties, other universities are also tightening their belts. Dartmouth, for example, has cut back its faculty this year by about three per cent, through what a spokesman calls "selective non-filling of vacated tenure lines." A similar reduction is anticipated for the coming year. In addition, junior faculty must now wait a

"Columbia will continue to promote outstanding young professors, but at a lower rate than in the past. Some will be forced to move on, not because they lack merit, but because senior men are already teaching in their fields."

longer time before being considered for tenure, due to the presence of a large number of tenured professors, many of them relatively young.

At Yale, the undergraduate newspaper has predicted "a slight rise in average class size and a slight reduction in course offerings"—especially new or highly specialized ones—in 1971-2. Lapsed tenure and non-tenure positions, the newspaper says, will remain largely unfilled.

And at Princeton, a four per cent average annual increase in the size of the faculty, extending from 1964 until 1969, has been halted. Promotion figures for the past academic year remained stable, and if anything rose slightly. But Dean of the Faculty Richard A. Lester concedes that "if you eliminate the areas in which we're expanding, there'd probably be a decline."

At Columbia itself, the professional schools as well as the arts and science complex have been caught up in the deflationary trend. "The University hasn't denied us the right to fill tenure lines," reports Dean of the Engineering School Wesley Hennessy. "But we have been forced to stay within an overall budget, and we've made decisions, in certain instances, not to fill vacated lines in order to conform to that budget." To date, says the dean, there has been no premature dismissal of junior faculty members. But that situation could change, he adds, if his school takes another ten per cent cut in general income, as it did last year.

Dean George James of the Business School maintains that promotion opportunities are as good as they have ever been. But some of his faculty members are skeptical. And he him-

self acknowledges that "when your faculty is not growing, you have to watch a little more carefully to avoid an imbalance."

Throughout the liberal arts divisions at Columbia University, chairmen have been reluctant to sound the alarm. Some acknowledge that they are unwilling to make public statements which might exacerbate the fears of junior faculty. Others—the majority—agree that there has been contraction, but argue that it is a good thing. "There used to be too much duplication," explains one. "It was simply unreasonable to offer more than a single survey course in the same area." Another was blunter. "Columbia was a mess," he says. "When you look back and see all that fat and empire-building, you look upon penury as an opportunity to enforce needed reforms."


"A lot of chairmen," retorts an assistant professor, "identify with the University as something apart from its students and younger teachers. They don't realize that the growing alienation and cynicism of these younger teachers can damage Columbia just as much as the loss of vital programs."

What does create misgivings among department chairmen is uncertainty over the future. "It's the proverbial vicious circle," explains one of them. "The administration keeps asking us to come up with a concrete plan, stating our needs and objectives. We can't plan concretely, because the University hasn't told us how much money we're going to get. Before it can tell us, it has to formulate its own academic plan, for which it needs input from us. But we can't provide the input, because we don't

know what resources will be at our disposal, or what further cuts we'll have to make."

In addition, there are two wild cards in the deck, which increase the complexities of charting future directions. One is the matter of graduate school enrollments. Will they level off, or will they continue to decline—and, if so, how sharply? Another is the issue of course requirements in the undergraduate divisions. Columbia College and the School of General Studies each establishes its own requirements for graduation. While this is so, Dean Fraenkel points out, "a department can come up with a good curriculum, which is accepted by one undergraduate division and not by the other. The result is that it doesn't know whether it'll be able to consolidate its programs."

The future is indeed uncertain. As one administrator puts it, however, "the basic elements are clear." Most departments will no longer expand. Columbia will continue to promote outstanding young professors, but at a lower rate than in the past. Some will be forced to move on, not because they lack merit, but because senior men are already teaching in their fields. The departments, with essentially static budgets, will have to cope with rising operating costs—including, not least of all, the salary requirements of their senior faculty.

Even in the halcyon days of the early 'sixties, a chairman was heard to remark that administering a department was like walking an endless tightrope. It still is, but the rope has tautened, and is likely to remain that way for some time to come. 



Roar Lion Roar

LATE-SEASON SPOILERS

The decidedly unprepossessing 7-11 record with which the varsity baseball team finished its season was not nearly as bad as it could have been. Loaded with sophomores, the Lions lost nine of their first ten games. The hitting, considered the team's strong suit, did not live up to expectations. The pitching, considered the weakest part of the team, did.

Then, as sophomores are wont to do, the team executed an abrupt about-face. Columbia won six of its final eight games and threw the Eastern League pennant race into chaos.

The Harvard game at Cambridge was Columbia's high point. People in the Boston area were so sure Harvard would clinch the title against Columbia that the contest was televised.

(Who says that baseball is a dying game? Who says that program directors are locked into mass market appeals? Who says that whimsy is dead in technotronic America?)

Columbia won 7-6. The Lions bombed the Crimson's vaunted pitcher Bill Kelley, (who had achieved vauntedness by hurling 23 consecutive innings of shutout ball.) Columbia's Paul Kaliades, who plays linebacker in the autumn, pretended that the baseball was a quarterback and mashed a 430-foot home run over the center-field fence. Lion pitcher Ray Nawrocki, with an unimpressive earned run average of 6.75, struck out All-America Pete Varney with two on and two out in the eighth inning to preserve the victory. That was impressive.

The next day, in the throes of violent trauma, Harvard dropped a double-header to Princeton, forcing a playoff with Cornell. (Harvard recovered in time to win that one).

The pitching of Bill Downs and the hitting of Jesse Parks and John Yergan were of great importance to Columbia over the second half of the season. But the Lions' most spectacular player was second baseman Rick Blank. He dove on his belly, he leaped high into the air. He ranged to his left and he flashed to his right. Virtually nothing hit to the right side of the infield got past him. And to top everything off, Blank executed the one play which separates men second-basemen from boy second-basemen — the double play pivot.

At one point, Blank had handled 43 consecutive chances without an error. Coach John Balquist consulted his personal collection of record books dating back to the first folio of the War of 1812 and announced that only Lou Gehrig had ever done better in a Columbia uniform. Tony Lupien, the Dartmouth coach and a former major-leaguer, said, "I don't think I've

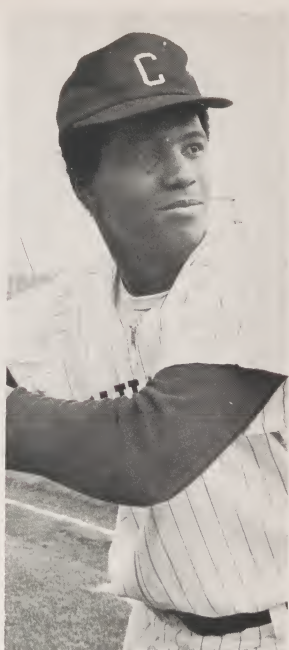
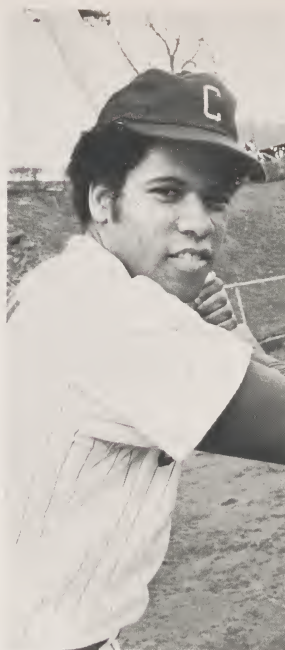
seen a fielder like him in college ball."

Blank did not play freshman baseball last year. He tried basketball instead and had a miserable time against the full court press. The layoff didn't help his hitting either. A hot-streak brought his final average up to .151. Look, you have to face facts. The kid has no offense. But how many great glove men swing the old bat?

The freshmen won eight of their ten games, an augury of better times to come. In particular, watch John Gill, who can hit (15 runs-batted-in in the ten games) and pitch (four wins and five complete games in five starts). Pitcher Glenn Erickson did nearly as well (three wins in four decisions) and has more natural ability (35 strikeouts in 37 innings, with only 13 walks).

LEADING HITTER: Right-fielder John Yergan '72 (left) paced Columbia batsmen in Eastern League competition.

ALL-STAR: Center-fielder Jesse Parks '73 (right) made all-Ivy second team.



MANNY WARMAN

MANNY WARMAN

LATE BLOOMERS: The 1971 Lion baseball team played better at the end of the season than at the beginning.



MANNY WARMAN

CREW CUT

It was nearly another year of unalloyed disaster for Columbia oarsmen. Between them, the freshman and varsity heavyweight crews lost all 13 of their races. The freshman and junior varsity lightweights went 3-11.

But there was one mitigating circumstance, the performance of the varsity lightweight boat. After losing its first four races, Columbia wiped out Rutgers and Georgetown. Then came an astonishing second-place finish in the Eastern Sprints before 5000 slack-jawed onlookers at Worcester, Mass. The Lions beat Princeton in the final heats by more than two seconds. In its first race of the season, Columbia had lost to Princeton by a full 13 seconds. (Harvard finished first in the Easterns. Nobody beats Harvard in the Easterns.)

The reason for the abrupt reversal of form: midway through the season sophomore Al Medioli, a world youth sculler, came down from the heavyweights and took over the stroke posi-



MANNY WARMAN

THE JET SET: Lightweight crew made it all the way to the Henley Regatta.

tion. Coach John Abele noticed a slight flaw in Medioli's sweep, suggested a correction, and suddenly the Lions were an eastern crew power.

The reward: a bid to compete for the Thames Cup at Henley, England. For the first time in 42 years a Co-

lumbia crew has been invited to that most prestigious of rowing events. The only other time besides 1929 that Columbia rowed in England was in 1878, when the Lions' four-oared shell became the first American crew to win a race on the Thames.

STUDENTS STRIKE OUT

On April 18, establishment administration played a softball game on South Field against undergraduate administration — the Board of Managers of Ferris Booth Hall. Without cheating or even pulling rank, the big kids won, 11-7.

They were led by a brawny left-handed slugger with a crew cut and grey hair who unloaded a two-run homer. The stands were awash with rumors that the man was a ringer from Fordham and San Diego State named McGill.

When asked if this were true, a fellow who claimed to be his agent said: "The only thing you can use for publication is that we'll talk to anyone who will come up with a reasonable tax package and a no-cut contract. The attrition rate for university presidents is frighteningly high."

A gnarled old man with a frayed suit, white socks, and a Mets hat squinted into the sun and growled: "This ain't football. We don't give no no-cut contracts." Then he spat tobacco juice onto the Sundial.



MANNY WARMAN

SWINGER: Columbia President William McGill hit one out of the park.

SHINING KNIGHT

Well, at least Columbia is still a fencing power. The Lions went out to Colorado Springs and came back with another NCAA Championship. (They actually tied for first with N.Y.U., but around here one must take what one can.) And the best fencer of them all was junior sabreman Bruce Soriano.

Soriano took his second NCAA title in as many years of varsity competition. If he wins again in 1972 he will become the first man ever to win three consecutive national championships. It should not be too difficult, because Soriano went 40-0 in the Eastern and National tournaments. (That's

no losses at all. None.) "I think he's the best fencer ever at Columbia," said coach Lou Bankuti, "an Olympic prospect in three or four years.

Meanwhile, though, Soriano sharpens his skills against stiff competition. After the NCAAAs, he competed in the Martini and Rossi International Tournament and finished eighth in a field of 68 of the world's finest amateur fencers. In March of 1970, Soriano paid his own way to Minsk for the Junior World Championships, where his NCAA gold medal meant nothing.

"America's on the bottom of the fencing ladder," he said. "To the Europeans I was like Joe Schmo."



CHAMPION: Flanked by fencing coach Lou Bankuti, Bruce Soriano accepts his award at the NCAA finals.

MANNY WARMAN

SLOWDOWN

As the season began, track coach Irv Kintisch expected about 25 varsity competitors. As the season ended, he was lucky if 12 showed up for a meet. At practices, Kintisch was almost lonely. Columbia went 0-6 in varsity track.

"A lot of kids have developed the feeling that they can't spare the time to come to practice," said an unhappy Kintisch. "Not the good kids, but the

marginal ones, the ones who really need it. They have no feeling of obligation to the team or to Columbia."

Kintisch, however, did have a couple of "good kids." Big ones. Who throw things. One is sophomore javelin man Bill Laberis, who after only four weeks of work threw 188 feet. He had never thrown a javelin before. "You'll be hearing from him," promised Kintisch.

You have already heard from 220-pound senior Ron Furcht, Columbia's one-man weight throwing team.

Furcht holds Columbia records in the 35-pound weight throw, the hammer throw and the discus. He finished fourth in the weight throw at the Indoor NCAA Championships, the first points ever scored by Columbia in the NCAA Indoor meet. Ron's second place finish in the hammer throw at the IC4As (outdoors) got him a bid to the NCAA Outdoor Championships at Seattle.

Furcht is a combination biology-economics major and plans on becoming a doctor. If he stays in shape he should have little trouble collecting his fees.

The freshmen did not do badly at all (by recent Columbia standards), winning three of their seven meets. The mile relay team took first place at the Penn Relays with a time of 3:20.9, a school record. In that race Columbia defeated, among others, teams from West Virginia, St. John's and (gasp) Villanova.

The anchor man was Paul Armstrong, the Oakland, California quarter mile high school champion. In collegiate recruiting parlance, Armstrong is referred to as a "walk on," signifying that he came to Columbia with no encouragement whatsoever from the athletic department. Carlton Butler, who ran the second leg of the relay, decided to leave the team after the record-setting performance. He said that there was no longer a sufficient challenge for him in track. This is what is commonly referred to as a "walk off."

GOING DOWN: High jumper Jim Gorman '71 on a return trip.



MANNY WARMAN

HELPING HANDS

On October 31, 1970, Columbia lightweight football player Tom Eystone '71 galloped upfield on a kick-off return. He was intercepted by Cornell linebacker Ken Kunken. Eystone went down. It was, he commented afterward, "the best tackle anybody ever made on me."

It was also the last tackle Ken Kunken made on anyone. The 20-year-old junior from Oceanside, Long Island had broken his neck.

Since then, Kunken has been hospitalized, completely paralyzed from the neck down. Doctors warned that his condition was permanent. Medical expenses soon drained the family's insurance.

Slowly, people began to help. A Kenny Kunken fund was established in his home community of Oceanside. Long Island newspapers got hold of the story. A feature appeared in the New York Post.

Michael Rubin, a Columbia freshman from Newton, Mass. read the Post article. So did his roommate, freshman David Ho, of Fort Lee, New Jersey. Neither Rubin nor Ho plays football. Both, however, were profoundly moved by Kunken's plight, and resolved to do what they could for him.

What they have done already has been staggering. With the blessing and help of lightweight coach Harvey Silver, they set up a committee, consisting largely of Columbia lightweight football players. Committee members prevailed upon United Artists to donate four movies, which were shown, at two performances, in space provided free of charge by the Board of Managers. Tickets were sold for \$1.50 apiece. They also organized a raffle, peddling chances for fifty cents.

The response to the movies was disappointing—both performances together netted less than \$500—but the raffle turned a profit of nearly \$4,000. It did so in spite of the fact that the value of the merchandise which was given away in prizes exceeded the proceeds from the lottery sales. The reason: every item of merchandise was donated by alumnus Thomas Macioce, of Allied Stores, a former football player himself. Even the raffle tickets were printed free.



CHANCE OF A LIFE: Mike Rubin talks into megaphone at benefit raffle for Ken Kunken.

Rubin and Ho are not finished. They plan, for the summer, a 72-hour softball marathon between Columbia students and members of the Oceanside community, at which they will sell clothing—mostly expensive furs—left over from the raffle. They also expect to continue their fund-raising activities in the fall.

Early in their campaign, they arranged with the Van Am Society to set up a mailing address for donations. Contributions can be sent to The Columbia Student Fund For Kenny Kunken, c/o the Van Am Society, Office of Student Activities, Room 206 Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y. 10027.

Meanwhile Kunken, to everyone's astonishment, has shown some improvement. He has regained partial use of his left arm, and is able to feed himself for the first time since his accident. There is talk of his returning to school in January. Rubin hopes to persuade him to transfer to Columbia, since it would be impractical for him to attend Cornell.

To date, Rubin and his associates

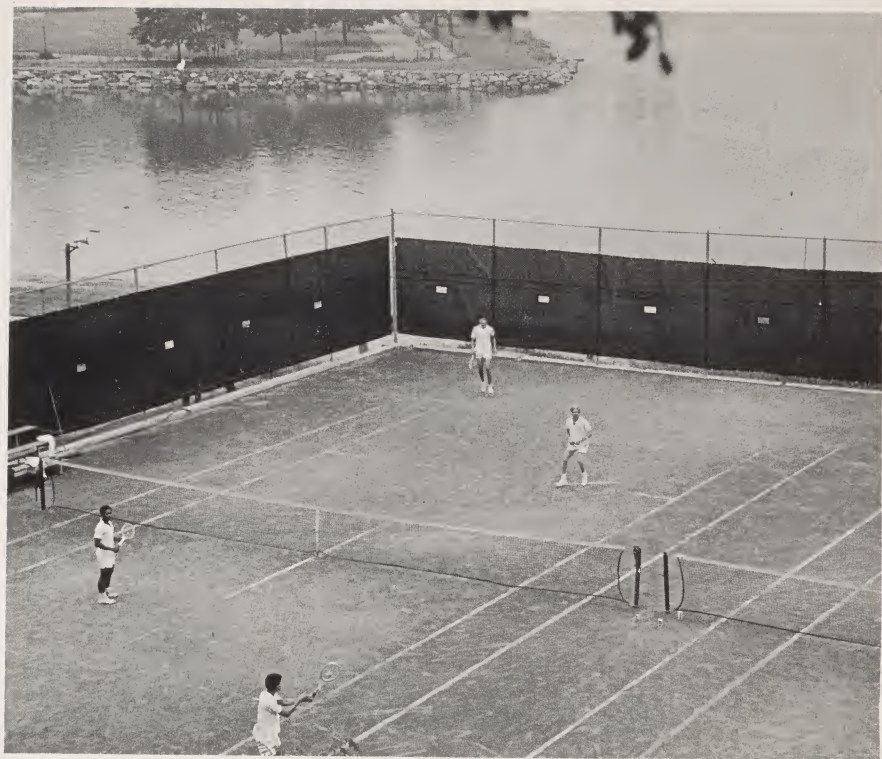
have raised slightly more than \$4,000. If the softball marathon proves successful, it should account for another \$1,500. Rubin's goal is \$100,000. Kunken's annual expenses are \$75,000.

GETTING CLUBBED

As was the case in all the spring sports with the exception of lightweight crew, the performance of the golf team was a disappointment. The varsity won only four matches, lost 11 and tied one. The freshmen were two and six.

The brightest moment of the season occurred when the varsity defeated a team from Villanova, a legitimate golf power in the east. That victory should sustain coach Peter Salzberg until next season. Salzberg is one of your typical Philadelphia sports chauvinists. Don't ever get him started on Philadelphia backcourtmen. He even roots for, get ready, the Eagles.





THE COURT PHYSICIAN

Psychoanalyst Herbert Hendin Has Singlehandedly Built
A Tennis Program At Columbia.

By Steve Singer

Until 1967, when Dr. Herbert M. Hendin became head of the Tennis Advisory Committee of the Varsity 'C' Club, the sport had, to put it as charitably as possible, a bad name around here.

The site behind Baker Field on which the courts were located is difficult to describe with any degree of precision. Comparing it to a vacant lot comes close but does not quite do. Anyone out there remember Dresden?

The courts had been constructed in such a way as to face a natural phenomenon which made it quite difficult for players to approach the game with the proper attitude. In tennis parlance, this phenomenon is commonly referred to as the sun. Members of the Columbia community did not play a great deal of tennis.

The situation for the varsity players was appreciably worse. There was, it should be noted, one less court than necessary to play a varsity match properly. Among other things, this meant that matches would drag on late into the afternoon. When the sun would finally go down the players would have to contend with the cold winds whipping in off the Hudson River. Very few good tennis players ever played for Columbia. Those players, of whatever calibre, who did go out for the team had a difficult time summoning the required amount of enthusiasm. Columbia played to sparse and desultory crowds, and won very few tennis matches. Anyone out there remember the St. Louis Browns?

Then, in 1967, Dr. Hendin burst onto the scene. Dr. Hendin, class of 1945, is a psychoanalyst, a professor at the Columbia Psychoanalytic Clinic, and consultant at the Student Health Service. He is one of a handful of men in his profession engaged in the ap-

plication of psychoanalytic techniques to social problems. He is presently involved in a project at Columbia for the study and treatment of students victimized by drug abuse. It is part of a larger project of his: the study of college students in all of their various aspects—strung out, politically violent and, let no one feel slighted, straight as arrows.

Four years ago, he inadvertently wandered into the arcane realm of intra-University interest-group politics and emerged in complete control of the situation. Columbia, much to its own and everyone else's astonishment, has emerged with one of the finest tennis programs in the country.

Now this is a miracle of admittedly modest proportions. Building tennis programs out of thin air cannot in substance be fairly compared with attempts to improve the human condition. But it is remarkable nevertheless. These days one takes one's miracles where one finds them, and it is pointless to waste

AND THEN THERE WAS ONE: *The tennis court outside John Jay is the only one left on the Morningside campus.*



time making foolish distinctions.

As an undergraduate at Columbia College, Hendin had played number one on a typically mediocre varsity team. But he maintained an interest in the sport. In 1964, a friend put him on the advisory committee, and three years later, simply because of a rotation rule, Hendin found himself at its head.

He was just completing a project in Harlem on suicide among blacks and he found himself with some free time.

"Living in New York is hard, and I knew I couldn't do anything about housing or education," he says. "But I could do something about recreation. A decent place to play would bring a sense of community that was missing at Columbia, and there was an enormous potential for the game with the kids in Harlem. If I'd have known what I was getting into, though, I never would have done it."

Hendin knew he would have to improve the facilities. That would take money, a commodity people and institutions are notoriously unwilling to part with. It would also require a certain degree of interest among those in the athletic office and other branches of the University administration. On both counts, Hendin was greeted by a great groundswell of eminently predictable apathy.

But Hendin, your quintessential goal-oriented personality type, went right to work. First he fixed his mind on the goal, and contemplated it rationally and objectively. Then, with patience and fortitude, diligence and grace, he seized each opportunity by the throat, smashed it around a bit, and made it bend to his will. He wrote letters. He made telephone calls. He waited outside offices until people let him in. Once inside, he talked their ears off. If a University bureaucrat would say no, Hendin would try someone higher up. If he had to talk to the President, he would talk to the President. If the University would not give him needed funds, he would raise them from outside sources. If toes had to be stepped on, he would step on them. Gently, if possible. Not so gently if necessary. Yelling sometimes helped.

Obstacles would be circumvented, ignored, or turned by Hendin to Hendin's advantage. Crew people

did not like tennis people using the boathouse to change and shower. Hendin got money, first from outside sources and then from the University, and started to build his own clubhouse. If he couldn't get cooperation in landscaping or clearing court sites, Hendin would lug rocks himself.

"We all thought he was nuts," says a former varsity player. "The running gag used to be: 'Well, I guess Hendin's shrink told him to immerse himself in a hobby. This must be it.' But he sure did get the job done."

It took two years to set up a tennis program for the Columbia community. By getting members to pay in advance, Hendin obtained much of the money he needed to begin operations. By demonstrating that he could raise money, he was able to bring in more. By taking then-President Cordier up to Baker Field, Hendin showed him what a good time the faculty, alumni, and students were having. Cordier became interested. Bureaucratic underlings also became interested, often sheepishly. No one likes to admit he didn't want to back a Presidential idea. Interest begat more money. All of it was plowed into the club.

The courts were, zounds, turned away from the sun. New ones were added. A tennis bubble was put up for winter play. Stands with a potential seating capacity for 5000 spectators were erected. The grounds were beautifully terraced. The clubhouse, now near completion, will have a breathtaking view of the Spuyten Duyvil.

A junior tennis program was started there. The Eastern Championships were held there. The great and the near-greats of the tennis world came up to play—McKinley, Graebner, Fitzgibbon. "I've never seen anything like it," said Gene Scott, a veteran eastern near-great who writes for the *New York Times*.

A program for Harlem youngsters began, with instruction given by Columbia players and coaches. The kids needed balls and racquets. Hendin had a meeting in his office with some Eastern Lawn Tennis Association leading lights. At the meeting he introduced them to people from the Harlem community. "They couldn't refuse," says Hendin with a large grin. A winter program for Harlem young people is now being started. Arrange-

ments are also being made for Barnard to use the facilities. No one is left out.

Not even the varsity team. Remember the varsity team? The coach is Butch Seewagen, one of the finest young players in the East. Seewagen is currently coach of the only varsity team at Columbia which won more spring games than it lost in 1971 (12-6). Next year, when star Bobby Odsaz returns from a year in Spain, it will do a lot better. It will, in fact, be, ahem, an incipient Eastern power because Mark Massey and Bob Binns will be right in there with him.

At this very moment, the Columbia tennis club is operating in, are you ready, the black. Of the \$520,000 needed to complete construction of all the facilities, only \$50,000 must still be procured.

And where will Dr. Hendin be amidst all this activity? At times he will be merely looking on because now there are enough interested people to do by committee what he originally had to do virtually unaided. At times he will be with his wife Josephine, a literary critic, and their seven-month-old son. But primarily Dr. Hendin will be stirring things up in his chosen profession which is, you may recall, psychoanalytic research.

In 1964, Dr. Hendin published a little book entitled, *Suicide and Scandinavia: A Psychoanalytic Study of Culture and Character*. Before he made the trip to Scandinavia, Hendin made it his business to learn Swedish and Norwegian fluently in only a year's time. "I would pay Scandinavian students \$1.50 an hour to come to my home and speak the languages to me," he says. "When they weren't around, I would hook up a short wave radio and listen to the news programs from those countries." That persistence paid off then, and would pay off later at Low Library and Baker Field.

Said *Commentary* magazine about the book: "What is excellent about Dr. Hendin's study is that it is potentially so much more useful for living than dying: in quiet and intimate detail he reveals so many of the endless possibilities for stupidity in human relations. And in this, the would-be suicide is very much like the rest of us."

Part of the book dealt with disposing of the myth that the abnormally high suicide rates which prevailed in those countries could be at-

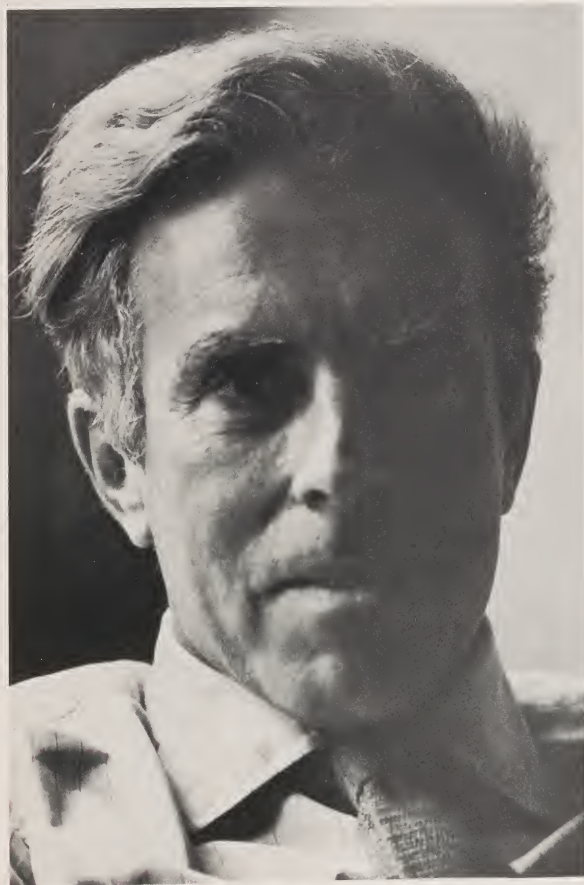
tributed to their welfare-state economic and social policies. Hendin pointed out that Scandinavians had been killing themselves with alarming frequency since at least the middle of the 19th century, when capitalism was the only system around.

In 1969, *Black Suicide* appeared. It did not get as much play in the layman's press as its predecessor until John Updike revived it in the lead review of the February, 1971, issue of

the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Among other things, Hendin dispelled the widely held notion that the black woman was merely a secondary victim of white racism. He further took apart a popular idea put forth by two black psychiatrists, Cobbs and Grier, in *Black Rage*—namely that “black mothers reject and castrate their sons in order to prepare them better for the life they will encounter in the white world.”

A MAN OF PARTS: Herbert Hendin, a psychoanalyst and author, is also the architect of Columbia's rejuvenated tennis program. Hendin, the cool, persuasive type, found nevertheless that yelling sometimes helped.



Hendin showed that black mothers who rear their sons badly do so because they were reared badly. “Like all other children,” Hendin wrote, “those black children who have experienced the least rejection are best prepared to deal with the world, black or white.”

Then, early in an article in the *Sunday Times*, this year, Hendin attacked a highly respected theory associated with Yale psychologist Kenneth Kenniston. Kenniston argues that politically radical and violent students come from homes in which parental acceptance and approval were the rule rather than the exception.

In his article, arising out of his larger study of students generally, Hendin revealed that although the parents appeared to support their children's behavior, in reality they were avoiding having to deal with their children on a genuine emotional level. Hendin contended that the parents were subtly abandoning their children by merely saying they were on their side. The students told Hendin that they were aware their behavior was upsetting to their parents and, further, they knew that their parents were afraid to risk confronting them with their disapproval.

Hendin, predictably, was criticized. He was accused of implying that student protests were made by a bunch of sick kids. The social injustices they were fighting were being ignored or dismissed. Hendin was not surprised. He was also not impressed. “What I said in the article made an even deeper indictment of society,” he says. “Of course, you first need economic and social solutions before you can get to other human problems. But there is more to human beings than their politics. You can't understand revolutionary politics without first understanding revolutionary people.”

In addition to his research, Dr. Hendin maintains a small private practice. “You get involved with people,” he says, “and you can't just let go. Right now I have the best of both worlds.”

He doesn't have a bad situation at Baker Field, either. He's always ready to show off his other major project. “Some people have their gardens. I have this.”

MAURO E. MUJICA



An Old-Fashioned Spring

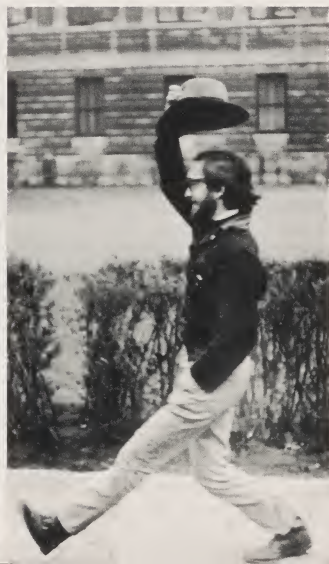
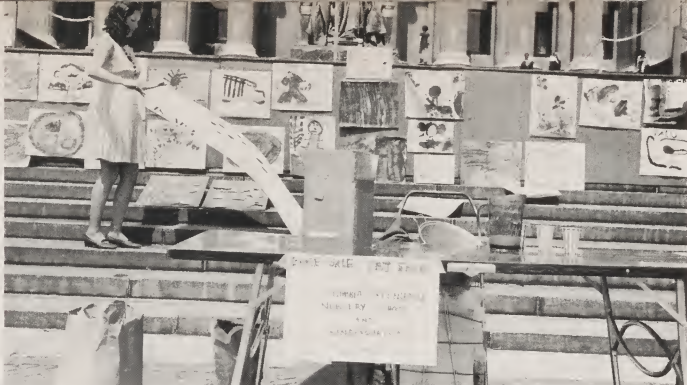
Photographed by
Joel Mandelbaum '70C, '71J

Classes met on the lawn,
the band gave its annual outdoor concert,
students and children frolicked on the grass,
and the Low Library bulletin board,
which a year ago was covered with strike notices,
sporting paintings by the nursery school set.



FOREIGN ST
LIKE A RIDE TO
- MID JUNE. ()
MARYSE 644-
or evenings bet. 6-20 P
WANTED RIDE TO BOSTON ()
AT. MAY 15
ALL ANNA 928 8175







Talk of the Alumni

Architect Of Victory

Architect, teacher, and crew coach Norman Hildes-Heim '60 seems to belong to an earlier era, but leads a busy life—in fact, leads three busy lives—in this one.

Hildes-Heim's tastes are catholic. His blond hair is neatly trimmed. He wears double-breasted navy blue blazers to the office. He favors the Harvard Club for lunch.

His activities are staggering. He has a full-time job designing international hotels on his drawing board in the New York office of *The Austin Company*. Mondays and Thursdays, he teaches architecture and creative methodology seminars at Harvard College, where he is a tenured associate professor. And in the late afternoon every weekday he can be found in a launch on the Hudson yelling orders to the freshman lightweight crew

team, which he has coached—for the second time—since the fall.

The logistics of Hildes-Heim's schedule, involving pre-dawn shuttles and precisely timed getaways, are in themselves astonishing. Even more astonishing is his usually serenely civilized demeanor which gives no hint of the race-runner personality beneath.

Hildes-Heim, of course, does take vacations. He uses the summer months to jet among the various hotels, still under construction, which he has designed. Among these are the Sheraton Madrid, the Intercontinental Kinshasa, and the Intercontinental Prague, a Pan American Airlines project on which construction has been halted by the Czech government. During his last visit, Hildes-Heim reports, he saw that the partially completed hotel had been taken over by squatters. Since the building still lacks electricity, plumbing, and glass for the

windows, the architect found the sight "reminiscent of Morningside Heights."

Hildes-Heim is a man who has known what he wants for a very long time. As a child he delighted in building toy villages in the basement of his family's Fairfield, Connecticut home. The villages soon overflowed their allotted space. Norman's father, a Danish-born aviation engineer, would wryly remark, after tripping over his only child's latest achievement, that he expected Norman to be an architect when he grew up. In this manner, remembers Hildes-Heim, he learned the name of his future calling.

Through Andover and Columbia, where he majored in American history ("to be well educated"), Hildes-Heim cherished his ambition. No one was surprised when he entered Harvard's School of Architecture, and did well enough there to win a Kellett fellowship to teach design at Trinity College, Cambridge. *(continued)*

Hildes-Heim's addiction to crew began during his freshman year at the College. Until he discovered the rigors and joys of disciplined rowing, he was very unhappy at Columbia. "I was plunked," he says, "into a bustling environment without camaraderie—where people weren't oriented toward the school. The academics were great but I was very lonely. I had put in several applications to transfer. Then one day a friend persuaded me to go out for crew. Everyone on the river was so committed, and the Hudson in spring seemed to be the most lovely place in the world."

After graduation, Hildes-Heim was parted from spring on the Hudson for eight years, as he passed through Harvard, Cambridge, and a first job with the Chicago office of his present firm. The school year 1967-68 found him back in New York and back on the river, this time as a volunteer freshman coach.

The Spring '68 disturbances had a profound effect on Hildes-Heim. "Three of my kids with bleeding heads came to my apartment after the bust ... and I felt complete horror at how catastrophically things had slid here."

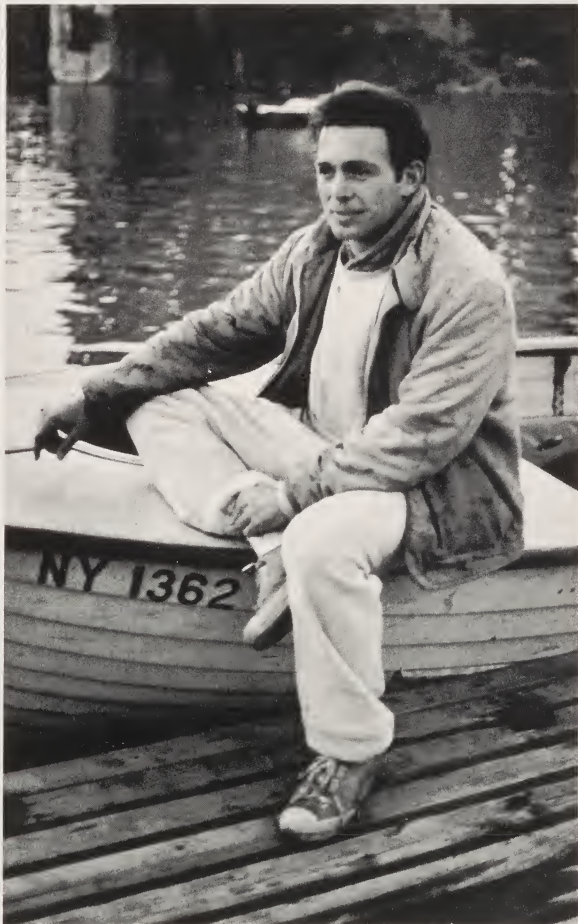
Hildes-Heim did not volunteer to coach again until last fall. In February he found himself with too few rowers to fill an eight-man boat. He scavenged through the dorms for willing freshman prospects until his team grew to twelve. "They were a motley lot," he confesses. "Some were too weak when I found them to do a single push-up. But that scraggly bunch turned out to be a winning team. We were on the river every day, in the winter during freezing sleet and in the spring for hours and hours. There's no recognition for crew, the only reason to do it is you love it."

Hildes-Heim, indeed, seems to love crew more than anything else in the world. He speaks of his architecture with obvious enjoyment, but without the passion and near-lyricism of his conversation about crew. One must pry to elicit the details of his professional pursuits, or to learn that when President Mobutu of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Kinshasa, visited Washington, D.C., President Nixon invited Hildes-Heim to dine at the White House. The architect was one of the Americans Mobutu knew best as a result of their meetings

to plan Kinshasa's new hotel.

And when Hildes-Heim speaks of Columbia it is in the affectionate yet uncomfortable tone one might use to describe a seriously ailing friend. With perceptible anguish he compares Columbia to the university at which he teaches: "Harvard is committed to being the best and Columbia is not. Columbia just wants to be among the top, and it's a crime. All the great teachers I've ever known have been at Columbia."

His eyes flash with real anger, however, when he discusses Columbia's attitude toward crew. "Crew," Hildes-Heim declares, "is the most aesthetic sport. It's rhythm, precision, balance. The most perfect crew is one that rows as one. It may seem like a silly thing in an age where everyone does his own thing. But it's not silly to me. Crew teaches dedication and discipline. Nobody can pull a fast one. But most people at Columbia don't value this at all."



MASTER BUILDER: Norman Hildes-Heim fashions winning crew teams when he isn't designing hotels.

TRINA LIPTON

Architect Of Philanthropy

Like Norman Hildes-Heim, Julian Clarence Levi is both an architect and a man of refined and catholic tastes, a man of the Renaissance cast incongruously into an age of narrow specialization. Again like Hildes-Heim, he has adapted by pursuing, with vigor, several careers simultaneously. Hildes-Heim, however, is still a young man, barely into his thirties. Julius Clarence Levi, Class of 1896, has recently celebrated his 96th birthday.

Actually, Mr. Levi—who studied both at Columbia and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris—retired from architecture 20 years ago, when he was 76. Since that “retirement,” though, he has been leading three or four active lives, any one of which would exhaust a teenager.

It is not strictly correct to say that Mr. Levi has adapted to his era. Instead, like Shaw's unreasonable man, he has striven with remarkable success to adapt the era to himself. Foremost among his efforts to bring a cultural renaissance to New York City has been

his endowment of the Laura Boulton Collection of Traditional and Liturgical Music. The Collection, purchased in 1966, is housed in Columbia's Dodge Hall. In addition to containing remarkable exhibits of tape recordings and musical instruments, the Collection also sponsors a lecture series in ethnomusicology, which Mr. Levi attends regularly. He continues, also, to patronize the Research Project on World Music in the School of International Affairs.

Julian Clarence Levi is quite a collector himself. The Metropolitan Museum is currently anxious to obtain his collection of renaissance art, the Smithsonian has displayed more than a casual interest in his household effects, and representatives from the Museum of the City of New York are scrutinizing his silver.

In addition to being an art collector and a patron of the arts, Mr. Levi is an accomplished artist. A painter since his early teens, his watercolors have been exhibited in Paris, Boston, and Chicago, and were most recently on display in Avery Hall. Most of his works on exhibition there were autumn landscapes, executed in bright, gay colors, and set either in

Scarsdale or in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State.

His true measure, however, shows itself neither in his personal achievements nor in the number of international groups he has chaired and directed, but rather in the number and devotion of his friends.

Dr. Laura Boulton, the musicologist and longtime friend of Mr. Levi, recalls the deluge of telegrams, letters and messages which descended from the most distant corners of the world when Mr. Levi suffered a mild stroke in December. The reason why Dr. Boulton considers Mr. Levi the “kind of man who always makes new friends and never loses old friends” may be glimpsed in the fact that immediately upon his recovery, he answered by hand each of the letters which had poured in during his illness.

Since recovering from his stroke, Mr. Levi has been spending his mornings and afternoons in long walks, and reading voraciously such diverse magazines as *Wildlife*, *National Geographic*, and various architectural reviews. What else could be expected from a renaissance personified, who, according to Dr. Boulton, “may outlive us all”?

THEN: Julian Clarence Levi, Class of 1896, in 1896.



COLUMBIANA

NOW: Julian Clarence Levi; Class of 1896, in 1971.



COLUMBIANA

The Final Word

The most volatile political issue on campus a year ago was the forthcoming trial of 13 Black Panthers, on charges ranging from conspiracy to attempted murder. Radical students challenged the University to help raise bail for the incarcerated defendants, as proof of its sincerity in seeking to build better relations with the black community.

The trial, heralded throughout the country, did touch Columbia with particular intimacy. The District Attorney's office which prosecuted the case was headed by University trustee Frank Hogan '24. A Columbia economics professor, Harold Barger, sat on the grand jury which handed down the indictments.

But the final word belonged to another Columbia man, Frederic Hills '56, and his 11 associates. They constituted the jury which acquitted the Panthers on all charges in May.

As startling, to many, as the verdict was the rapidity with which the jurors agreed. Not the least astonished were the jurors themselves. "It was a shock," comments Hills, "to go into the jury room after the longest trial in New York State history, and find that there was no one to argue with. That 12 people from completely different backgrounds could reach the same conclusion so quickly is itself a damning indictment of the prosecution's case." The 12 were out for just 90 minutes.

Although the proceedings consumed two years from the time the defendants were arrested, the jury was empaneled only last September. For Hills, editor-in-chief of McGraw-Hill's college text division, it was the third summons to jury duty. He had obtained two previous postponements because of his job, and was refused a third. Still, he didn't think he would have to serve.

"I figured," he said, "that the prosecution would have me disqualified, if for no other reason than McGraw-Hill's role as publisher of Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul On Ice*. (It also published Judge John Murtagh's *Cast The First Stone*, and *Abortion Rap*, by defense attorney Carole Lefcourt.) What assistant district attorney Joseph Phillips failed to elicit was that Hills

admired Cleaver as a writer — "a very sensitive man" — and had once signed a petition, circulated among McGraw-Hill employees, calling upon the company to raise bail for the Panther leader.

"Phillips limited himself to a small number of conventional questions," says Hills of the *voir-dire*. "I have the impression that it was because he thought he had such a strong case that he couldn't lose."

This is not to suggest that Hills harbored political opinions which would have precluded him from bringing in a guilty verdict if the charges had been proved to his satisfaction. "I certainly had an open mind," he declares. "I was capable of convicting right up to the end of the prosecution's case. There was talk of evidence admitted subject to connection. I kept waiting for the connections, but they never came."

Indeed, until recently Frederic Hills had not considered himself political at all. ("Look: I went through Columbia in the 1950s as an *English lit* major.") Vietnam, he says, "made me political to a degree" — to the extent, that is, of taking part in a few demonstrations and concluding, by 1966 or 1967, that "it was no longer possible simply to be intellectual."

Hills believes, moreover, that he and his associates left their politics outside the jury room. Those who analyze the findings in terms of the political preferences of individual jurors, he maintains, ignore what he calls "the impact of the institution of the jury."

"Regardless of whether you were left or right, it moves you toward the center, and invests you with a certain solemnity, because of the enormous power and authority being bestowed upon you, which are simply not available in ordinary life. It's you as a juror, not Fred Hills, who's being assigned the authority, and you react accordingly."

Besides, Hills never considered the Panther trial to be explicitly political, in the sense of the Spock or Chicago Conspiracy cases. "Rather," he says, "it was a criminal trial in a political context. A lot of difficulty arose because the defendants were aggressively urging the political context on us, while the prosecutor and judge not only disputed its relevance

but denied its existence."

It was, in fact, the refusal of Murtagh and Phillips to acknowledge any political implications whatsoever which first sowed doubts in the minds of some of the jurors. According to Hills, "Murtagh kept telling us that the Black Panthers were not on trial, when the very first page of the indictment inextricably identifies the alleged criminals in their role as Black Panthers, giving their rank in the Party, and describing the Party itself as a paramilitary organization." This was, says Hills, "the first in a series of incidents which tended to alienate the jury and make it skeptical of the way the judge conducted the trial." Other such incidents involved heated exchanges between Murtagh and lawyers for the defense, which Hills labeled "clear abuses of judicial authority."

The jurors also were struck by Murtagh's handling of the flight, midway through the trial, of two of the defendants. "He told us," reports Hills, "that we could consider this as evidence of guilt, without offering us any other options, when there were many. The atmosphere in that courtroom had become so charged, so surrealistic — stemming largely from battles between the judge and defense counsel — that I feared long before it happened that someone would split in the belief that he couldn't get justice. I even wrote it down in my notes."

At the same time, Hills exonerates the court from charges of racial prejudice. "If there was any bias on Murtagh's part," he concludes, "it was his apparent belief that the defendants were guilty, and this colored his reaction to the aggressive strategy of defense counsel."

In the end, however, it was not the attitude of the judge which weighed most heavily with the jury. It was what the jurors considered a dearth of hard facts to back up the prosecution's claims.

As to the substantive acts of which the Panthers were accused, Hills found the evidence insufficient to sustain a conviction even if the testimony of three police undercover agents — the star witnesses for the state — were true. The conspiracy charges posed a trickier problem.

"If you believed the cops, it might have been possible to make out a con-

spiracy," Hills pointed out. "But the credibility of the police was always in question." He was particularly uncomfortable with the statements of undercover agent Ralph White, "easily the most complex, central, significant character in the whole drama.

"I still haven't got the measure of this man, who at some point was no longer a police agent masquerading as a Black Panther, but became, I suspect, two people—one of whom was involved with the Panthers, liked them, exchanged love letters with them—and was capable of anything in either role. One speculates about those deep involvements—the friendships, the love affairs—and wonders what kind of betrayal of fundamental human trust exists within Ralph White."

At least equally disturbing, to many of the jurors, was the openness of the conspiracy laws themselves. "Through two-and-a-half days of instructions," says Hills, "I sat there and listened hard and concentrated when Murtagh defined conspiracy. But then, as he went on and proceeded to explain how one applies conspiracy law to these charges, and said one needn't know one's co-conspirators or have made any oral agreements, that all that was needed was a tacit, unexpressed meeting of the minds, I began to get uneasy. It suddenly struck me how malleable conspiracy law is—how easily it lends itself to distortion and abuse.

"I never quite said, 'I will not convict under this law.' We didn't have to challenge the law in order to find the evidence insufficient. But, as a corollary, we did come close to challenging it and rejecting it."

On the other hand, Hills does not view the acquittal as a clear-cut affirmation of the defendants' innocence. Accordingly, he refuses to interpret the outcome as either a vindication of the system or a triumph of justice in spite of the system. "I'd feel differently," he remarks, "if I were completely certain they were innocent in every regard. But one of the great ironies is that they could very well have done some of the things they were charged with. We just don't know. There simply wasn't enough evidence to support the charges."

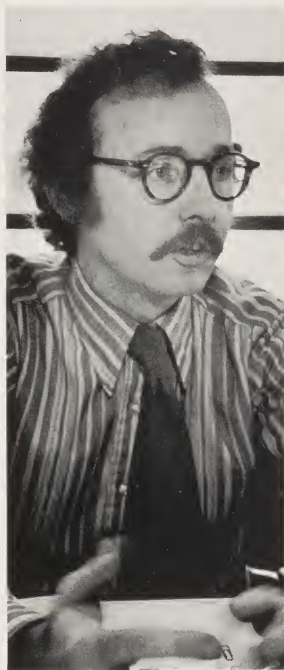
These reservations didn't prevent Hills and most of his fellow-jurors

from joining the defendants, defense lawyers, and friends in a jubilant victory party immediately after the trial. "I just responded to them as human beings," he explained. "They'd been in jail for two years, and now they were free."

Did the trial have any impact on Hills' political thinking? "Not," he replies, "in any substantial way.

"I was alarmed, though, by the newspaper coverage. My wife saved all the clippings for me, and I read them when it was all over. The Panthers were almost prosecuted in the *New York Times*. The case that was reported there was certainly different from the one I heard. I don't say the reporter was malicious—she did the best she could, according to her lights—but there was a definite prosecutorial bias.

"I'm also troubled by the whole matter of police surveillance. Again,



GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY: Fred Hills was one of the jurors at New York's historic Black Panther trial.

I'm not suggesting that the police are evil, or that there was some sort of police conspiracy. But the mandate given them is anticipatory surveillance. A bureaucracy is set up to do this, and the structure of that bureaucracy pushes these people into surveillance of every dissident group they find. All of the pressures on the agents are to obtain evidence. The result is that the infiltrator mind tends to see crime where only the potential for crime may exist.

"Occasionally after the day's session was over I wandered down to the second floor, where pleas are taken. I saw a sea of black faces. That struck me as significant: that by and large it is the ghetto which is maneuvered in there. Maybe we do, in our white middle class situation, see the cop differently from the way the ghetto does.

"I did gain insight into something else I wouldn't have been cognizant of otherwise: how few cases actually go to trial. Most are settled through some sort of plea-copping. This two million dollar Panther trial was a massive indulgence. If all cases went to trial, the system could never function."

Hills is now unwinding after the long ordeal, which was more grueling for him than for most. Alone of the jurors, he remained at his job throughout the trial, reporting at his firm for about an hour each morning, then returning in the evening until about nine. Often he took work home with him. "For the first three months," he recalls, "it was a great ego-trip, proving to myself how well-organized I was. Then it began to wear." His wife Patricia, an art historian, notes that the experience imposed a strain on the entire family. They have two children.

For the present, editor Hills has no plans to write about the trial himself. "I might have done so," he says, "if there had been extended deliberations, the kind that would have provided a unique insight into the revelation of character under stress. But it didn't happen. As of now, I've talked myself out of writing. I'm just tired of the whole thing." Hills could, if so moved, make an interesting contribution to any second edition of his brother Stuart's recent book. Its title is *Crime, Power and Morality: The Criminal Law Process in the United States*.

Pentamenter Pen-Pal

Some citizens write letters to their Congressmen, others write letters to their newspapers. Albert Epstein '10 writes poetry. The poems, which cover a wide range of political and social topics, are frequently mailed by their author to statesmen and other public figures all over the world. In this manner, the 82-year-old Mr. Epstein has accumulated a formidable array of correspondents, including the late French President Charles de Gaulle, the late Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, and several United States Senators and Representatives.

Mr. Epstein's background is an unlikely one for a poet. It includes nearly half a century in the practice of law, particularly insurance law, in which he specialized until his retirement in 1959. After graduating from Columbia College, where he frequently cut his zoology classes in order to attend the opera ("I always waited until after the roll was taken," he recalls, "and then I snuck out the window"), he went on to Columbia Law School, receiving his LL.B. in 1912. While at the College, Mr. Epstein, who spent the first year of his life on New York's Lower East Side before his family moved upstate, worked at the Henry Street Settlement House. From his experiences there with Jewish immigrant families, and his own boyhood in the Catskills, where his parents owned "the first Jewish hotel" in the area, he acquired a lifelong interest in Palestine which is visible in his poetry.

From Columbia Law School, Mr. Epstein entered practice, at a salary of seven dollars a week, with the law firm of Fleishman and Fox. Shortly afterward, he opened his own office, in partnership with his brother. When World War I came, he enlisted in the Army as a private, emerging as a second lieutenant.

A series of business ventures followed. From one of them, the manufacture of women's lingerie, Albert Epstein acquired not only prosperity but a wife, Ethel, who worked for him as a designer before the two were married. Finding that he was not



LYRICAL ACTIVIST: Albert Epstein voices his political opinions in his poetry.

happy in business, he went back into law, first as an attorney with the New York Life Insurance Company, and then on his own.

Between 1937 and 1939, he authored a series of articles, published in the United States Law Review, attacking the practices of insurance companies. The companies, he charged, represented themselves as fiduciaries, while really treating their clients at arm's length, as in ordinary business transactions. He called for greater vigilance on the part of clients' lawyers, who, he complained, often failed to scrutinize insurance contracts with sufficient care.

He was taken aback by the vituperativeness of the response. Letters poured in on him, many of them anonymous, but presumably from attorneys and insurance men. "My faith," he says grimly, "was not forgotten." One such letter, for example, demanded: "Don't you Jews get enough out of this country?"

Mr. Epstein began writing poetry in 1949, when he was hospitalized. A collection of his poems, entitled "The Father Of Our Country Speaks," was published by Exposition Press in 1952. The themes—racism, poverty, foreign policy—are the same ones reflected in his more recent works. In 1962, while vacationing in Hyannis, Mass., he submitted a poem to the Barnstable Pa-

triot, a local monthly newspaper. His contributions have appeared in its columns regularly ever since.

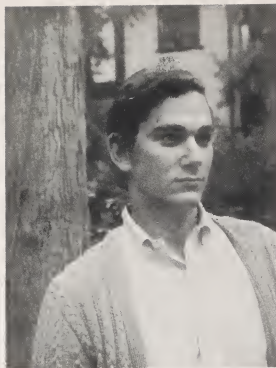
In addition, Mr. Epstein sends his poems to any public figure with a special interest in the subject-matter. Most respond. Mr. Epstein and the late Cardinal Cushing, for example, kept up a warm exchange of letters until the latter's death. Before long, the Cardinal was addressing his correspondent as "Dear Albert" and inquiring affectionately after "Ethel."

Those qualities of Mr. Epstein's which endeared him to Cardinal Cushing—gentleness and a profound love of humanity—permeate his poetry, as in one of his earlier works, when he wrote:

Does the color of a child of God
Bedevil and debase heart and
soul
And create a child inferior to all
other children?

More recently, he has bemoaned the fate of servicemen killed in Vietnam, and one of his poems, *Does Folly Lead A Nation To The Heights Of Glory?*, was read aloud to the House of Representatives by New Jersey Congressman Henry Helstoski.

Mr. Epstein and his wife live today in Maywood, N. J. They have no children.



PRISONER:
David Malament wouldn't fight.

Portrait Of A Felon

"You would really describe him in the maximal moral vocabulary: integrity, decency, goodness," said Columbia philosophy professor Arthur Danto. "He's an unusual, remarkable person." The "unusual, remarkable person," David Malament '68, is also a convicted felon who is serving a six-month prison sentence for refusing induction.

There was little in Malament's college career to suggest the draft resister. Raised in New York City, by a family which he describes as "old left," he shied away from political activism at Columbia. "He was close to a lot of people in S.D.S.," reports Danto, "and they respected him, but he was never able to tolerate their moral arrogance." Malament did help to organize a draft moratorium, at which speakers discussed alternatives to military service. He also served on the disciplinary committee created in the wake of the spring uprising during his senior year.

Malament never received the headlines accorded to his more political classmates—among them the late Ted Gold, whom he'd known since they attended Stuyvesant High School together—but he attained considerable distinction as a scholar. A mathematics major, he graduated with

honors and won a Fulbright grant to study in Germany. He would never have reached Germany if he hadn't persuaded his draft board, through an ingenious argument, to give him an occupational deferment.

It was in Germany, Malament says, that his present views began to take shape. "I was confronted there," he recalls, "with many individuals who had to explain to their children what they were doing in the war. They hadn't been SS members or even in the army, but still they felt the need to disclaim responsibility. I, 20 years hence, didn't want to be placed in that position."

"Somewhere during the year," Malament decided to let his deferment lapse. The following September, while a doctoral candidate in philosophy at Stanford (he has since transferred back east to Rockefeller University), he mailed his draft card back to his board. In an accompanying letter, he explained:

I do not consider leaving the country to avoid a confrontation, nor do I consider exploiting the internal weakness of the Selective Service System in order to delay that event indefinitely. I do not because I feel committed to the ideals of this country . . . and do not think that these ideals are best served by privately and quietly 'beating the system.' My actions must be public if I am to contribute through support and example to a movement which resists an attempt at moral suicide.

Elsewhere in the same letter, he had written: "The realization that one is an American, that one cannot live abroad without a certain sense of loss, is connected with an increased sense of outrage and frustration with the policies which one, as an American, must accept responsibility for."

It was, says Danto, typical of Malament that he should assert his Americanism while in the very act of defying a statute. "He could easily have gone to Canada," Danto declares. "He could have gotten into an excellent school there. But he felt that he's an American, and his place

is here. He's very patriotic."

More complex was his decision not to seek conscientious objector status. Danto and others sought to persuade him to apply. "I argued," says Danto, "that no-one has an obligation to be a martyr, that no justification could be given unless he could accomplish something truly significant, that it was wrong to suffer in silence to make an irrelevant case." But his former student, he discovered, was not easily swayed. "He's not stubborn," Danto concluded. "He just has great individuality. He sought criticism on every point. Insofar as a decision could be well thought out, this one was."

Malament describes his reasoning as follows. In the first place, he considered it wrong to accept a deferment, because, by recognizing Selective Service's right to bestow deferments, one impliedly concedes its authority to withhold them. Such authority is lacking, he believes, because both conscription and the Vietnam War are illegal. And in the second place, he did not clearly qualify for a deferment, because he would defend the United States "in a hypothetically clear case of aggression."

"I was forced," he explains, "to draw a delicate balance between the significance of the symbolic act—both in terms of my own moral dignity and the political consequences which I could achieve—against the personal consequences to myself. There's no calculus for resolving that balance. It's not clear that the significance of the symbol would outweigh the consequences to myself if I were a pacifist. Since I'm not, the scale is balanced differently, and the decision became easier to make."

Whether he was in fact eligible or not is a close question—the Supreme Court has recently confirmed that possible willingness to fight in a hypothetical future war is not necessarily disqualifying—but Malament maintains that to seek a deferment in anything but a clear-cut case would be "to take advantage of my articulateness, or my access to an attorney."

His induction notice did not come until the following year. After that, events followed one another in remarkably short order. He refused induction in November, 1970, was arraigned in January, and was brought

to trial just five weeks afterwards.

In court, Malament's attorneys sought to demonstrate the reasonability of his belief that the war is illegal, in order to negate the criminal intent which the law requires. Evidence on this point was excluded, and instead, Malament reports, "the prosecution conclusively proved what we never denied—that I refused induction." However, Federal Judge Irving Ben Cooper did allow Malament to explain his views. Then the jury retired, to consider the sole issue of whether the defendant had refused to step forward—and one juror held out for acquittal.

The re-trial came in only two weeks. This time, there was no miracle. The jury brought in a guilty verdict after deliberating for an hour.

"The remarkable thing," says Malament, "is that there were scores of jurors—both times—who were disqualified because of the strength of their beliefs." Most of these, he observes, were sympathetic to him.

On May 20, Malament was sentenced by Judge Cooper to six months in prison, to be followed by an 18-month period of supervised civilian employment in the national interest. No appeal was taken.

"It's ironic," muses a former fellow-student. "Of all people at Columbia, David was the least rhetorical. Yet the others have all found their ways out."

For those who have "found their ways out"—and they surely include a sizable majority of College graduates since the mid-1960s—Malament evinces no ill-feeling. "I'm wary," he explains, "of judging people without knowing their reasons. I think every person should confront the issue of complicity. But if he confronts it and comes to a different conclusion, that's fine with me."

Of prison, he says: "Two or three years in jail would be difficult for someone who doesn't know why he's there. If a person doesn't have reasonable confidence in the rightness of his decision, the consequences would be intolerable."

"Of course, there are always doubts—not just for yourself, but for the consequences to family and friends. But I've thought of these, and because of a personal self-sufficiency, I feel able to face it."

Legal Notes

Music-haters and music-lovers alike will agree that many unusual sounds emanate from Los Angeles. Now, thanks to the efforts of Jerome Kessler '63, the mellow tones of a cello octet are also wafting high above the smog.

The octet, *I Cellisti*, actually originated to fill a vacuum in the busy California music scene. When Kessler graduated from the Columbia music department to attend law school at U.C.L.A., he found a distressing absence of classical music. Although Kessler, while at Columbia, had both performed and produced many concerts, he discovered few musical outlets at U.C.L.A., a university which he estimates has "done more to retard art than any other campus." In fact, Kessler was disappointed with the musical atmosphere of Los Angeles. The city, he maintains, is "still a small town culturally."

The result was an almost defensive grouping of classical musicians, a growing network of chamber music ensembles and performances, and finally, the *I Cellisti*, with Kessler as conductor.

Of course, Kessler was still busy obtaining his law degree, and laying the foundation for what is now a "full-time" job as a studio musician. This means that conducting cello octets and producing records is only a part-time hobby for Kessler. His livelihood comes from his law practice (he deals mainly with musicians and their special legal problems) or backing up the latest rock group on its new recordings.

Although at one time Kessler may have agonized over choosing between law and music—"My music teacher advised me to go into law and my law teacher recommended music," he recalls—he now finds that his two careers complement instead of competing with one another. "In law," he asserts, "a client has a problem and the goal is to solve it as quickly as possible. The difference from abstract musical thinking provides intellectual balance."

As more artistic souls flee the increasing confinement of New York City, more cellists and composers materialize in Los Angeles. "We have

a few good organizations, and things are happening," declares Kessler, who has recently been reinforced by the arrival of Joel Kresnick '63, now teaching at the California Institute of the Arts, and Tom Ziegler, who sold his "Cafe Figaro" in New York and today is also active in supporting chamber music in Los Angeles.

If, as Kessler glowingly reports, two cellos can play Vivaldi with the richness of an entire orchestra, then the influx of cellists to the coast should produce near-heavenly tones. At the very least, eight cellists should certainly be able to do justice to the work of Casals and Vivaldi, as well as to the compositions of more contemporary artists such as Robert Linn and Jesse Ehrlich (who also plays first cello in the group.)

I Cellisti's first record was released last January on the Orion label, and is doing moderately well in the small volume market of classical recordings. However, Kessler and his fellow musicians are not seeking financial rewards from their cello adventures. According to the conductor, the *I Cellisti* is "something we're doing essentially for us. We're saying something we want to say."

Kessler feels that phonograph records are catching up to concerts in audience appeal, due largely to technological improvements and greater accessibility. "With the new electronic equipment, a listener can have all the effects of a concert right in his house without having to drive into town, pay for a parking space, and then sit next to a pole behind someone who's snoring," Kessler explains. "By recording, we give a little bit of what we have to people."

This concept of service and giving reaches back to Kessler's Columbia days, when, as he puts it, "Somebody was casting bread upon the waters. Whatever we got back there is paying off—we can give back to our future world something that we got out of it." Columbia has been blamed and credited for diverse contributions, so perhaps it's not all that unthinkable to credit beleaguered Alma Mater with Los Angeles' first cello octet.

Medical Globetrotter

If Navy ships carried cargoes of medicine instead of 70 millimeter shells, and American doctors worked for free, you'd have a reasonable approximation of the world in which physician David Miller '53 already lives.

That world, utopian as it seems, also contains elements from the workaday present and the forgotten past. It includes, for example, a comfortable suburban home and weekend tennis. And Dr. Miller himself is an ophthalmologist who writes mysteries on the side.

Most of the time, David Miller is a solid citizen of Winchester, Mass., and a hard-working clinical instructor of ophthalmology at Harvard Medical College and Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. But every few years, while his colleagues are taking vacations, Dr. Miller donates ten weeks of his time to the hospital ship *S.S. Hope*, formerly the U.S.S. *Consolation*. Since 1960, the vessel has been on loan from the U.S. Navy to Project Hope, a privately funded foundation. In 1967, Miller worked on board the *Hope* while it was docked in Cartagena, Colombia. In 1970 he joined the ship in La Goulette, Tunisia.

When Miller returned from that second trip, he decided to write a murder mystery, set—where else?—on a hospital ship, *Mercy*, docked in North Africa. The mystery novel, entitled *Victims of Mercy*, is now in its second draft and “all true,” according to its author, “except for the murders . . . and oh, yes, the drug smuggling.” Most of it, appropriately enough for the genre, was written in the middle of the night. “I found I could work best if I got up at 3 a.m. and wrote for an hour,” explains Miller.

David Miller is the sort of guy who always takes the next step, often because the last one seemed too confining. After his junior year at the College, he entered Columbia's graduate optometry program on the professional option plan. His interest in eye diseases, however, soon outstripped the bounds of optometry, so he took extra organic chemistry courses and



VISIONARY: Ophthalmologist David Miller treats a Tunisian woman.

successfully applied to transfer to New York Medical College. In his last year at medical school he was faced with the imminent possibility that his girlfriend, René, would desert him to travel with her water ballet troupe, which had been invited to perform at the Brussels World Fair. The resourceful Miller proposed, and won both the hand and continued presence of his lady. Their honeymoon was spent above water driving from New York to Denver, where the army had provided an internship for the young doctor. Next stop for the Millers, courtesy of Uncle Sam, was Alaska, and then David was free at last to pursue his studies at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Miller remained contentedly affiliated with this noted hospital, first as a resident and then as a teacher, until one day in early 1967 when he spotted an ad in a professional journal asking ophthalmologists to do volunteer work on the *S.S. Hope*. Massachusetts Eye and Ear is still central to Miller's career, but now he has the *Hope* bug

as well.

The *Hope* bug is partly a travel bug, partly a philanthropic impulse, and partly a professional interest in treating medical conditions rarely seen in the United States and sharing information with foreign colleagues.

The *S.S. Hope* provides 130 hospital beds, sophisticated equipment, operating theaters, and medical and dental personnel in most areas of specialization. The ship had spent a year each in the ports of several developing nations of Asia and South America before Miller joined its staff in Cartagena. Project Hope pays for the transportation of participating physicians and provides them with on-board dormitory space, but the volunteer doctors receive no salary or fees for their ten week tours of duty.

Each doctor works with a counterpart specialist in his field from the host nation. In Cartagena, Miller reports, he established a firm personal friendship as well as a smooth working relationship with his Colombian colleague. Together they treated over 800 clinic pa-

tients in the city, and visited backwoods towns on "off-duty" weekends to treat and operate on the most serious eye diseases found among the villagers. Miller estimates that he was involved in almost 90 operations during his Colombian stay. In both Colombia and Tunisia, he found many of his patients suffering from congenital eye defects, due to inbreeding. Such congenital diseases are relatively rare in this country.

Miller admits that he and his colleagues encountered some hostility from local medical establishments of both nations. The hostility, he believes, reflected fears that the visiting Americans would woo away the wealthier patients. Suspicions vanished when it became apparent that the *Hope* doctors attended few private patients, and then only upon referral from their own physicians. One such private patient of Dr. Miller's turned out to be Madame Bourguiba, wife of the Tunisian Prime Minister. All fees collected from paying patients were donated by the *Hope* to a local medical college.

Dr. Miller has nothing but praise for the information-sharing opportunities of his two *Hope* tours. "In a sense," he says, "the most immediate beneficiary of *Hope* is the medical community. I taught and learned from both my American and foreign colleagues." Wryly Miller adds, "When you've been at one place for most of your professional life like I have, you tend to think there is only one proper way to do things. I learned a lot professionally from local doctors. Things I had been taught ought not to be done because they don't work did work."

Now that Miller is stateside again, he is busy teaching medical students, treating patients, publishing reports on his current research, lecturing to community groups about his travels, staying in shape on the tennis court, and keeping his wee-hour rendezvous with invented murderers and victims. When he finds time to make plans for the future, those plans invariably include the good ship *Hope*. "I think it would be interesting to join it in Brazil next year, or in Venezuela the year after that," muses Miller. "And next time I'd like the family (he and René have four children) to come along, too."

Spring Wedding

When the Columbia College Alumni Association was founded in 1852, it was among the first of its kind in the nation. In 1874, when it was incorporated, it was still considered an innovative, streamlined instrument for the mobilization of alumni support.

Of late, however, defects in its structure have become increasingly apparent, especially as other colleges and universities have developed more effective ways of communicating with their graduates. Principal among these shortcomings is that the Association functions as a separate, dues-collecting entity, independent of the College which it serves. The result, despite the best efforts of all concerned, has been competition for the alumni dollar, and an overall lack of coordination, between the Association and the school.

The Columbia College Fund, established as the Association entered its second century, has faced a different set of problems. Although it is a division of the Dean's Office, its headquarters are far from the campus, and the distance has complicated the task of recordkeeping. In recent years, when it has been hard hit by recession and the backlash against campus disorders, it has been keenly aware that the Association's dues—which yield roughly \$70,000 a year—add up to nearly ten per cent of its own annual revenues.

Consolidation, moreover, has become the order of the day. All over the University, administrators are probing ruthlessly for unnecessary duplication, with a view toward trimming costs and promoting greater efficiency. Among the Association and the Fund, such duplication is abundant. Each maintains its own mailing lists, each puts out a publication. These projects require separate, and expensive, staffs. In addition, alumni are frequently harassed—as well as confused—by overlapping mailings. For example, both the Association and the College send out announcements for Homecoming.

But the 1950s and early 1960s were boom years, for the College and the nation. Until 1968 there was money enough for everyone, and, as long as this was so, pleas for merger generated little support. 1968, in the

words of a Fund official, "pulled the wool from our eyes." With contributions flagging ever since, administrators and alumni alike have realized that Columbia can no longer afford two distinct alumni structures.

Alumni who hold high positions in both organizations—notably Victor Futter, Henry L. King, and John Mathis—worked actively to promote consolidation. Once the necessary decisions were made, all parties moved with commendable swiftness. On May 10, 1971, the Board of Directors of the Columbia College Fund resolved that the Fund and the Alumni Association should be consolidated "under an office which shall report directly to the Dean of Columbia College." The following evening, May 11, the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association enacted an almost identical resolution, which also provided that Association dues be eliminated by 1975. This resolution was adopted, in substance, at a meeting of the Association membership nine days later. All three votes were unanimous. As Max J. Lovell, Executive Director of the Alumni Association, observed: "Finally, after decades of foot-dragging, everything was consummated in practically one night."

Specific details have yet to be agreed upon. These include such issues as where the offices of the new organization will be located, and whether the Association will be formally dissolved. An alternative to dissolution would be for the 97-year-old corporation to continue to function, with its Executive Director (and perhaps a majority of its Board of Directors) appointed by the Dean of the College. Even if this were done, however, its employees would necessarily be carried on the Columbia College payroll, since after 1975 the Association will have no independent income of its own. As such, they will be responsible to the Dean.

What seems certain is that an associate dean will soon be appointed, with responsibility for alumni affairs. His first assignment will be to implement the reorganization. Once that is done, concerned alumni can get on with what ought to be the principal task of any alumni structure: to sustain and enrich Alma Mater.



Another Angry Decade

*Peace Protests And Pickets
Were As Much A Part Of The Campus Scene
In The 1930s As They Are Today.*

*By Lawrence S. Wittner
and Juliette P. Thayer*

"They talk about social and political change, they are critical of anything that has been, whether religious, ethical, social, or political, they are serious in feeling that the intense nationalism of the past has gotten us nowhere," wrote the Dean of Columbia College about the alarming new generation of students. Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, that is: 1934.

The reports of the Dean and of the University President during the 1930s were filled with bitter discourses on student protest. And, if Columbia's harried administrators frequently misjudged the state of campus unrest, their mistake lay in underestimating its depth and popularity. "For some of us in the class of '35 the true high points are the mass meetings, the pitched battles, the organized discord," wrote James Wechsler in 1953. The ablest and most active spokesman for a decade of student radicalism at Columbia, the liberal editor of the *New York Post* recalled, not without a touch of ambivalence, that "the spring-times of our college careers were symbolized by picket signs."

The rise of a radical student movement at Columbia in the 1930s was in marked contrast to the campus escapism and conservatism of the preceding decade. Throughout the 1920s, *Spectator* studiously avoided off-campus political issues. In 1928, the journal declined to endorse a candidate for President, and only 527 students bothered to vote in the daily's preference poll, won by Herbert Hoover. Even after the stock market crash of 1929, the campus remained relatively unmoved. "A great number of students have been gambling on the market," *Spectator* sniffed unsympathetically, and "several students have been completely wiped out." So much for the social crisis. The major editorial campaign of the 1929-30 school year revolved around a successful attempt to secure a special cheering section for the student body at football games. Nor did the entering class in 1930 seem preoccupied with issues of greater substance. "For 45 minutes the two forces rolled and tumbled," stated one account of the Soph-Frosh Rush, "covering the turf with shirts shredded to bits, trousers ripped in half, and gentlemen's unmentionables torn wide open."

During the following three years, however, the Depression era's atmosphere of social crisis gradually permeated campus life. In the winter of 1930, Columbia's admissions office advised applicants not to plan to work their way through college. As the economic situation deteriorated, Student Board began a relief fund, dispensing money and clothing to hard-pressed students, and *Spectator* printed stories describing the neediest cases. Across Broadway, three times as many Barnard women were applying for scholarships as in the past, and six times as many for loans. Nor could the social turbulence of the outside world be ignored. Bus-loads of Columbia students headed south to study the conditions of miners in strike-torn Harlan County, Kentucky; the treatment they received there from coal operators, sheriffs' deputies, and mobs presaged that endured by Freedom Riders thirty years later. "There was a new note of seriousness among undergraduates," recalled a former college instructor. "The rah-rah boy, the coonskin coat, and the gin bottle were suddenly quaint and old fashioned."

The air of crisis which hung broodingly over those first years of the new decade stimulated a re-birth of interest in electoral politics, especially on the Left. With two-thirds of the college voting in *Spectator's* 1932 Presidential poll, Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, won a striking victory—one which he repeated in the all-University balloting. The Democratic nominee, Franklin D. Roosevelt, ran a poor third on the campus, and students found little to cheer in his upcoming inauguration. Columbia's mood was radical, and therefore pessimistic. After two homeless men died in New York City on a frosty November night—one of starvation and the other of exposure—*Spectator* wrote despairingly:

The official season of suffering and want opened Sunday night. . . . What can we expect of President Hoover during this interregnum, while he waits for the Smiling Lieutenant to assume the official power of dodging important issues? Can we expect both the Republican and Democratic Parties, with their reactionary elements, to meet this crisis?

The new mood of social responsibility on the campus owed much to the crusading journalism of Reed Harris, the editor of *Spectator* in 1931-2. A tall, soft-spoken fraternity man, educated at Staunton Military Academy, Harris startled Columbia by his bold journalistic forays into world affairs and social problems. Under the new editor's guidance, *Spectator* "preached no doctrinaire radicalism," Wechsler recalled. It "merely questioned everything that was sacred."

At a time when alumni and fraternities were be-

coming increasingly elated by Columbia's rising football fortunes, Harris irreverently suggested swapping the team for a farm and termed college football "a professional racket." Powerful figures grew incensed. "The editor of the *Spectator* is too serious minded," complained the alumni secretary. "He should be more collegiate." In late March, 1932, *Spectator* ran a series of articles critical of that old perennial of campus editors, the management of the University dining halls. On April 1, Dean Hawkes announced that "material published in the *Spectator* during the last few days is a climax to a long series of discourteous innendoes and misrepresentations which have appeared in this paper." Reed Harris was officially expelled from Columbia.

The Harris expulsion served as a catalyst for Columbia's student movement of the 1930s, providing it with its first major cause for confrontation. For the next few weeks, the campus was in an uproar. On the Monday after the administrative decree, the Social Problems Club—the haven for Communists and unaffiliated radicals at Columbia—organized a protest rally of 1,500 students on the steps of Low Library. Despite a disappointing response from the faculty, two days later an estimated 2,000 students took part in a campus "strike," replete with picketing, a mass rally, and long speeches denouncing the school administration. "To many of us," recalled Wechsler, then a freshman reporter for *Spectator*, the strike "was a stirring demonstration of love for liberty, and a mark of our own maturity that we were at last engaged in the resolution of crucial issues."

Other students, less pleased by the turn of events, sought to disrupt the pro-Harris rallies. Dubbing themselves "The Spartans," a small group of Columbia athletes distinguished themselves by physically attacking leafleters and speakers. When one student, pale and angry, returned to the steps of Low to speak after having been dragged across the harsh pavement of 116th Street by the brawny defenders of the higher learning, the youthful Wechsler thought that "This had to be one of the great turning points in the affairs of men, even if the undiscerning press aloofly dismissed it as 'Students Riot at Columbia.'"

From the standpoint of the Administration, the Reed Harris affair was a disaster. Dean Hawkes was a friendly gentleman of the old academic school, with a sincere concern for students and their problems, but he had, unfortunately, only a dim comprehension of the explosive forces of social unrest unleashed by the Depression. Easily stung by criticism, he ironically compounded his own difficulties many times over by expelling Harris on the day before the student crusader's one-year term as editor expired. President Nicholas Murray Butler, whose imperious figure would loom far larger than that of the embarrassed Dean in future confrontations, irritably in-

formed the *Herald-Tribune* three days after the story broke in the news media that he knew nothing about the case.

On the campus, the issue refused to die, while elsewhere the newspapers and the American Civil Liberties Union pressed for clarification of the University's anti-libertarian stance. Two harrowing weeks after the strike, the University agreed to reinstate Harris, who then withdrew from the College, as arranged in advance. But while this compromise finally satisfied the major parties to the dispute, the genie had already escaped from the bottle. The Columbia student movement had been launched, and the University was never without an April strike action for the rest of the decade.



HE STARTED IT ALL: Reed Harris was the first in a long line of student activists.

In the spring of 1933, Columbia's failure to renew the contract of Donald Henderson, an instructor in economics, once again plunged the campus into turmoil. An avowed Communist and a staunch ally of student radicals, Henderson had been the one faculty member to speak at the Reed Harris strike rally the preceding year. Now, the student Left declared that Henderson had been fired "because of his political activities and his leadership in the student movement." President Butler replied that "anybody's views on any subject have nothing to do with his appointment," and that Henderson had been dismissed for failure to achieve academic distinction.

Throughout April and May, student picket lines and protest rallies succeeded on another with regularity. At one gathering, the colorful journalist, Heywood Broun, swallowing a huge slug of gin, stepped up on the sundial to denounce the Administration. "It is a strange thing," he observed, "that an instructor is incompetent as soon as he becomes interested in radical activities." Broun contended that a student strike would prove that "this University is ours and belongs to nobody else." In the following weeks, Henderson's indefatigable supporters, again under assault from campus athletes and fraternity members, organized a torchlight parade and a moderate-sized strike. And yet, unlike the Harris case, this one evoked a weak mass response, perhaps because the causes of Henderson's dismissal were more obscure. This time, moreover, the dismissal stuck.

Overshadowed by the more spectacular aspects of the Harris and Henderson cases, leftist sentiment at Columbia continued to grow. When Rexford Tugwell re-visited the Columbia campus in 1933 to laud the N.R.A. and President Franklin Roosevelt, *Spectator* replied scathingly that "the Administration has not dared to go to the bottom and find out what is wrong basically." Columbia's *Blue Book* of 1933 quickly attained such a radical reputation that the University denied it the usual freshman mailing lists, and Jester felt called upon to lampoon it. "Columbia is a bourgeois, reactionary handerout of what is laughingly called learning," stated Jester's "Blooney Book." "It doesn't hold a candle to the University of Moscow." Dean Hawkes wrote regretfully in his *Annual Report* in 1933: "The year under review has been a very difficult one. It is perhaps inevitable that the turmoil in the economic and social affairs of the world should find an echo in the shades of academic life."

For many students, the breakdown of the international order rivalled that of the domestic economy. "Civilization once more stalks blindly toward chaos," cried *Spectator* in March, 1933. "The upheavals precipitated by the last war have made no lasting impression on statesmen." Disillusioned by the failure of the "war to end wars," and sickened by the rise of fascist militarism, Columbia students, like so many in the population, turned resoundingly against war. A *Spectator* poll in April found 293 students unwilling to go to war in any circumstances, 484 willing to fight only if the United States were invaded by foreign troops, and only 81 willing to fight in any war declared by Congress. By late October, Student Board had seized the radical initiative from the volatile Social Problems Club and organized the first Columbia University Anti-War Conference. Although the conference provided a rhetorical battlefield for Communists, Socialists, liberals and pacifists, unity was preserved and a permanent campus peace organiza-

COLUMBIANA



COLUMBIANA

ADMINISTRATOR: Dean of the College Herbert Hawkes "was a friendly gentleman of the old school" who had "only a dim comprehension of the explosive forces . . . released by the Depression."

tion established.

Columbia students held their first anti-fascist demonstration when Hans Luther, the ambassador of the new Nazi government of Germany, spoke at Horace Mann auditorium in December, 1933 under the auspices of Columbia's Institute of Arts and Sciences. The Social Problems Club denounced Columbia for giving its blessing to fascism, and announced plans to picket the talk, but other students contended that a demonstration would interfere with the German official's freedom of speech. President Nicholas Murray Butler entered the fray on Luther's behalf, proclaiming that Columbia did "not ask what a man's opinions may be but only whether he is intelligent, honest and well-mannered in their presentation." With the Harris and Henderson cases still rankling, Butler's sudden concern for academic freedom irritated many students, as did his assumption that an apologist for Nazism could be "honest" or "well-mannered." Nevertheless, the Jewish Students Society refused to join the protest, while the issue divided the Socialists and the Columbia Conference Against War.

On December 12, the night of the speech, the

SOCIAL CONSCIENCE: 1935
Jester portrayed woman scavenging
in garbage.



*Sports of Leisure Classes—
No. 1—Hunting*

COLUMBIANA

German official told his audience of the glories of Nazism, while 1000 students—drawn largely from the Social Problems Club and other New York colleges—demonstrated outside in the bitter cold. Despite the dismal ending to the incident, it was not without its rewards for campus radicals. Seventeen-year-old Nancy Fraenkel, prevented by police from distributing anti-fascist leaflets outside the hall, drew the attention of the youthful Wechsler; within a year they were married.

The issue of fascism on campus cropped up again the following fall, when a well-documented article in the *Nation* charged that Columbia's Casa Italiana served as a disseminator of Italian fascist propaganda in the United States. The article asserted, among other things, that in 1933 the Italian Consul-General in New York had contributed \$3000 to the Casa, that the Casa's educational bureau sent out speakers to spread fascist doctrine, that no anti-fascist had ever spoken at the Casa, and that students meeting at the Casa were forbidden to engage in open discussions of fascism. Although President Butler replied that the Casa Italiana was "wholly without political purpose or significance," subsequent articles and letters in this and other magazines supported journalist Max Ascoli's contention that the Casa was, indeed, "a center of fascist propaganda."

As a consequence of these revelations, the Graduate Club of Italian Studies split into two warring factions, students threw up picket lines and organized protest rallies outside the Italian center, and *Spectator* called for an investigation of the Casa Italiana—all with little effect. Nevertheless, the issue of the University's complicity with fascism remained a sore one, and would reappear in more dramatic form in 1936.

With pacifism and anti-fascism in harness together on the campuses, massive anti-war strikes began to shake American colleges in 1934. In February, 1933, the Oxford Union had passed a resolution vowing that under no circumstances would it "fight for King and country." The Oxford Oath had swept through English universities and jumped the Atlantic to America, where it re-emerged as a refusal "to support the United States government in any war it may conduct."

Taking the Oxford Oath as their rallying cry, America's two major radical student organizations, the Communist-led National Student League (which absorbed Columbia's Social Problems Club) and the Socialist-oriented Student League for Industrial Democracy, called for a "Student Strike Against War" on April 13, 1934—the anniversary of America's entry into the Great War. About 25,000 students responded to the call, most of them in New York City. At Columbia, where the strike was endorsed by every group from the radical *Spectator* to the more conservative



CRUSADER: Roger Baldwin points to peace pledge during campus rally in 1938.

Student Board, the one-hour demonstration drew 2,000 participants. The *New York World-Telegram* commented unexpectedly favorably on the day's events, noting that in the struggle against war, "it is the opposition of the cannon fodder that counts most."

By 1935, the campus strikes against war had assumed nationwide proportions. Student organizations estimated 150,000 participants, while the *New York Times* reported 60,000. At Columbia, spurred on by *Spectator's* call for "a strike which will far transcend any similar demonstrations on this campus," 26 student organizations endorsed the action over the objections of President Butler. Critical of what he termed "emotional outbursts," Columbia's President derided the strike as "itself a form of war" and banned the use of the Low Library steps for the demonstration. In the face of this administrative displeasure, 3,500 Columbia students turned out for the April 12 peace rally, which featured an all-star cast of speakers. Roger Baldwin of the ACLU chided President Butler, while Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary called upon students to "build a civilization in which war is impossible." Columbia's Professor John Herman Randall Jr. warned that "the immediate cause of war is that people like yourselves can be fooled into thinking that war is worthwhile." And, as if to indicate that it would never again be hoodwinked into supporting the warmakers, the audience solemnly joined James Wechsler in reciting the Oxford Oath.

The 1936 strike surpassed that of the preceding year in numbers and irreverence. On April 22, an estimated 4000 students attended the annual peace rally

on South Field. While 400 Veterans of Future Wars paraded among the delighted undergraduates, Barnard students, proclaiming themselves the Mothers of Veterans of Future Wars, bore placards declaring: "Bonus While We Can Still Dance" and "Orchids for the Graves of Our Sons." A "future war profiteer," wearing a silk hat and carrying prominent moneybags, and a Barnard girl, portraying a "future gold-digger," rounded out the day's lively anti-war celebration.

As the editor of *Spectator* in 1934-35, James Wechsler helped ensure the success of such demonstrations by keeping radical consciousness on the campus at a white heat. Like Reed Harris, whom he had idolized as a freshman, Wechsler steered *Spectator* onto the path of radical social criticism. Unlike Harris, however, Wechsler was a Communist, having joined the Party shortly before April, 1934, when he became editor.

Although Wechsler and the newspaper staff narrowly staved off serious curbs on *Spectator's* editorial freedom, initiated when the beleaguered Administration discovered to its horror that a *bona fide* Red had somehow become editor, Wechsler never moved far enough beyond student opinion to become intolerable. The Communist Party was shifting to the Right, campus opinion had veered Left, and Wechsler himself was too unpredictable to make a proper party-liner. That year, recalled Wechsler, *Spectator* criticized Columbia's Rose Bowl appearance, but "some of us sat in the lobby of Hartley Hall on the day of the game, listening to the radio broadcast and enjoying every minute." On the other hand, *Spectator's* Marxist tone reflected how far the campus

had come since the carefree days of the 1920s. "Capitalism was a phase of history," Wechsler wrote in his farewell editorial of April 13, 1935. "It lived a full life and it will die hard. But surveying its . . . prolonged illness which has brought such suffering and misery for the world, we can only bid it Godspeed."

Wechsler could hardly have found a much better capitalist ogre against whom to tilt his editorial lance than Nicholas Murray Butler. Columbia's powerful President, who in 1932 held \$500,000 worth of securities in one bank alone, was a stalwart of the Republican Party; had denounced the Adamson Act, which established collective bargaining on the nation's railroads, as "a menace to our political institutions;" had questioned the income tax, which "interpreted literally . . . levels to the ground all the immunities that hitherto existed to surround private property;" had inveighed against the excess profits tax of 1920; had assailed legislation permitting publication of in-

"handyman of privilege"—"a bootlicker of men of fortune."

Nor were Butler's views on foreign affairs likely to encourage student plaudits. Despite his long concern with international arbitration, his receipt of the Nobel Peace Prize for his part in the drafting of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, and his close association with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Columbia's President emerged in times of war as a bellicose nationalist. In 1898, he had told the nation's teachers that the United States had entered the Spanish-American War "in the most unselfish spirit and from the loftiest motives." In 1917, he became a super-patriot, firing pacifist professors from their posts at Columbia and turning the University into an armed camp. In 1918, he advocated universal military training, predicting "a quick demand for national training of young women as well." Whenever he was in Rome, Butler found time to visit Benito Mussolini, the Italian fascist dictator. In his speeches before American audiences, Columbia's President deplored the element of compulsion in fascism, but also noted its "long series of genuine improvements in the public life and policy of the nation." Critics were quick to notice that while Butler frequently castigated radicalism, he had a striking tolerance for fascism.

Butler naturally became the chief campus target for the Columbia contingent of the new American Student Union. Formed on the national level by Socialist, liberal, and Communist students in 1935, the A.S.U. absorbed the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League to become the leading organization of the radical student movement. The first issue of the A.S.U. journal, *The Student Advocate*, edited by the ever-active Wechsler, praised Columbia leftists for their efficiency. A.S.U. chapters sprang up in the College, the Law School, the graduate schools, and the extension division. By the spring of 1936, Columbia's A.S.U. was sponsoring campus speakers, planning the April peace strike, picketing two local bars that discriminated against blacks, and marching 200-strong in the New York May Day parade of that year.

When President Butler accepted the invitation of the University of Heidelberg to send a Columbia delegate to the German university's 550th anniversary celebration, he handed the A.S.U. its most popular issue of the year. Spectator called it "criminal" for Columbia to "join in commemorating the new dispensation in German education." One biting editorial asked: "Are we Celebrating Hitler's Blood Purges, Dr. Butler?" Petitions and demonstrations, organized by the A.S.U., abounded. Perhaps the most striking was a dramatic bonfire on South Field on May 12, 1936, into which a mock Hitler ordered a series of books tossed. At the close of the book-burning, a student representing Columbia's Heidelberg delegate pre-



EDITOR: James Wechsler '35 was leading radical spokesman.

come tax returns as "an outrageous violation of the rights of privacy;" and had defended "property" as "an attribute of personality." He opposed high inheritance taxes, the Child Labor Amendment ("child labor does not exist in the United States"), socialism ("a sort of glorified lynching"), the class struggle ("a revolt of the unfit, due to an inferiority complex") and radicals ("guilty of selfishness to the nth power"). On September 3, 1934, in the depths of the Depression, the *New York Times* carried the front-page headline: "Dr. Butler Scores Radicals on Wide Poverty—Charge of Non-Distribution of Wealth Held Sheer Invention." Contending that the level of unemployment was exaggerated, President Butler added that the idea of "maldistribution of wealth" had been "mischievously devised by radicals." It was not James Wechsler, but Wisconsin's famed Republican Senator Robert M. LaFollette who once referred to Butler as a

sented Hitler with the degree of "Doctor of Laws, Culture, and Civilization."

President Butler did little to calm the furor aroused by the Heidelberg incident. Despite his contention that Columbia's participation would in no way signify approval of the Nazi-dominated educational system, his message of greetings to the festivities began: "It is with pleasure and with hope that we salute you . . . who are the guardians of a noble heritage." In addition, the University kept the issue alive when, during the summer of 1936, it expelled Robert Burke, the president of the junior class and a leader of the anti-Heidelberg demonstrations. According to a pamphlet published by the American Civil Liberties Union, Burke's major act of *lèse majesté* seems to have been to declare at the May 12 rally: "Nicky, I hope you hear this, too, you can send a representative to Heidelberg, but let it be known that he is not the choice of the Columbia student body."

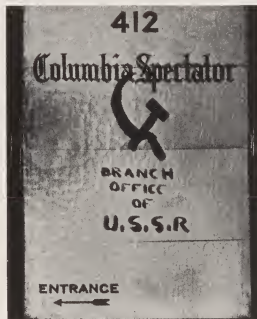
the campus "has no more to do with academic freedom than it has with polar exploration."

Nevertheless, Columbia's President had felt the pressure over the Heidelberg incident. In 1937, when the University of Goettingen sent Columbia an invitation to its 200th anniversary celebration, Butler declined it.

The radical currents sweeping through campus life in the 1930s surfaced even in *Jester*. Wedded throughout the 'twenties to the cynical, sophomoric brand of humor popularized by H. L. Mencken, *Jester* lagged behind other campus elements in making the leap to social activism. After Reed Harris' expulsion, *Jester* noted acidly that the *Spectator* editor "did not have the mature good sense to keep an empty set of so-called liberal ideals from running away with him." But by November, 1933, *Jester* reported that "it's pretty hard to be whimsical about a thing like the approaching war," and that "we're in favor of putting Columbia on record as opposed to war, in deadly



ORATOR: Student leader David Cook later fought in Spain.



OUTPOST? Some charged *Spectator* with serving the Bolsheviks.



THEOLOGIAN: Reinhold Niebuhr addresses peace rally. Niebuhr died recently.

Throughout the fall of 1936, Columbia students demonstrated, struck, and protested against Burke's expulsion, and wore "Reinstate Bob Burke" tags sold by the A.S.U. On October 12, they picketed Butler's home in an all-night "death-watch for academic freedom." All to no avail. In his *Annual Report* for 1935, Butler had contended that "for those who are *in statu pupillari*," academic freedom "has no meaning whatever." Nor, despite Burke's earlier defense of the talk given by the German Ambassador, did academic freedom apparently have much meaning for outside speakers, either. When Burke returned to the Columbia campus in February, 1938 to discuss his work in the C.I.O. before an open meeting of the Young Communist League, he was apprehended and forced to leave by University detectives. Answering a protest against his action by Student Board, President Butler argued that a refusal to allow an outside speaker on

earnest." The humor magazine also turned a mordant eye on American capitalism. A fragment from a poem appearing in October, 1934 read:

If you're eager for to shine
In the plutocratic line
As a multi-millionaire,
Employ children of all ages
And pay sub-starvation wages
And you'll very soon get there.

Essays, stories and poems damned the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, war profiteers, and General Franco. *Jester's* Christmas, 1937 issue told readers that "some of you are going to be murdered by war, others by fascism." Reprinting etchings from Goya's *Desastres de la Guerra*, German propaganda posters, and Spanish Loyalist appeals, the humor magazine headlined

the section: "That Some Men May Prosper, Other Men Must Die."

And yet, despite its popularity and assertiveness, the radical student movement at Columbia, like its national counterpart, went into a serious decline in the last years of the decade. After 1936, opponents of fascism increasingly turned to plans for concerted military action, not to pacifism, while outspoken social critics began to make a home for themselves in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Ironically, the Communist Party led the retreat from radicalism. Traumatized by fascist success in Europe, Communist parties throughout the world abandoned their hard-line revolutionary stance of the late 1920s and early 1930s to promote a Popular Front of all "progressive" forces. President Roosevelt's New Deal and "collective security" policies consequently found growing favor on the college campus among liberals and Communists. Only a dwindling band of Socialists and pacifists remained out in the cold. In the fall of 1936, *Spectator's* straw poll for the Presidency revealed the previously-scorned Roosevelt an easy victor with 781 votes, Republican Alfred M. Landon second with a modest 427, Communist Earl Browder third with 119, and Socialist Norman Thomas—the victor of 1932—trailing miserably with 88.

The tone of campus radicalism reflected the shift. The Fifth Columbia Anti-War Conference, held in December, 1936, heard Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr support a collective security program, which it endorsed over strong minority opposition. Refusing to recognize the split within its own ranks, the Conference also upheld the Oxford Oath. On the other hand, it declined to administer it to students at the Conference. *Spectator* reported "some of the bitterest internal dissension yet seen in the Columbia peace movement," and that was saying a good deal. The American Student Union, once the bright star in the radical firmament, decayed so severely by October, 1937, that *Spectator*, in an editorial on "The A.S.U. Problem," suggested that the organization "search out useful functions which it can perform on campus." A student writing in *Jester* complained at the end of 1937 that "political action is nearly dead since the miserable collapse more than a year ago of the campaign to reinstate Bob Burke. The American Student Union sleeps through threatening depression and inevitable war" and "mass meetings on South Field attract only the tiniest of masses."

Moreover, campus politics were further convulsed by a shift in the A.S.U.'s anti-war stance. Over the 1937 Christmas holidays, the national convention of the student organization, meeting on the snow-covered campus of Vassar College, voted overwhelmingly to repudiate the Oxford Oath in favor of collective security. Strongly influenced by the Communist determination to bring America into the anti-fascist

struggle, the delegates, representing 20,000 students in 200 colleges, called for an embargo on war materials, loans, and credits to aggressor nations, and demanded a modification of United States neutrality provisions. Returning home, Columbia's A.S.U. contingent plunged into a campaign for collective security, but was opposed by Student Board, which held firmly to a policy of strict neutrality guidelines. *Spectator*, however, took up the new A.S.U. program. In an editorial headlined "Neutrality—or Peace?" the newspaper warned that fascist aggression would not "stop in Spain or China. . . . The attack will continue . . . until the United States, itself, is swept away." Ironically, *Spectator* now saw eye-to-eye on the international situation with its former antagonist, Nicholas Murray Butler, who, in the fall of 1937, had denounced isolationism and supported President Roosevelt's call for a "quarantine" of aggressor nations.

The abandonment of pacifism by key elements of the radical student movement rapidly undermined the once-powerful campus strikes against war. In April, 1937, 1,500 Columbia students turned out to take part in what *Spectator* called the "smallest and most uneventful peace demonstration at Columbia in the last three years." Trying again in the fall, anti-war activists drew only 200 students to South Field for a demonstration on November 11. Moreover, unlike the rally of the preceding spring, in which 90 per cent of the participants took the Oxford Oath, this one divided sharply between pacifists and proponents of collective security. *Spectator* assailed the "dismal demonstration of disinterest in peace activity," complaining that "activity in the progressive movement has gradually succumbed to an ever-growing indifference and apathy." The newspaper maintained that "the division between the proponents of collective security and of isolation is now so complete that a single front is virtually impossible, and certainly ineffectual."

With the campus split so badly—as illustrated once again in the spring of 1938, when a *Spectator*

SATIRE: Columbia students portray future gold-digger and war-profitteer.




poll found students favoring collective security by a 4-3 margin—two rival demonstrations took place that April. Five hundred students in McMillin Theatre heard Norman Thomas and Sidney Hook defend neutrality, while 1,000 gathered on South Field as William E. Dodd, former American ambassador to Germany, spoke for collective security. Trying desperately to hold the divided and disheartened student movement together in the spring of 1939, Student Board and *Spectator* could do little better than organize a forum at which a balance was maintained between spokesmen for neutrality and collective security.

By the late 1930s, only sympathy for the victims of fascist aggression still united the remnants of Columbia's radical student movement. In November, 1936, the campus A.S.U. chapter began fundraising for the embattled Spanish Republic, and in subsequent years it continued to collect money for ambulances, food, and medical supplies. On March 5, 1937, *Spectator* announced that Dave Cook, a former member of Student Board and a long-time campus radical, was fighting for the Loyalists in Spain. Later that month, André Malraux spoke on the campus to encourage further support for the Republic, as did Joseph Lash, the A.S.U.'s national secretary, in October. Like Malraux, Lash had just returned from the front lines. In late 1938, Columbia's shaky Peace Council petitioned President Butler and the trustees to grant special scholarships to German refugees, while from 1938 through 1940, Columbia students promoted a variety of fund drives to assist European refugees.

With the approach of the Second World War, little remained of Columbia's once-proud student movement. The *Columbian* reported that "The Class of '39 has been notably apathetic in its devotion to what is commonly referred to as vital issues. Among its members there have been very few, if any rabid exponents of the great causes." And what of united student action? "Perhaps," said the journal, "they were aware of the futility of such efforts in view of the

situation of the world today which had not been impressed nor greatly altered by the concerted collegiate action in the past, or perhaps they were incapable as a body of such manifestations of interest, but . . . the fact of their apathy remains."

By 1940, Columbia's A.S.U. chapter, with 18 dues-paying members, seemed to have neither the interest nor the power to protest the establishment of Marine Corps, Air Force, and Naval training units at Columbia. Although all polls of Columbia students up to the Pearl Harbor attack showed them opposed to an American declaration of war, they remained startlingly unwilling to protest the gradual militarization of the campus. On October 16, 1940, for example, an academic holiday was declared as Columbia students registered for the new peacetime draft. *Spectator* devoted its columns to the issues of room-rent adjustments and academic and extracurricular credit for men drafted in the middle of a semester. That same day, like a lightning bolt from the past, the Youth Committee Against War called an anti-conscription demonstration at Broadway and 115th Street. Ten demonstrators, twelve policemen, six reporters, and six photographers put in a sorry appearance.

The radical student movement of the 1930s had been mobilized in opposition to the blight of the Great Depression and to the marching jackboots of fascism. During its years of militant protest, it gave Columbia a well-merited reputation for social commitment and avant-garde politics. By the late 1930s, though, the New Deal and the collective security policies of the Roosevelt Administration had convinced many students—particularly the Communists—that their goals of social justice and world peace could best be attained by working inside the Democratic Party. With that conclusion, Columbia's radicals traded the politics of protest for more conventional means of social action. When they marched bravely off to the war they had sworn never to fight, they were on the first leg of their strange journey into the ranks of the Liberal Establishment. 

Lawrence S. Wittner is an assistant professor of history at Vassar College. He received his A.B. from Columbia (1962), his M.A. from the University of Wisconsin (1963), and his Ph.D. from Columbia's Graduate Faculties (1967). He is the author of *Rebels Against War* and the editor of the forthcoming *MacArthur*.

Juliette P. Thayer is a student in the MAT program at the University of North Carolina. She received her A.B. this June from Vassar College.

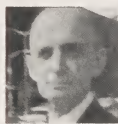
The authors have made extensive use of material in the annual reports of the President of Columbia University and the Dean of Columbia College, *Spectator*, *Jester*, and in the *Columbiana* collection; articles in the *New York press* and *liberal journals*; historical monographs; and especially of James Wechsler's absorbing autobiographical account in *The Age of Suspicion*.

Alumni Authors



Eloquent April by Melville Cane '00 is a potpourri of light and lyrical verse, and prose autobiographical reminiscences. Mr. Cane's poems are delightful. Many of his brief narrative pieces touch on his meetings with distinguished literary figures. His best bit of prose, however, describes an exuberant May walk which he took through Central Park on his way to a Columbia class, and which ended with his arrest for frightening a horse. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. \$5.95)

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Revolution by Cliché by David Cort '24 describes how reality is distorted by idiom, jargon, slogans, and labels. The author assails the substitution of cliché for thought on many topics including sex, childhood, and alienation. He is particularly incensed by the glib turns of phrase used to

mask what he regards as the horrors of Communism. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$6.95). **A Constellation of Heroes** is the new title for *An Astrological Novel*. When Mr. Cort's novel was first published 40 years ago, readers found it outrageously cynical and frank. Contemporary readers may be less surprised by its forthright descriptions of sex and the seamy passions of life, but even more perturbed by its brutal cynicism. It is still an interesting read. (Grosset & Dunlap, \$5.95)



The Golden Age: A Climate for Greatness, Virginia 1732-1775 by Clifford Dowd '25 focuses on Williamsburg in the mid-1700s and the generation which fathered the eloquent Virginians who led the American Revolution. Dowd sees the Golden Age as one when the aristocratic plant-

ers governed in their own interests, but their interests happily coincided with those of the majority of freeholders. He sees men of the new age—Washington, Jefferson, and Henry—as heirs to a tradition of autocratic self-assertion which would ultimately prove incompatible with restraints imposed by British trade regulations. The author clearly admires the dynastic era he documents. (Little, Brown, \$8.95)



A Catalogue of Crime by Jacques Barzun '27 and Wendell Hertig Taylor is a descriptive bibliography of mystery and detective literature since Poe. It also includes sections on studies of the crime novel, true crime, the literature of Sherlock Holmes and ghost stories. The authors write

for those who recognize the hedonistic rewards of escape into the mystery tale. (Harper & Row, \$18.95)



The Admirable Cotton Mather by James Playsted Wood '27 is an introduction to the formidable Puritan minister and scholar which lauds his accomplishments and challenges the notion that Mather bore significant responsibility for the Salem witch trials of 1692. Ages 12 up. (Seabury Press, \$5.95)



Career Guidance: Who Needs It, Who Provides It, Who Can Improve It by Eli Ginzberg '31 presents the results of a three-year study of the vocational guidance field, undertaken by the Conservation of Human Resources Project at Columbia under Ginzberg's leadership. The book con-

cerns itself not only with the processes by which young people acquire data about careers, but also with the information services available to older people seeking to advance or change professions. This book is a discussion of the achievements and shortcomings of guidance services, not a "How to Find a Good Job" manual. (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95). **Urban Health Services: The Case of New York**, by Eli Ginzberg and the Conservation of Human Resources Staff, analyzes the complex issues involved in transforming traditional health services to meet the needs of contemporary metropolitan society. (Columbia University Press, \$10.00)



The Imperial Self: An Essay in American Literary and Cultural History by Quentin Anderson '37 charts the literary sensibility which increasingly stressed the claim for the self rather than society as the principal arena of human accomplishment. In this study Anderson assesses Emerson, Whitman, and Henry James as authors who first urged every reader to imagine his consciousness as the center to and from which every experience flowed. Anderson offers the literary imagination of Hawthorne in contrast to theirs because Hawthorne was certain that one is fully alive only in society. (Knopf, \$7.95)



James Madison by Harold S. Schulz '38 is part of the *Rulers and Statesmen of the World* series published by Twayne. Two hundred and four pages long, this biography encompasses all the main elements of Madison's life and career. It emphasizes however, the statesman's shift of strategy

after the Great Compromise and the consistency of his foreign policy. The author makes great use of contemporary descriptions of Madison and seems to share the admiration articulated in most of them.



Graphic Design for the Computer Age by Edward A. Hamilton '42 is a primer on the uses of graphic design in communicating information. The book covers such subjects as: illustration styles, the photograph as a design property, visual footnotes, the expression of abstract verbal concepts the full use of color. Marvelous color plates are included. (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$19.95)

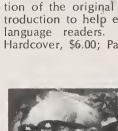
through graphics, and marvelous color plates are included. (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$19.95)

Correction

In the Winter-Spring issue, **Phthalocyanine Technology**, by Yale A. Meltzer, should have read **Phthalocyanine Technology**, by Yale L. Meltzer. **Strategies of Community Organization**, edited by John Ehrlich, was published by F. E. Peacock, not by F. E. Lee Peacock. His other book, **Student Power, Participation, and Revolution** (Association Press), is also available in paperback, at \$3.95.



Chushingura (The Treasury of Loyal Retainers), a puppet play translated by Donal Keene '42 is the most famous of all Japanese dramas. Written around 1748 for puppet theater, it is now better known in Kabuki performances, and in cinema and television versions. This is a translation of the original script with notes and an introduction to help elucidate the play for English-language readers. (Columbia University Press: Hardcover, \$6.00; Paperback, \$1.95)



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Television's Classic Commercials by Lincoln Diamond '43 analyzes a group of well-known TV advertisements from the period 1940-58 in terms of their psychological impact on unsophisticated viewers and consequent sociological significance. (Hastings House, \$14.50)



Sledgehammer by Walter Wager '44 is a fast-moving tale of four ex-OSS officers who reorganize themselves in 1970 to avenge the recent violent death of an old war buddy in a mob-ster-rud deep south county. With cunning and bravery they infiltrate the "alien territory" and smash its lethally corrupt political machine in bits. This is good no-think entertainment fare and will probably end up on the wide screen one day. (Macmillan, \$5.95). **Viper Three** is also first-rate movie material. Five condemned murderers achieve the impossible: They secure control of a nuclear weapon launch station and proceed to make a few tricky non-negotiable demands of the President of the United States. In the best *Faithful* tradition, imminent nuclear holocaust becomes almost believable. (Macmillan, \$5.95)



Championship NBA by Leonard Koppett '46 is a basketball connoisseur's portfolio of pictures and descriptions celebrating the big moments in national basketball play-offs from 1947 through 1970. (Dial Press: Hardcover, \$7.95; Softcover, \$3.95)



Chinese Lyricism: Shih Po-tery from the Second to the Twelfth Century by Burton Watson '49 includes over 200 treasured Chinese poems with helpful explicatory material in the form of critical, historical, and biographical essays and notes. The book devotes much space to poets of the Six Dynasties and Sung eras, whose work has received little attention until now. A reader need not be a specialist to enjoy this volume. (Columbia University Press: Hardcover, \$9.00; Paperback, \$3.45)

Six Dynasties and Sung eras, whose work has received little attention until now. A reader need not be a specialist to enjoy this volume. (Columbia University Press: Hardcover, \$9.00; Paperback, \$3.45)



The Rights of Americans: What They Are—What They Should Be edited by Norman Dorsen '50 analyzes the legal precedents for 31 individual rights, and explores the possibilities for further doctrinal development of these rights. Such well established rights as due process, equal protection, and free speech are examined, as well as the newly emerging rights of consumers, servicemen, welfare recipients, and others. This is an interesting and handy reference. (Pantheon Books, \$12.50)

A Story from Michigan by Arthur Thomas '51 is a biography of chemist, industrialist, and legislator Clarke F. Davis. (California State Polytechnic Press)

The University Crisis Reader in two volumes: **The Liberal University Under Attack** (I) and **Confrontation and Counterattack** (II) edited by Immanuel Wallerstein '57 and Paul Starr '70 collects essays, notes, and position papers from diverse groups and individuals on the subject of university turmoil. Several articles concern Columbia and/or are written by Columbia-affiliated people including Jacques Barzun, Grayson Kirk, Margaret Mead, Charles Frankel, and Mark Rudd. There is a concluding essay by each of the editors. (Vintage Books, \$2.45 per volume)



The Boys' and Girls' Book About Divorce by Richard A. Gardner '52, a child psychiatrist, is intended for children. Dr. Gardner believes that an open sympathetic discussion of the problems of divorce can be helpful to youngsters whose parents are contemplating divorce or have been divorced. (Science House, \$7.95)



Little Spiro by Ralph Schoenstein '53 (illustrated by Arnold Roth) spoofs Agnew in a series of Schoenstein-invented letters, poems, and essays supposedly written by the vice-president during his childhood. (William Morrow paperback, \$1.95)

The English Historical Novel by Avrom Fleishman '54 shows the close links between literature and theories of history in the historical novel genre. The evolution of the genre is traced from Sir Walter Scott's works through those of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Hardy, Conrad, and Virginia Woolf. (The Johns Hopkins Press, \$10.00). Also by Professor Fleishman is **A Reading of Mansfield Park: An Essay in Critical Synthesis**. In this paperback volume Fleishman considers several aspects of Austen's novel and examines, augments, and sometimes argues with what previous critics have said about it. By applying a variety of critical approaches to this one book, the author aims to reconcile divergent points of view in a single method to be used for a full reading of any complex novel. (The Johns Hopkins Press, \$1.95)



Hormonal and Attractant Pesticide Technology by Yale L. Meltzer '54 deals with the vital area of technology concerned with eliminating pollution, and other hazards caused by many conventional pesticides. This book examines in technical detail the results of experiments with pesticides, made of hormones and hormone-like substances, which interfere with the life cycle of noxious insects but have little or no effect on nontarget insects and farm animals. (Noyes Data Corporation, \$35.00)



poet. (Wayne Publishers, \$4.50)

Dreams in Seventeenth Century English Literature by Manfried Weidhorn '54 examines the four major theories of dreams current in that era and the relationships between literary genre and type of dream. (Mouton & Company, \$7.50). Richard Lovelace is a study of the Cavalier



Virgin Islands and Mexico. (Harper & Row, \$4.95)

Making the Best of It by Newton Frohlich '56 tells how to make divorce as private and painless as possible. The book contains practical information on finding the right lawyer, alimony and tax benefits, and the divorce requirements in all fifty states, Canada, Puerto Rico, the



U.S. Guide to Nursing Homes (Midwest Edition) by Dan Greenberg '56 is a city-by-city directory of nursing homes. Some entries briefly describe an institution's facilities and charges; others give only the name, address, and number of beds. An introductory section offers advice on how to judge a nursing home's services and provides a 22-question checklist. (East coast and west coast regional edition are also available.) (Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.95)

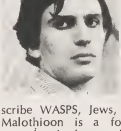
Against Emptiness by Paul Zweig '56 is a first volume of poetry. The poems speak with a clear, resonant voice of the poet's own circumstances and identity. The statements are short but their implications are far-reaching and universal. (Harper & Row, \$4.95)



Electronic Switching Theory and Circuits by L. J. Bruchser, A. H. Budlong, M. B. Haverly and Gerald Waldbaum '58 examines both fundamental and more advanced topics in sequential circuit design theory and practice. (Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, \$17.95)



Eisenhower, My Eisenhower by Jerome Charney '59 is a far-out satire of American life starring Toby Malothibon, an Azaz gypsy, who like all members of his tribe sports a discreet horn, has an insatiable sexual appetite, and is despised by most Anglos—the term used by the Azaz to describe WASPS, Jews, and blacks alike. Malothibon is a former war-hero and gook-strangler, he has trouble adjusting to middle class life. Uneasy at home with his scientist-wife, her cat, and his musclebound brother who usually lives in the garage, Malothibon detects to the equally bizarre world of Azaz guerrilla warfare. (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95)



The Death and Life of Harry Geth by D. Keith Mano '63 is a comic novel about a nice-guy-slob hero and his manically grotesque family. The novel manages to incorporate a sex-pervert grandmother, several idiots, six deaths, ready-made corpses, and most remarkably—a rather poignant

The Dimensions of History edited by Thomas N. Guinsburg '59 is a collection of readings aimed at answering the undergraduate question: Is history relevant? The 13 included essays examine divergent points of view on the nature of history and illustrate the varying forces which must be considered in assessing reasons for historical change. Among the contributors to this volume are Schlesinger, Lynd, Koht, and Holstadter. (Rand McNally college department paperback)

Benjamin grabbed His Glicken and ran by Fred Gordon '60 is the surreal story of Benjamin Hackett—a terrified and terrifying 23-year-old who lives on the edge of madness. Benjamin, who spends his days feverishly jotting down his fantasies, together with scientific notes about the brain, becomes utterly enmeshed in a violent futuristic novel and its decadent female author. The line between his own life and that of the futuristic hero quickly blurs in Hackett's mind as the novel hurtles towards a bizarre ending. And no less surprising than the curves of Benjamin's existence is the language of the novel. The conception of the novel shares him: a language of everyday simple words which slap each other on the back and emerge crippled, yet grotesquely clear. (Harper & Row, \$6.95)



The Politics of Authenticity by Marshall Berman '61 expounds a fascinating thesis which seeks the romantic roots of modern day radicalism in the ideas of Montesquieu and Rousseau. According to Berman, the conception of the personal as political was perceived by these two thinkers and remained a central theme of the Romantic Age, 1789 to 1848. The ideology of the next hundred years or so, however, viewed the quest for individual autonomy as antithetical to a socialistic form of society, equating individualism with capitalism and collectivism with socialism. It remained for the New Left to "discover" that a capitalist society inhibited personal development, and to begin to outline a new political ideology where individual self-knowledge and assertion (do your own thing) lead to community and government by consent. Berman dissects the writings of Montesquieu and Rousseau and commends their visions to the shapers of liberation movements. (Atheneum, \$8.95)



Keats and His Poetry: A Study in Development by Morris Dickstein '61 focuses on the patterns and strategies of consciousness that shape the movement of Keats's poems, and on the changing relations between imagination and reality in the earlier and later work. Keats emerges as a crisis-poet, as his kinship with the other Romantics and with the modernist sensibility is explored. (University of Chicago Press, \$9.50)

The Early Life of Sean O'Casey by Martin B. Margulies '61 deals with the first 40 years of the playwright's life, before he began writing for the stage. It demonstrates that he was a product of the middle or lower middle classes, and not of the Dublin tenements as is commonly believed. (Dolmen, \$3.50)



Christian salvation for the hero. (Alfred Knopf, \$6.95)

Obituaries

- 1897 Isaac Yohannan
January 8, 1971
- 1898 Charles Hebard Edwards
January 4, 1971
- 1901 George A. Acken
April 8, 1971
- 1902 Chapman Ropes
- 1905 Walter W. Mott
January 25, 1971
Gerard Pitt
March 29, 1971
- 1907 Charles R. Brodix
February 25, 1971
Marcus V. Mendell
Thomas E. Snyder
August 30, 1970
- 1908 Sylvan Morris Baret
- 1911 Milton Greenebaum
January 1971
Charles J. W. Meisel
March 27, 1971
Gabriel Rubino
April 19, 1971
- 1912 Joseph Liff
Sampson H. Miller
William Raymond Root
May 1970
Brenton Welling
- 1913 Cornelius Fersch
July 23, 1970
Dallas W. Haines
March 3, 1971
- 1914 Maurice C. Hull
George Luther Van Buskirk
March 25, 1971
- 1915 Herman Goodman
February 9, 1971
Sterling E. Graham
- 1917 William Nicholas Barbarito
Tracy A. Clute
January 29, 1970
William Brigden Codling
William Harold Miller
November 1970
- 1918 Harry Leslie Bullock
Carl Erichs Hartwig
March 4, 1971
Herbert Walter Lange
February 20, 1971
Allan B. Leeburger
July 31, 1970
Aaron Levinsky
May 5, 1970
Lech Wojciech S. Zychlinski
- 1919 Frank J. Altschul
May 3, 1971
Alan E. Burns
April 19, 1971
Campbell Horan
Anthony F. Raymond
Mortimer William Rodgers
January 1970
- 1920 Phya Vidura-Dharmabhinnet
January 28, 1971
- 1921 Abraham Malich
April 27, 1971
William P. Schweitzer
May 25, 1971
- 1922 Paul D. Bernard
February 17, 1971
William Malangethon Nead
January 2, 1971
- 1923 Peter A. Lanese
Albert Claridge Moore
Morris Walder
January 26, 1971
- 1924 George Duncan Crookes
September 20, 1969
Samuel Englander
William Joseph Hawthorne
April 9, 1971
Jack Schultz
April 29, 1971
Leon Singerman
December 3, 1970
- 1925 Ronald L. Barry
March 25, 1971
Joseph H. Gleason
February 18, 1971
Paul E. Hering
Benjamin P. Roosa
February 8, 1971
- 1926 Carl H. Barten
August 1970
Eugene Burr
March 27, 1971
Alan M. Fenner
June 1970
Sidney Lindner
December 17, 1970
William Brown Meloney
May 4, 1971
John H. Moriarty
February 13, 1971
Marshall Rosett
December 11, 1970
- 1927 James H. Campbell
May 1971
- 1928 William F. Wacker
February 8, 1971
- 1929 H. Jesse Kirchner
March 8, 1971
David Schleim
May 23, 1971
- 1931 Julius Joseph Seaman
May 3, 1971
- 1932 Walter F. Salvo
Emanuel S. Wieder
January 31, 1971
- 1933 Richard Hirsch
January 16, 1971
James P. J. McAndris
April 4, 1970
- 1935 Charles Ferdinand Gilkeson
November 23, 1970
Martin Harold Kelly
April 28, 1971
George E. Seguin
May 1971
- 1936 Rene Casper
March 22, 1971
Ralph Sylvester Lynch
March 29, 1971
- 1938 Sumner Stewart Smith, jr.
June 7, 1970
Jacques Von Brunt Voris
May 20, 1971
- 1940 Charles L. Christiennin, jr.
April 18, 1970
- 1943 John R. Henry
January 4, 1971
- 1946 Martin H. Perle
July 26, 1970
James P. Scotti
June 11, 1970
- 1951 Robert W. Harmon
March 22, 1970
- 1952 Joseph Colaninno
November 9, 1970
Elliott H. Groszof
November 27, 1970
William R. Miller
- 1958 Philip M. Dugan
February 1971
- 1961 David A. Dyal
April 10, 1971
- 1968 Gerald A. Fitzsimons
March 27, 1971

Rockwell Kent '04, artist and illustrator who often aroused controversy because of his avowedly leftist philosophy. Although he was, at various times, an architect, painter, illustrator, lithographer, xylographer, cartoonist, advertising artist, carpenter, dairy farmer, explorer, and labor leader, it was as an illustrator and painter that he earned the most recognition. Another kind of recognition followed his frequent and vocal espousal of controversial political causes, and his unabashed support of the Soviet Union, to which he donated 80 paintings and 800 drawings and from which he received the Lenin Peace Prize. He was also a successful complainant in a Supreme Court case which helped establish the right to travel. Died March 14, 1971.

Maurice Hull '14, machinery company executive and indefatigable friend of Columbia. As an executive for the Royal-McBee Co., he traveled all over the world to manage its factories. He served as president of the Columbia Alumni Club in Cleveland, and on the Board of Directors of the Alumni federation. In 1952, Mr. Hull was awarded the University Medal, and in 1956 he added a Dean's Award to the many honors he had earned from his grateful Alma Mater. Died January 6, 1971.

Dr. George H. Roberts Jr. '16, internist, cardiologist, and professor emeritus of medicine at the State University of New York. A trustee of the Brooklyn Law School, as well as of numerous charitable and civic organizations, Dr. Roberts was named a knight of the Order of Orange-Nassau by the Dutch government in 1947, in recognition of his services as attending physician for the Dutch administrative staff in New York City. Died February 25, 1971.

Armand G. Erpf '17, financier, economist, and friend of Columbia. He was a director of numerous concerns including Loeb Rhoades and Crowell Collier and Macmillan. Mr. Erpf is credited with developing securities analysis in the 1920s and approaching financial problems intellectually and innovatively. He served as a colonel in the Army during World War II, winning the Legion of Merit. He was a generous and energetic contributor to Columbia, chairing several alumni committees. Died February 2, 1971.



Gustav Davidson

Gustav Davidson '19, poet and author of the highly acclaimed study, *Dictionary of Angels*. Brought to the United States from Poland in his early childhood, he was an editor as well as a poet, and founded a number of now defunct poetry magazines in the twenties and thirties. As executive secretary of the Poetry Society of America, he introduced to the conservative society such radical poets as LeRoi Jones, and was awarded the di Castagnola award by the Society in 1967. Died February 10, 1971.

Oscar Rogers Flynn Jr. '21, educator and consultant. A business consultant for many large companies, he returned to the Graduate Faculties in 1958 for his doctorate. Subsequently he taught at the Graduate School of Business, and at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, where he was a visiting professor. Died May 22, 1971.

William Schweitzer '21, executive, philanthropist, and champion marksman, a director of Kimberly-Clark and world-renowned sharpshooter. Captain of the Columbia rifle team in 1931, he continued to lead American teams in international competitions, as well as winning many individual awards. Mr. Schweitzer was also chairman of the 1948 Elizabeth, New Jersey United Jewish Appeal, and a member of the Board of Governors of the American Hospital in Paris. Died May 24, 1971.

John Storck, '22, scholar and teacher. Dr. Storck, who taught at Columbia and later at Sarah Lawrence, was known for his versatility and disregard for convention. When he taught philosophy and Contemporary Civilization at Columbia, he frequently challenged some of the traditional bound methods of teaching and testing. Died March 25, 1971.

House Baker Jameson '24, star of radio and television. Originally known for his portrayal of "Renfrew of the Mounted" on radio, he was also active in both serious and popular productions on the New York stage. He was so popular as the father in "The Aldrich Family" radio show that he stepped into the same role when the show moved to television. Died April 23, 1971.

William B. Sherman '27, internationally known allergist. Although a victim of multiple sclerosis, Dr. Sherman remained active in teaching, research, and practice until his death. An early experimenter with allergies, Dr. Sherman was best known for his research on the immune mechanism of allergy diseases, and as founder and later director of the Roosevelt Hospital Institute of Allergy. Died March 2, 1971.

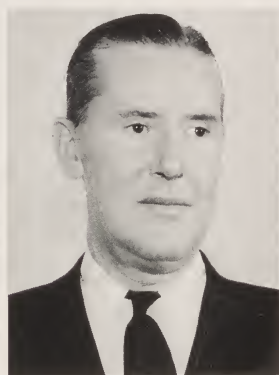
W. Claude Fields Jr. '28, lawyer and entertainer. Despite the fact that he often appeared on television to reminisce about his famous father, Mr. Fields attained prominence in his own right as an attorney in California, where he was president of the Los Angeles Lawyers' Society, and a member of the Citizens Rehabilitation Service. He was also active in the International Alumni Program and was a John Jay Associate. Died February 16, 1971.



Walter Smith

Walter D. Smith '47, educator and administrator. After earning a master's degree from Teachers' College, he joined the University Placement Bureau, and later became Dean of Students for the Graduate School of Business. The last position he held was Director of Alumni Affairs and Development at the business school. Died March 8, 1971.

Nicholas J. Caputo '48, attorney. After service in the European theatre during World War II, where Caputo rose to the rank of staff sergeant, he became an assistant New York State attorney general in charge of stock frauds. Following an unsuccessful election bid for a City Council seat in 1961 Caputo became an assistant district attorney of Queens County, and taught criminal and penal law at Nassau Community College. Died February 10, 1971.



O. Rodgers Flynn Jr.

Earl L. Carter '49, pilot and human rights pioneer. A 23-year serviceman in the Navy, Commander Carter was the second black man to win Navy wings and the first to command a jet. He served with distinction in Korea, garnering a cluster of decorations, and was on the Pacific Command staff when he retired. Died April 23, 1971.

View From The Bridge

Envious Journalists Watched As Ping-Pong Players Crossed Into China —And Awaited Their Own Turns.

By Arnold Abrams

HONG KONG—An integral part of early boyhood in Brooklyn used to be a game called "Digging to China." My crowd played it on the shores of Brighton Beach with simple rules: contestants shovelled fast and furiously for a given time, then he who had dug the deepest hole was declared the winner and deemed to have reached China.

For a heady time early last spring, my greatest victory seemed close at hand. I had not made it to China yet, but was far closer than Mark Reiner, Billy Rome or Barry Krupnick was ever likely to come. I was standing on the border, and it did not strain the imagination to envision the day I would step over.

A group of American table-tennis players and journalists already had, the first such delegation to enter China since Mao Tse-tung took over in 1949. More U.S. newsmen were expected to follow in the near future. Those next to go probably were among the group of us gathered to greet the players as they returned across the border bridge at Lowu, a stark structure which separates the People's Republic of China from Hong Kong.

That bridge has some of the mystique of the vast land lying beyond it, and when the Americans walked—floated, actually—back across it, there was an air of conquest about them. They were a bunch of innocents abroad who had travelled where a generation of rigid diplomats had feared to tread. It was an exciting day, that sunny Saturday in April, for it climaxed what future textbooks may call Peking's Great Ping-Pong Ploy, and a sense of history hung among those of us on hand.

Although unprepared for such a mission, the ping-pong players had been, by all accounts, near-flawless in fielding the show of friendship with which they had been showered by the Chinese. Their week of feasting, sight-seeing and tourney playing had left unforgettable memories, attracted worldwide attention, and engendered high hopes about a new era of amicable Sino-American relations.

The whole thing had started in low key. One measure of how flat-footed Peking's ploy caught everyone was the initial response of newsmen in Hong Kong. Hearing that a bunch of American ping-pong players had been invited to China surprised most correspondents here, but did not generate great excitement.

In fact, many correspondents were annoyed at having to spend the better part of a Friday evening at the airport awaiting the group's arrival from Tokyo. "This is strictly a non-news event as far as I'm concerned," grumbled the representative of a major national newspaper. "When they come out—that may be a story."

Those widely shared sentiments were softened after it became apparent how colorful a group was going into China. They were abandoned completely the following day, when it was announced that several American journalists would join the tour (the same grumbling correspondent was near tears that day; he and his paper's top executives had been so unimpressed by the matter that they had neglected to apply for a visa to accompany the group).

At the airport, 18-year-old John Tannehill was first into the arrivals area. He ambled out in bib overalls and granny glasses. Then came Glenn Cowan, with floppy hat, shoulder-length hair and bell-bottom, tie-dyed trousers. At first nobody knew whether this was the ping-pong team or a travelling vaudeville troupe. The other players soon followed, however, and it quickly became apparent that they constituted quite a mixture.

Aside from college students like Tannehill and Cowan, the group included a straight-laced Chrysler Corporation executive from Detroit, a bearded college instructor from Long Island, a black U.N. employee from Brooklyn and an IBM computer programmer from Seattle. If the Chinese



AMBASSADOR: Glen Cowan returns across border bridge, dressed in same bell bottoms he wore to meeting with Chou En-lai.

were genuinely interested and willing to probe, it seemed their guests would give them a good sense of what the American people were about.

"We are an incredible bunch," remarked J. R. (Tim) Boggan, a 40-year-old faculty member of Long Island University. "It's like we were straight out of central casting. Think of almost

any type and we've got one. An amazing group."

As far as anyone could determine, however, the American ping-pong delegation included no political activists and nobody with special knowledge about—or even particular interest in—China. "That's just fine," Boggan observed. "It adds a certain purity to

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CELEBRITY: Later, Cowan speaks into microphones held by envious newsmen.

the situation."

Purity there was. If he does nothing else even vaguely noteworthy in his life, Cowan should go down in history as the first person ever to be received by a Chinese premier while wearing purple bell-bottom trousers. Moreover, he had a poignant exchange with Premier Chou En-lai

about the meaning of the hippie movement in America, and the principle of judging people by what they are, not what they wear. Chou, one of the most sophisticated and unflappable of men, was taken aback by Cowan's straight-forwardness; but he responded well and won the Americans' genuine admiration. "Pretty cool

guy," Cowan said of Chou afterward.

Cowan, of course, may not have been hippiedom's best representative. For all his anti-establishment trappings, the 19-year-old Santa Monica (Calif.) State College sophomore was not above looking for a large pile of cash from Life Magazine; he also displayed conventional capitalistic wisdom in playing his unconventional role for all it was worth. Still, he was the American delegation's star attraction, and Chou seemed to enjoy the dialogue he prompted. The youth showed a spontaneity that Dulles or Rusk or Nixon could never produce, and the time and place were right for it.

Typically, some China specialists in the U.S. Consulate here were unhappy about the situation. "We finally get a chance for a marvelous first-hand look at what's going on in there," complained one, "and what do we get? A bunch of tourists who haven't the slightest idea what to look for. They're useless—even worse than useless—to us." That may have been precisely the point, of course; it was at least firm evidence that, despite the distance, Peking knows a great deal about Madison Avenue.

The timing and grace with which the Chinese extended and implemented their precedent-shattering invitation suggested, moreover, that Washington has much to learn about diplomacy from Peking. The invitation was made almost off-handedly in Japan by the head of China's table-tennis association. It was accepted quickly and enthusiastically. Ostensibly, it was prompted by developing friendship between Americans and their Chinese counterparts at the world table-tennis championships, but few observers believed it came about quite that way.

"Americans might make such an off-the-cuff gesture, like Lyndon Johnson bringing a camel driver back to the States," remarked one Western diplomat here, "but not the Chinese. They think such things out before they act. This was not a spontaneous 'happening.'"

A smiling Chou En-lai told his American guests that "You have opened a new page in the relations of the Chinese and American people." Actually, he had opened the page; they happened to be on it. But no

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BRIDGING TWO WORLDS: The bridge at Lowu, connecting Hong Kong and mainland China, has some of the mystique of the vast land lying beyond it.

matter. Peking's gesture was generally viewed as a response to a series of ice-breaking moves made by Washington in the previous 18 months. It was a natural consequence of the "friendship first, competition second" theme which Chou personally stressed to the Chinese team before it left for Japan.

There were other implications too. Peking's move was seen in the context of China's chilly relations with the Soviet Union, the U.S. withdrawal from Southeast Asia and the economic and political challenges posed by Japan. Few analysts seemed willing to credit the Chinese with simply wanting to end more than two decades' mutual hostility. Nevertheless, the move may prove to be the first step toward accomplishing precisely that—or so it seemed in early April—and the ramifications were mind-boggling.

China's admission of American journalists, coupled with Chou's remarks, officials' projections and personal hopes, prompted visits by most correspondents in Hong Kong to the China Travel Service, which handles visitors' visa and travel arrangements

for Peking. Apropos of Hong Kong, the agency's main office is adjacent to a topless bar. It is not difficult to distinguish between the two establishments, however. The bar displays pictures of its employees on the job; the agency features Chairman Mao, fully clad.

Inside, under a giant banner calling upon the people of the world to "unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and their running dogs," the agency manager received us courteously. He accepted our calling cards, jotted down pertinent information, and promised to pass everything on to his superiors in Peking.

Two weeks before the Great Ping-Pong ploy, American journalists rarely reached the calling card stage before being ushered out by China Travel Service employees. Nobody knew whether the change was mere window dressing and maybe very temporary, but it seemed encouraging—enough, at least, to spark visions of being the first from my block in Brooklyn to win the old digging-to-China game in a way none of us ever thought possible.



Arnold Abrams '61, former Spectator managing editor and Newsday reporter, studied Chinese as a Journalism Fellow at Columbia's East Asian Institute. He has been based in Hong Kong since September, 1968, and has traveled extensively through Southeast Asia. His dispatches appear regularly in the Far Eastern Economic Review and The New Leader, and are carried in numerous domestic newspapers. He is a frequent contributor to CCT.

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